Aug. 8, 1970

THE NEW YORKER

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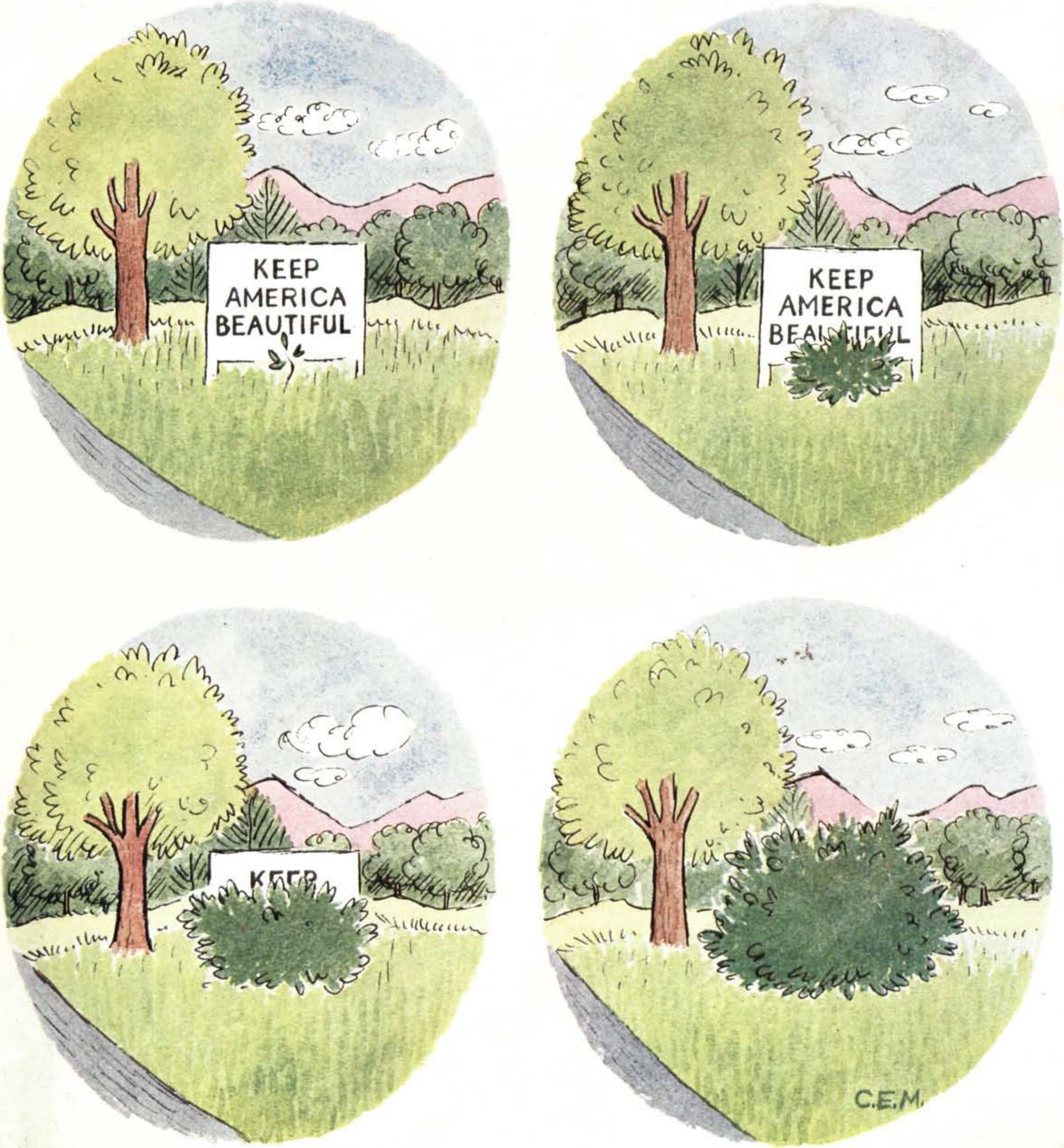
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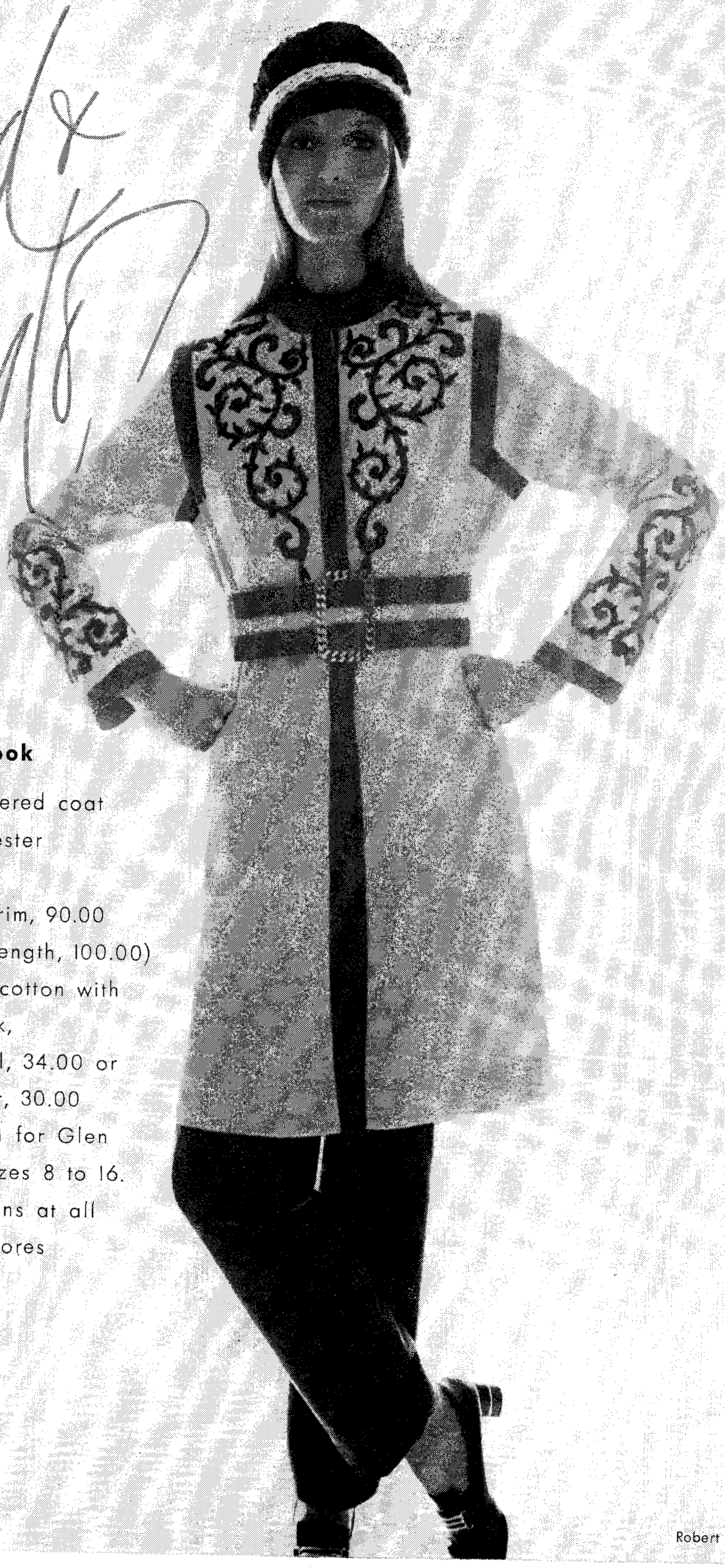

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Boesman and Lena—Ruby Dee and James Earl Jones are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak and stirring play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cage—The horrors and brutality of prison life, as portrayed by six actors, all of them ex-convicts, including the play's author, Rick Cluchey. The situation depicted is indeed dreadful, but the play could be a lot better. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

Child's Play—Demonic hanky-panky in a Catholic boys' school, cleverly written by Robert Marasco and starring Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, Ken Howard, and a passel of murderous adolescents, all mercifully speechless. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most predictable" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Amy Levitt, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. Reopens Tuesday, Aug. 11. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Another Neil Simon certitude. James Coco is exceedingly funny as a fat, middle-aged man in search of dalliance, and he is ably assisted by Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Steambath—Purgatory is a steam bath, and God is a Puerto Rican attendant there. This comedy, by Bruce Jay Friedman, is not entirely successful, but it is much funnier than many tidier shows. Hector Elizondo is delightful as God, and Conrad Bain and Anthony Perkins, who also directed, are very good, too. Splendid setting by David Mitchell. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

What the Butler Saw—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**adaptation** and **next:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **the boys in the band:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **butterflies are free:** Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner in a little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **forty carats:** A bauble that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With Zsa Zsa Gabor and Tom Poston. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **no place to be somebody:** Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors include Wally Taylor, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **plaza suite:** Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Peggy Cass and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Applause—Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring version of the movie "All About Eve." Miss Bacall burns energy like the sun, and to something like the same effect. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Coco—Danielle Darrieux has just replaced Katharine Hepburn in this curiously ineffectual account of a year or so in the life of the great couturière, Gabrielle Chanel. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Company—A prize-winning musical, and it richly deserves to be. With Larry Kert, Susan Browning, Elaine Stritch, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's engaging music and lyrics and George Furth's succinct book. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Bat—The humor and good humor, the delightful score and dancing, and the intermingling of ritual with openness of feeling combine to make this musical from Japan one of the most original, charming shows in town. The troupe, which calls itself the Tokyo Kid Brothers, fortunately includes quite a number

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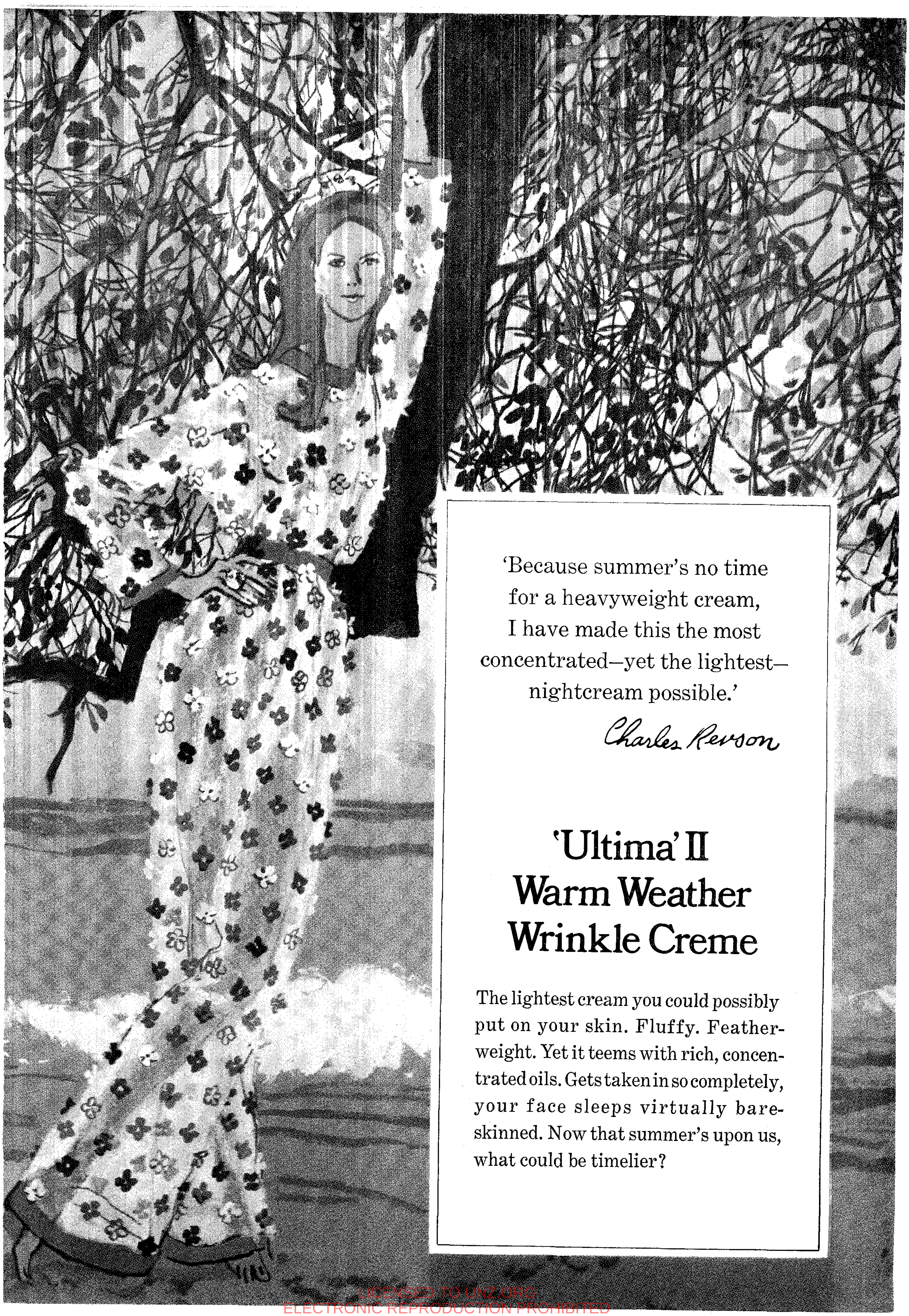

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Charles Revson

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

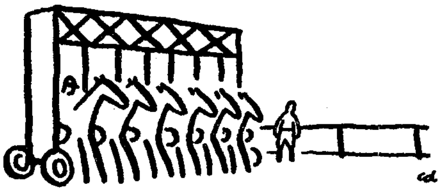
of Kid Sisters. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words of Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Me Nobody Knows—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Purlie—Cleavon Little and Melba Moore are the best reasons for seeing this dated adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Two shafts of soft daylight fell across the flagged floor from the high barbicans: and at the meeting of their rays a cloud of coalsmoke and fumes of fried grease floated, turning. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —We'll be choked, Buck Mulligan said. Haines, open that door, will you? (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Stephen laid the shavingbowl on the locker. A tall figure rose from the hammock where it had been sitting, went to the doorway and pulled open the inner doors. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Charles West plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** A musical starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. William Daniels is John Adams. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)



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MISCELLANY

Rodeo—Calf-roping, saddle-bronc-riding, steer-wrestling, girls' barrel-racing, and much more. Starts Thursday, Aug. 6, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 16. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesday, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Tribal Dancers of Zambia—A company of seventy dancers and musicians in a single performance. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Aug. 6, at 8:30.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **RICHARD III:** Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 5-6; Wednesday, Aug. 12; and Saturday, Aug. 15.... **THE WARS OF THE ROSES, PART I:** Friday and Saturday, Aug. 7-8, and Thursday, Aug. 13.... **THE WARS OF THE ROSES, PART II:** Sunday, Aug. 9; Tuesday, Aug. 11; and Friday, Aug. 14. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **THE SOUND OF MUSIC**, with Constance Towers, John Michael King, Beatrice Krebs, and Christopher Hewett. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Ace Trucking Company, a troupe of comics who do their best (occasionally inspired, but not always) with improvised material, are on the stand in this dark and minimally comfortable coffeehouse. On Wednesday, Aug. 12, other entertainers will take over. Performances are at nine-fifteen and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at eight-forty-five, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are allotted to visitors.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Easy living, listening to Joe Beck's dexterous work on guitar and piano (both electrified), accompanied by Tony Levin's electric bass. Table-hoppers drift about ingenuously. Music from eleven to three. Dinner, from an adequate kitchen, is served until one. Closed Sundays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Brick walls, candlelight, and mirrors—along with a few intangibles—draw a steady patronage that enjoys cocktails, good cooking, and what might best be described as folk jazz on piano, guitar, and bass. Music from eleven to one, except on Sundays.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Dedicated to the proposition that the jazz guitar occupies an important category of its own. The proposition is being demonstrated currently—and well—by Kenny Burrell, who is assisted by Larry Ridley on bass. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until three or four. A Southern menu.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Consistently high-level mainstream jazz from the Zoot Sims quartet (with Mousey Alexander, Victor Sproles, and Ross Tompkins). Fridays through Sundays, Anita O'Day sings along, bringing her stylized but engrossing approach to old and new songs. Some light Italian dishes. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Times change, but lovers of the traditional can hear some sturdy Dixieland played by a group that at one time or another includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Claude Hopkins, and Oliver Jackson. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay department, straw-hat division. Beer and peanuts are staples, and the décor includes stuffed polar bears and a fire engine. A banjo band—imbued with enthusiasm and a certain amount of talent—plays nightly. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—From nine till four in Banjoland,/ There strums a cornball banjo band./ Nostalgic folks make whoopee, but/ Not Sundays, when the place is shut.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers are onstage until Tuesday, Aug. 11, when McCoy Tyner's quintet, given to musical alarums and circumlocutions, will arrive. The room is dark and a bit frayed at the seams, and the neighborhood is more than frayed, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about nine-thirty, Charles Mingus' trio, which Mingus prefers to call his Jazz Workshop, concentrates on advanced basics. Grilled dinners are served. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned.... ¶ Downstairs, a rock policy prevails. Wednesday, Aug. 5: Sea Train and Creedmore State. Thursday, Aug. 6: Sea Train and Journey's End. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 7-8: Creedmore State. Sunday, Aug. 9: Farmer Brown. Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 11-15: Dreams and Diamond Rio. Mondays are of a different cloth, with music provided by Latin bands. Things start at ten Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Freddie Hubbard's flügelhorn is at a state of mellow agility. Leading a quintet, he appears six nights a week, beginning (in theory) at nine-thirty. On Tuesday, Aug. 11, Roland Kirk, a multi-talented reed man, will arrive with a sextet that should produce some frenzied solo work. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursdays through Sundays. From eight-thirty to two. The locale, however, is drab, and taxis are scarce.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—An urbane but relaxed club whose interior is designed to remind you of the movie "Casablanca." Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs room, which has a lot of arches, is open for dancing to discs from nine until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—*Où sont les neiges*, etc., the period being that between the years 1795-99, with appropriate décor. Dinner and supper are served from a cuisine that is fairly *haute*. One can dance to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Sight mixed with sound, and kids on a now-we're-where-it's-at trip, all come to mingle and interact at a pace that sometimes threatens to blow one's psyche. Free Flowing Salt alternates with 45s through Sunday, Aug. 9. No alcohol. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—Glass and metal gleam—but decorously—and the mood is discreetly with-it. The records offer a good

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This Year's

September

September 3 QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 13 days from $760. New York • London or Paris • New York.

September 5 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $169. New York • Bermuda • New York.

September 12 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $169. New York • Bermuda • New York.

September 17 QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 13 days from $706. New York • London or Paris • New York.

September 19 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $169. New York • Bermuda • New York.

September 26 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $169. New York • Bermuda • New York.

October

October 1 QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 21 days from $1008. New York. London or Paris • New York. Or London & Paris from $1241.

October 3 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $169. New York • Bermuda • New York.

October 10 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $169. New York • Bermuda • New York.

October 17 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $169. New York • Bermuda • New York.

October 23 QE2 Three Continent Holiday; 37 days from $1675. New York • Las Palmas • Dakar • Luanda • Durban • Capetown • Rio de Janeiro • Bahia • Curacao • St. Thomas • New York.

October 24 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $169. New York • Bermuda • New York.

October 31 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $169. New York • Bermuda • New York.

November

November 7 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $169. New York • Bermuda • New York.

November 14 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 6 days from $124. New York • Bermuda • New York.

November 30 QE2 Caribbean Holiday; 12 days from $550. New York • St. Thomas • Martinique • Barbados • Trinidad • Curacao • New York.

December

December 12 QE2 Caribbean Holiday; 9 days from $390. New York • Barbados • St. Lucia • St. Thomas • New York.

December 21 QE2 Caribbean Holiday; 12 days from $690. New York • St. Thomas • Barbados • Grenada • Curacao • Port au Prince • New York.

December 21 Carmania Caribbean Holiday; 13 days from $450. Port Everglades • Port au Prince • San Juan • Barbados • Guadeloupe • Antigua • St. Thomas • Port Everglades.

January

January 3 QE2 Caribbean Holiday; 13 days from $625. New York • St. Thomas • St. Lucia • Barbados • La Guaira • Curacao • New York.

January 3 Carmania Caribbean Holiday; 13 days from $380. Port Everglades • St. Croix • Martinique • Barbados • Curacao • Port au Prince • Freeport • Port Everglades.

January 16 QE2 Caribbean Holiday; 13 days from $625. New York • Port au Prince • St. Thomas • Barbados • St. Vincent • Curacao • New York.

January 16 Carmania Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from $410. Port Everglades • St. Thomas • Martinique • St. Vincent • Barbados • Aruba • Cartagena • Port Everglades.

January 23 Franconia Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from $410. Port Everglades • St. Thomas • San Juan • Martinique • Barbados • La Guaira • Curacao • Nassau • Port Everglades.

January 30 QE2 Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from $675. New York • Freeport • St. Thomas • Martinique • Barbados • Aruba • St. Croix • New York.

January 30 Carmania Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from $410. Port Everglades • St. Croix • St. Lucia • Trinidad • Barbados • La Guaira • Curacao • Port au Prince • Port Everglades.

February

February 6 Franconia Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from $410. Port Everglades • St. Croix • San Juan • Guadeloupe • Barbados • Aruba • Port au Prince • Nassau • Port Everglades.

February 13 QE2 Caribbean Holiday; 13 days from $625. New York • St. Croix • Martinique • Grenada • Barbados • Aruba • New York.

February 13 Carmania Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from $410. Port Everglades • St. Thomas • San Juan • Guadeloupe • Barbados • La Guaira • Curacao • Nassau • Port Everglades.

February 20 Franconia Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from $410. Port Everglades • San Juan • St. Croix • Antigua • Barbados • La Guaira • Curacao • Nassau • Port Everglades.

February 27 QE2 Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from $675. New York • St. Thomas • St. Lucia • Trinidad • Barbados • Curacao • Nassau • New York.

February 27 Carmania Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from $410. Port Everglades • San Juan • St. Croix • St. Vincent • Barbados • La Guaira • Aruba • Port au Prince • Port Everglades.

March

March 6 Franconia Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from $410. Port Everglades • St. Thomas • San Juan • St. Lucia • Barbados • Trinidad • Aruba • Nassau • Port Everglades.

March 13 QE2 Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from $675. New York • Aruba • St. Croix • Barbados • Grenada • St. Thomas • Bermuda • New York.

Vacations:

March 13 Carmania Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from $410. Port Everglades • St. Thomas • Antigua • Trinidad • Barbados • Grenada • Curacao • Freeport • Port Everglades.

March 20 Franconia Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from $410. Port Everglades • St. Croix • San Juan • St. Vincent • Barbados • La Guaira • Aruba • Nassau • Port Everglades.

March 27 Carmania Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from $410. Port Everglades • St. Croix • Martinique • Grenada • Barbados • La Guaira • Aruba • Port au Prince • Port Everglades.

March 27 QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 5½ days from $271. New York • France or England.

April

April 8 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 8 days from $210. New York • Bermuda • New York.

April 10 Carmania Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from $410. Port Everglades • St. Croix • St. Lucia • Trinidad • Barbados • La Guaira • Curacao • Port au Prince • Port Everglades.

April 17 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

April 24 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

April 24 Carmania/QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 20 days. Port Ever-glades • London and Paris • New York.

April 27 Carmania/QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 17 days. New York • London and Paris • New York.

May

May 1 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

May 8 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

May 14 QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 12 days. New York • London or Paris • New York.

May 15 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

May 22 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

May 27 QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 13 days. New York • London or Paris • New York.

May 29 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

June

June 5 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

June 10 QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 13 days. New York • London or Paris • New York.

June 12 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

June 19 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

June 24 QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 13 days. New York • London or Paris • New York.

June 26 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

July

July 3 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

July 8 QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 13 days New York • London or Paris • New York.

July 10 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

July 17 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

July 22 QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 13 days New York • London or Paris • New York.

July 24 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

July 31 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

August

August 5 QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 13 days New York • London or Paris • New York.

August 7 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

August 14 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

August 19 QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 13 days New York • London or Paris • New York.

August 21 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

August 28 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from $160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

The Queen Elizabeth 2, Carmania and Franconia are registered in Great Britain.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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deal of variety, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing on Friday and Saturday only.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—The latest of the ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. Reservations are required for dining. No food Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Nothing startling, which may be its attraction for the largely collegiate crowd that comes here. Dim lights, small tables, and low-profile recorded music. Reservations are advisable on weekends. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—Meanwhile, high above the rooftops of old Manhattan, Dick and Jane are dancing energetically to swinging live groups as well as to records. Between sets, our madcap couple gaze out at the neon glitter of storied Times Square. Supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—Some discothèques have an aura that causes crowds to flock, and this is one of them. The view is fine, and the trappings are colorful and original. Sundays through Wednesdays, a rock group called Chartreuse takes turns with the records, which are always well chosen. Reservations are recommended.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—The Cairo caper, reinforced by sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and ceiling fans. The records are varied and loud. Three times nightly, Jana Mitchel and the Paris Brothers sing and play instruments. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—It looks like a village street—one that is superior to the real thing by virtue of the absence of motor vehicles. Shops, bars, and an amusement gallery front on the street, and people dance to records on the pavement. Active from six to three except on Saturdays, when the doors open at eight.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Strong live groups alternate with records here, making this a good spot for serious dancing and listening by people who love rock. Dress is casual—come as you wish. Interior design is of the Detroit school. Freeway plays a brand of jazz rock. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Grooviness merges with aplomb, and hip attains a state akin to quiet well-being. Elysium for those who are pulchritudinous, and even for many who are not. Reservations are recommended, although the doorkeeper is apt to be forgetful.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

Roseland Dance City, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): This community was not founded upon rock; a more mellifluous music is dispensed. The floor is ample, and so is the sound—a full house of Latin bandsmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. Eight until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at two-thirty. Wednesdays run from six-thirty until midnight, and Thursdays from two until midnight. The dining is minimal. Closed Mondays. . . . **Tavern-on-the-Green**, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): The annual lawn party, right out in what now passes for open air. Every night, music included, from seven-thirty or so until fairly late.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. It's Las Vegas in a way, but without a lot of the handicaps. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Any port of the Eastern Mediterranean in a storm, but the storm is all a matter of weird and vigorous instruments. The going is best when Avram Grobard, prop., and whatever friends are on hand conspire. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish, and so can the dancing. Mondays are holidays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," a pocket-size revue, is also a complaint department dealing with what ails our manner of living. Some of the dealings are crisp, some are just burned to a crisp. The cast of six is eager, which is not always enough. Sessions at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian *Brauerei*, thinly disguised as an operetta: merry villagers, dancers, singers, brass-bandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from six to one every night but Sunday and Monday. The provender is garnished with red cabbage and draft beer.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The foot soldiery of José Molina and a set of decorative camp followers deploy in their last flamencan maneuvers on Wednesday, Aug. 12. The principal arrival the following evening will be Olga Guillot, who is Latin, lyric, and high-explosive. Every single night. . . . ¶ Juan Jiminez (guitar) and José Sordiall (tenor), the flamencans in the minute Flamenco Room, are men of affairs—of the heart, though, for which they offer a perfect form of musicianship. Their lament begins at ten, likewise every single night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—On Thursday, Aug. 6, R. B. Greaves (he's the one who sings about the letter he is dictating to Maria) starts dictating on the lower deck—twice a night, and every night. The street-level deck, another seven-nights-a-week operation, has the air and the airs (always live, not taped) of a Las Vegas lounge.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Marian McPartland's triad and the Urbie Green sextet move out on Thursday, Aug. 6, to be followed next evening by Illustration, a rock-ribbed crew from Canada. At long last, dancing for the customers will be added to the repertory. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The Duchy of Ellington is housing a summer music festival like no other, conducted by the Duke himself, who has made the piano the instrument of the immortals. Dancing as well, even to the Ducal orchestra, during the supper hours. No Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Chucks' Composite, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): It's easy to get the impression that no one over twenty-one will be admitted unless accompanied by a parent, but that would not be completely accurate; anyway, no one minds the scarcity of even semi-senior citizens. The occasional music comes from the Joel Shulman duo. Saturdays and Sundays are dark. . . . **A Quiet Little Table in the Corner**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. The best of the music in this bar-and-grill comes from Warren Meyers, whose well-thought-out piano serves from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **Chez Vito**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The foursome at the next table, unable to restrain itself as the circumnavigating fiddlers ply their trade, will suddenly go operatic in the midst of your bœuf à la mode—or operettic, anyway—but it's all part of the act. This can happen as late as two o'clock in the morning. No Sunday activity. . . . **Dionysos**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): A really original Greek-letter fraternity, translated, and literally, from the original Greek. Eat, dance, and be merry from nine until very, very late, every night but Sunday, and admire the scenery. . . . **La Paella**, 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Meet the neighbors in this Iberian neighborhood. This arborway is buoyantly fitted out for a fiesta; a strong-arm squad of flamencan guitar, voice, and clap-hands is constantly active; and the chef knows his onions—Spanish, naturally. Seven-thirty until two, but no squad on Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000): The Palm Court, like all dowagers (however beautiful), must have moments of solitude, so Sandu Marcu's violin is heard through the summer only from four-thirty until six-thirty every afternoon. . . . **Sign of the Dove**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Where every prospect pleases—life in rural Umbria in the back rooms, life in a leisured New York in the bar, in which Lynn Mullinax, from six to midnight, except Sundays, plays his buoyant piano. . . . **Salum Sanctorum**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is a piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The violin plied by George Cardini is in service Tuesday through Saturday every week, and there is contemplative piano every night but Sunday. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rumbustious. . . . **Iperbole**, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise-en-scène* is 1970, but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): A spa as old as Marienbad, with some of the characters who were there last year. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano, now in the hands of Dick Hankinson. On Monday, Aug. 10, the keyboard will be awarded to Lee Evans, the wintertime ruler of that great and good orchestra in the Royal Box. . . . **Sherry-Netherland**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **Café Renaissance**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Sundays. . . . **Rembrandt Room**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The piano in this posh purlieu is on a summer lease to Tony Gorody. Like the other property holders of the neighborhood, he is all for law and order, as his music, which runs from eight-thirty until one-thirty, makes clear. He is invisible on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Café Pierre**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): *Grand-prix*, and distinctly not *prix-fixe*, are the night and the nourishment. Dancing every night (eight-thirty to one-thirty, mostly, but seven-thirty to twelve-thirty on Sundays and Mondays), plus (and a large plus) Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, whose musical sounds (violin and piano) are all tributaries of the Danube, from five-thirty until ten-thirty every evening but Sunday and Monday. . . . **Wine Cellar**, 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Dream life that is more San Francisco or Sausalito than Manhattan, both visually and spiritually. The staff includes a perambulatory balladier and an imaginative chef. Never a dark night. . . . **Blue Whale**, 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): The Beau Brummellian Buddy Barnes has parked his pianoforte in this seaside resort, and it occupies the boardwalk (a real one) from dinnertime until around two. Closed Mondays. . . . **Promenade Café**, in the

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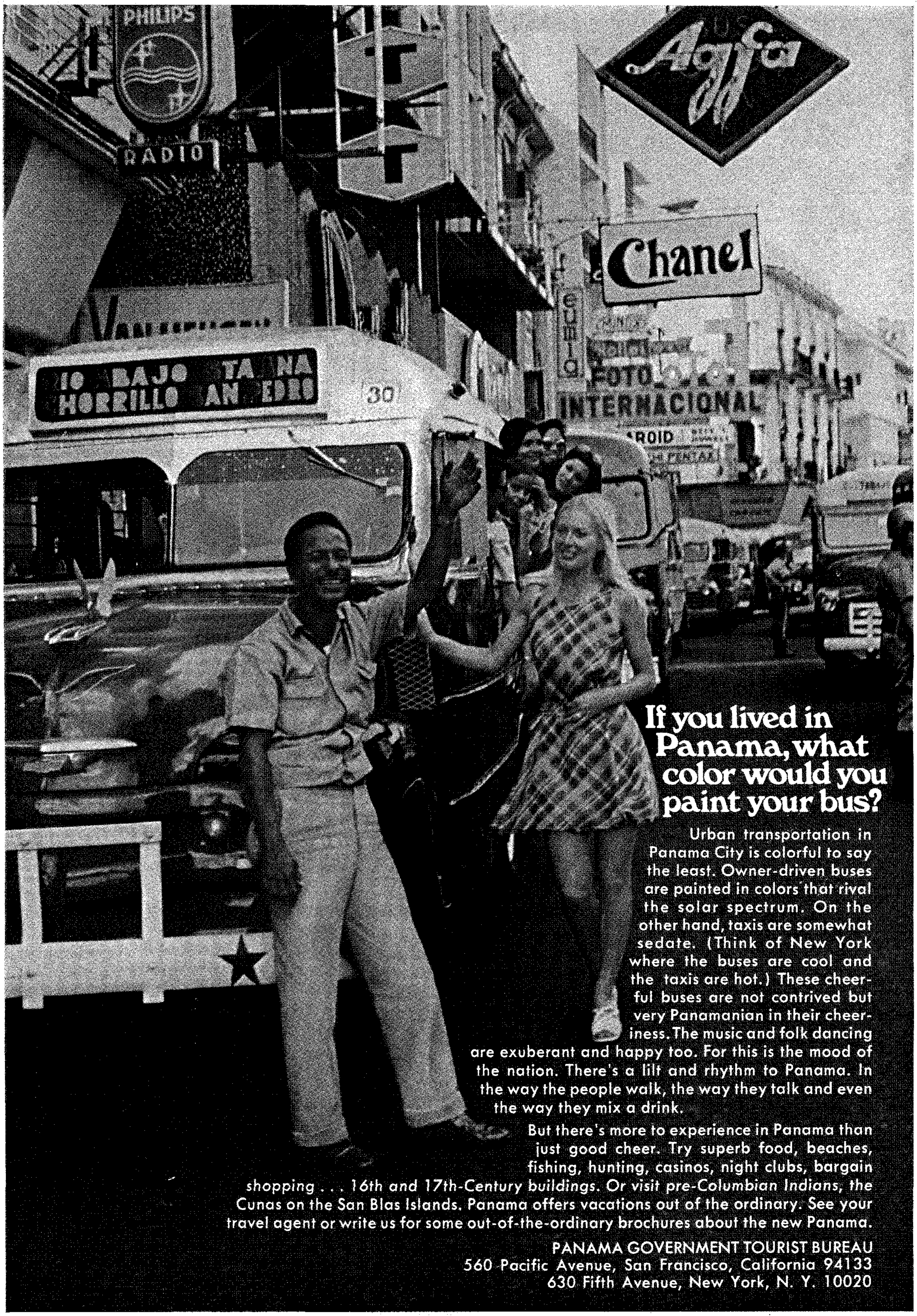

If you lived in Panama, what color would you paint your bus?

Urban transportation in Panama City is colorful to say the least. Owner-driven buses are painted in colors that rival the solar spectrum. On the other hand, taxis are somewhat sedate. (Think of New York where the buses are cool and the taxis are hot.) These cheerful buses are not contrived but very Panamanian in their cheeriness. The music and folk dancing are exuberant and happy too. For this is the mood of the nation. There's a lilt and rhythm to Panama. In the way the people walk, the way they talk and even the way they mix a drink.

But there's more to experience in Panama than just good cheer. Try superb food, beaches, fishing, hunting, casinos, night clubs, bargain *shopping . . . 16th and 17th-Century buildings. Or visit pre-Columbian Indians, the* Cunas on the San Blas Islands. Panama offers vacations out of the ordinary. See your travel agent or write us for some out-of-the-ordinary brochures about the new Panama.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5731): The out-in-the-open sunken living room is in summer bloom, and real live Pop Concert music sounds (but only for the ear, never for the feet) from noon to two-thirty and eight to one Mondays through Saturdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Alexander Archipenko (1887-1964)—Thirty-six works of this pioneer Cubist sculptor's American period, 1923 to 1963. It is running concurrently with his show at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Friday, Aug. 14. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the **aca**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Paintings by scores of artists—Shahn, Sheeler, Sloan, Avery, Bellows, Dove, Henri, and Marin, to mention a few; through Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **center for inter-american relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Fifty Latin-American artists; through Sept. 4. (Closed mornings.)... **feigen**, 141 Greene St., at Houston St.: Works by nineteen artists, including Breder, Castro-Cid, Ray Johnson, Gerald Laing, and Alphonse Schilling; through Sept. 4.... **french & co.**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Sculptures, drawings on glass, and paintings by young artists; through Aug. 28.... **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: An assortment of oils and watercolors by, among others, Fosburg, Kuhn, Albright, Rattner, Burchfield, Marin, and Demuth; through Friday, Aug. 14.... **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists; through Aug. 28.... **saidenberg**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Klee, Léger, Masson, Picasso, and Trivigno; through Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **bertha schaefer**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and constructions by such gallery artists as Elizabeth Frink, William Pye, Augustine Filipovic, and Sue Fuller; through Sept. 9... **tiroche**, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by Impressionist and School of Paris artists; through Sept. 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than two hundred paintings, thirty-five pieces of sculpture, and three hundred pieces of furniture and decorative objects of nineteenth-century America, some exhibited in period rooms; through Sept. 7. Optional contribution for admission. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)... ¶ A hundred masterpieces (Duccio to Picasso) from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; through Sunday, Aug. 9. Optional contribution for admission. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)... ¶ Twenty etchings and lithographs opposed to violence by Jacques Callot, Goya, and Daumier; through Aug. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-six sculptures and seven works on paper produced by Alexander Archipenko during his Paris period, 1908 to 1921; through Oct. 18. A good complement to this exhibit is the Archipenko show at the Danenberg Galleries, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.... ¶ Works by about a hundred painters, sculptors, and filmmakers from European and Latin-American countries, Canada, Japan, and the United States representing new directions, such as earthworks and conceptual art; through Sept. 20.... ¶ New materials and techniques in graphics, including three-dimensional and shaped posters and spectator-participation works; through Sunday, Aug. 9.... ¶ Recent acquisitions—a drawing by Matisse, a sculpture by Melotti, and paintings by Braque, Klee, Kokoschka, Miró, and Sophie Taeuber-Arp; through Sept. 11. (No admission charge on Mondays, 1 to 8; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 10, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.75 will be charged.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The tenth anniversary show of selections, arranged chronologically, from the Museum's permanent collection of works done since 1900 by Kandinsky, Chagall, Klee, Delaunay, Miró, Léger, and many others; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Twenty-two large dramatic scenes depicting events in the trek of the Mormons to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, painted by Carl Christensen, a member of the colony who made the trip; through Sept. 7.... ¶ Visionary architecture and city planning exploring possibilities of future living by Paolo Soleri, an Italian-born architect who studied with Frank Lloyd Wright; through Sept. 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The *seventeenth national print biennial, comprising a* hundred and fifty works by artists (among them Al Held, Robert Indiana, Roy Lichtenstein, and Saul Steinberg) from every section of the country; through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Mexico and Central America houses an outstanding collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest in 1521 A.D. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and garments by a group of Chicago artists; through Aug. 30. ... ¶ Contemporary paintings, prints, textiles, metal sculptures, and reliefs by thirteen artists working in West Africa; through Nov. 1. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—A four-week season of *orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs*—Wednesday, Aug. 5: Werner Torkanowsky conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Peter Serkin, piano; Gerald Tarack, violin; and David Schwartz, viola.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 7-8: Alexander Schneider conducting the orchestra, with Murray Perahia, piano, and Rita Streich, soprano.... ¶ Monday, Aug. 10, and Wednesday, Aug. 12: Mario Bernardi conducting the orchestra, with Lili Kraus, piano, and Paul Ingraham, horn.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 11: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 13: A film, "The Life of Mozart."... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 14-15: Julius Rudel conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Hans Richter-Haaser, piano, and Theodore Weis, trumpet. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 29.)

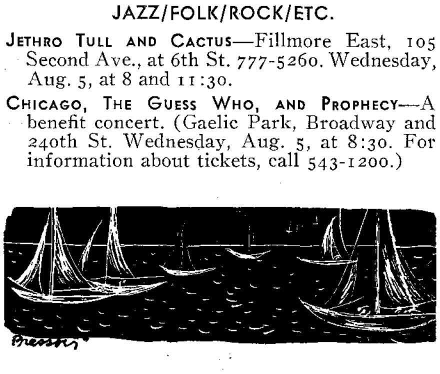
Ivan Rebroff—Bass, *in an all-Russian program.* (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Thursday, Aug. 6, at 8:30.)

Alexander Schneider, Claude Frank, and Leslie Parnas—Violin, piano, and cello, in the last in a series of recitals of Mozart trios and sonatas. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, Aug. 11, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Jethro Tull and Cactus—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Wednesday, Aug. 5, at 8 and 11:30.

Chicago, The Guess Who, and Prophecy—A benefit concert. (Gaelic Park, Broadway and 240th St. Wednesday, Aug. 5, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 543-1200.)



Rock Concert—John Sebastian, Mother Earth, Creedence Clearwater, Ten Wheel Drive, the Staple Singers, Dionne Warwick, Al Kooper, Steppenwolf, Sha-Na-Na, Big Brother, Country Joe, the Rascals, Paul Butterfield Blues Band, Richie Havens, Paul Simon, Poco, Pacific Gas & Electric, Tom Paxton, the James Gang, Miles Davis, and the cast of "Hair." (Shea Stadium. Thursday, Aug. 6, from 10 to 10. For tickets, call 644-4400.)

Muddy Waters Blues Band—Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, Aug. 6, at 7:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

Small Faces, with Rod Stewart; Blodwyn Pig; and Chicken Shack—Fillmore East. Saturday, Aug. 8, at 8 and 11:30.

Santana, The Voices of East Harlem, and Ballin' Jack—*Fillmore East. Monday through* Wednesday, Aug. 10-12, at 8 and 11:30.

Pazant Brothers and Betty Barney—Musuem of Modern Art. Thursday, Aug. 13, at 7:30.

MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 734-1002 for news.)

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in the parks, sponsored by the Schlitz beer people. Next week, Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos will conduct Program III (Rossini, de Falla, Ravel, and Beethoven), with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. **central park's sheep meadow**, Tuesday, Aug. 11, at 8:30.... **crocheron park**, Bayside, Friday, Aug. 14, at 8:30.

Central Park Mall—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays and Sundays at 8; *through Sunday, Aug. 16.*)

Wollman Rink—More beer music, this time the Schaefer brewery's annual summer upheaval. Wednesday, Aug. 5, at 7 and 9:30: Delaney, Bonnie & Friends, and Seals & Crofts.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 7, at 7:30 and 10: The Johnny Mathis show.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8, at 7:30 and 10: The Impressions, and King Curtis and the Kingpins.... ¶ Monday, Aug. 10, at 7 and 9:30: Judy Collins.... ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 12 at 7 and 9:30: The Supremes and the Meters.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 14, at 7:30 and 10: The Everly Brothers and John Denver.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 15, at 7:30 and 10: Buffy Sainte-Marie and Dion. (Through Saturday, Aug. 22. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in another series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays and Fridays at 8; through Friday, Aug. 14.)

Carl Schurz Park—Henry Aaron conducting the second of two concerts by the Park East Orchestra. (Thursday, Aug. 6, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, Aug. 7, at 7: The Berkshire Boy Choir, directed by George Guest.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 7, at 9: Alain Lombard conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting, with Gary Graffman, piano.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 9, at 2:30: Charles Mackerras conducting, with Jules Eskin, cello.... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 11, at 8:30: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops in an all-Gershwin concert for the benefit of the Boston Symphony's Pension Fund, with Earl Wild, piano.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 14, at 7: Claude Frank, piano, in an all-Beethoven recital.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 14, at 9: William Steinberg conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: William Steinberg directing the Boston Symphony in another all-Beethoven program, this one with Jerome Lowenthal, piano; Gwendolin Sims, soprano; Eunice Alberts, contralto; William Cochran, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass; the Chorus Pro Musica; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 16, at 2:30: Max Rudolf conducting the Boston Symphony in still another all-Beethoven program, with Mr. Lowenthal. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 23. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

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delphia Orchestra in a four-week season that ends Sunday, Aug. 23—Thursday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Van Cliburn, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 7, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting a varied program, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 9, *at 3:30: Henry Mancini conducting.* . . . [NOTE: A special concert will be given by Leonard Cohen and the Army on Monday, Aug. 10, at 8:30.] . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Rudolf Serkin, piano; Benita Valente, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; and others. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: Donald Johanos conducting a varied program, with Peter Nero, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy directing a performance of Mahler's Second Symphony, with Evelyn Mandac, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; the Capitol Hill Choral Society; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 16, at 3:30: Franz Allers conducting a Rodgers and Hammerstein program, with Joy Clements, soprano; Miss Simon; John Walker, tenor; and Bruce Yarnell, baritone. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 8: The First Chamber Dance Company, plus Luis Rivera and his company, featuring Martha Castillo and Marayma Muñoz. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 11-15: The Murray Louis Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL—*Final performances*—Friday, Aug. 7, at 8:30: A program of new works by Richard Englund, Lucas Hoving, Peter Saul, and Dorothy Vislocky. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: The Martha Graham Dance Company. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Detroit, Thursday, Aug. 6, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader), and Friday, Aug. 7, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Saturday, Aug. 8, at about 2 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities, with a couple of innings or so between former Yankees and their opponents during the Stengel era, among them Mickey Mantle, Joe DiMaggio, Whitey Ford, Lou Boudreau, Dom DiMaggio, and Bobby Thomson), and Sunday, Aug. 9, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Tuesday, Aug. 11, at 2; Wednesday, Aug. 12, at 8; and Thursday, Aug. 13, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, Aug. 14, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 15, at 2.

GOLF—Curtis Cup Matches. (Brae Burn Country Club, West Newton, Mass. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 7-8.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At **SARATOGA**: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 29. The Schuylerville, Wednesday, Aug. 5; the Test, Thursday, Aug. 6; the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 8; the Saratoga Special, Monday, Aug. 10; and the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 15. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Daily at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 8. The Monmouth, Saturday, Aug. 8. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Aug. 10, through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Buses to the track will leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 9:30 and 11:30.) . . . **LIBERTY BELL**, Philadelphia: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 22.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At **THOMPSON SPEEDWAY**, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, Aug. 9, at noon. . . . **WATKINS GLEN**: Saturday, Aug. 15, at 1, and Sunday, Aug. 16, at 1:30.

TENNIS—Longwood Men's Invitational Open. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 9.) . . . ¶ U.S.L.T.A. Men's Amateur Grass Court Championships. (Meadow Club, Southampton. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 10-16.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 17. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 14.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next several weeks; there may, however, be periodic meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

PERSEID METEOR SHOWERS—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best night for watching is Wednesday, Aug. 12, at around 11, when, if the weather is at all coöperative, as many as fifty meteors an hour may be visible.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 5 at 2 and 5:30: "Berlin, Symphony of a Great City" (1927) and "Variety" (1925), both German films. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Lonesome" (1928), with Glenn Tyron. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 2 and 5:30: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928), a French film, directed by Carl Dreyer, with an English narration. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 11:30: "Daybreak" (1939), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean Gabin and Arletty; no English titles. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 3 and 5:30: "Moana" (1926), directed and photographed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 2 and 5:30: "The Man with the Movie Camera" (1929), a Russian film, directed by Dziga Vertov. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 1:30: "Moana" (1926). . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 3:30: A program of four short films. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 6 and Aug. 11 at 2: "Morocco" (1930), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 5:30: "The Man with the Movie Camera" (1929). . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 2 and 5:30: "Nanook of the North" (1922), directed by Robert Flaherty; and "Drifters" (1929), directed by John Grierson. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Mother" (1926), a Russian film, directed by V. Pudovkin. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through Aug. 9: "All Quiet on the Western Front" (1930), with Lew Ayres and Louis Wolheim. . . . ¶ Aug. 12: "Run for Cover" (1955), with James Cagney and Viveca Lindfors. . . . ¶ Aug. 13: "The Spoilers" (1942), with Marlene Dietrich and Randolph Scott. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A five-week series of international films from the Cinémathèque Française, in Paris. Aug. 5 at 6: Hitchcock's "The Ring" (England, 1927). . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 9: De Andrade's "Macunaima" (Brazil, 1969; no English titles). . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 6: Garrel's "The Virgin's Bed" (France, 1969). . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 9: A Lumière/Vertov program (France/Russia, 1894/1930; no English titles). . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 6: Dovjenko's "Zvenigora" (Russia, 1928). . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 9: Pasolini's "Oedipus Rex" (Italy, 1967). . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 6: Sennett's "Love, Honor, and Behave" (United States, 1921). . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 9: Francia's "Valparaiso, My Love" (Chile, 1970; no English titles). . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 6: Cruze's "The Covered Wagon" (United States, 1923). . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 9: Von Sternberg's "The Saga of Anatahan" (United States, 1954). . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 6: Stiller's "The Old Manor" (Sweden, 1922). . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 9: Kamui's "Chain of Islands" (Japan, 1969). . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 6: Feyder's "Crainquebille" (France, 1922). . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 9: Bougermouh's "Ten Years of Hell" (Algeria, 1968; no English titles). . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 6: Brass's "L'Urlo" (Italy, 1970). . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 9: Hondo's "Soleil O" (Mauritania, 1970). (For information about tickets, call 879-5500, Ext. 656.) . . . **EISNER AND LUBIN AUDITORIUM**, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.—Additional films from the Cinémathèque Française are being shown Mondays through Fridays, except Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 11-12, at 2 and 4. For information about programs, call 598-3015.

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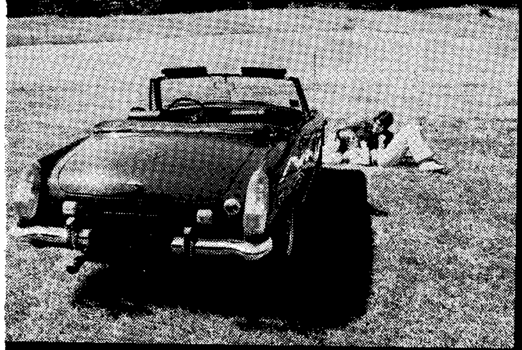

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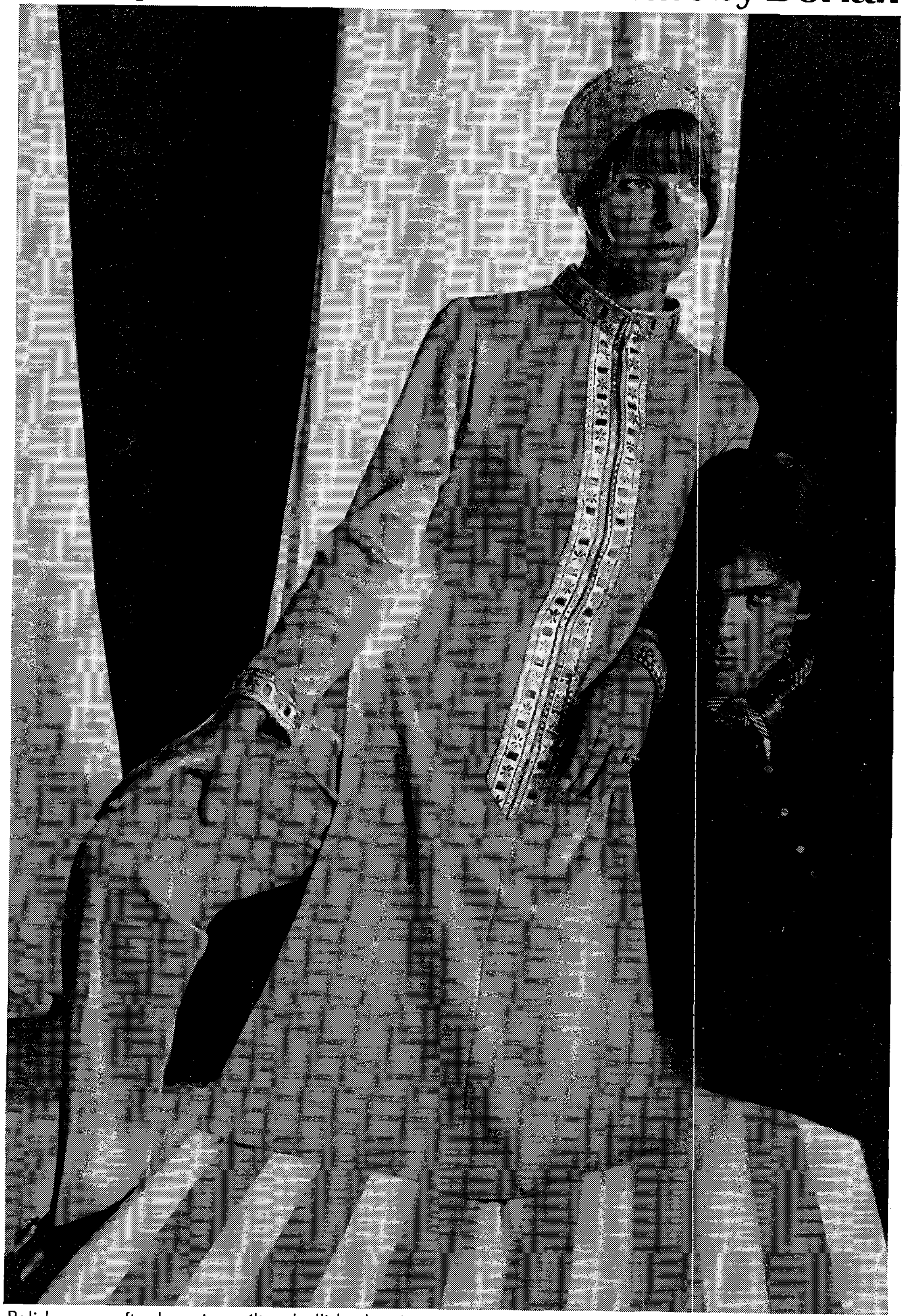

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13		

The African Queen (1951)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart, as a gin-soaked river-boat captain, and Katharine Hepburn as an ironclad spinster named Rosie. Miss Hepburn has revealed that her Rosie was, at the suggestion of director John Huston, modelled on Mrs. Roosevelt, so it's no wonder that the captain finds her funny and irresistible. It's a great comedy-romance. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; *starting Aug. 13.*)

After the Fox (1966)—An international collaboration that turned into a calamity. Neil Simon wrote the screenplay about a crook who pretends to be a moviemaker, Vittorio De Sica directed, and the cast includes Peter Sellers, his then-wife Britt Ekland playing his sister, Martin Balsam, Victor Mature, Paolo Stoppa, Akim Tamiroff, and De Sica himself. For a bad movie, it has a surprising number of funny moments. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 6.)

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's ponderously surging epic has a famous score by Prokofiev and a stunning battle on ice. The plot has something to do with the thirteenth-century invasion of Russia by the German knights; needless to say, the Russians drive the invaders out. The propaganda isn't Communist but nationalist: the medieval story was used to warn Hitler to stay out. With Nikolai Cherkassov as Prince Nevsky. In Russian. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 5.)

Around the World in 80 Days (1956)—Mike Todd's Cook's tour, derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne. Featuring David Niven, the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, Shirley MacLaine, and an all-star cast of fifty-seven. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600; through Aug. 11.)

Band of Outsiders (1964)—Two boys and a girl daydream about committing a robbery—just like in the movies—and then try to carry it out, in Jean-Luc Godard's lyrical, romantic tragicomedy. Perhaps his most delicately charming film. With Anna Karina. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 11.)

The Barefoot Contessa (1954)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz tries to tell All about Hollywood; the result is cornball decadence, so ornately awful that it's inadvertently entertaining. Ava Gardner is a flamenco dancer who becomes a glamorous star and marries a castrated count (Rossano Brazzi). Humphrey Bogart is an alcoholic movie director, Edmond O'Brien a gutless press agent, Warren Stevens a vicious millionaire producer, Marius Goring a rich playboy, Valentina Cortesa an Italian aristocrat, and so on. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 9.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart (married to Gina Lollobrigida), a pack of uranium swindlers that includes Robert Morley and Peter Lorre, and a compulsive liar played by a blond Jennifer Jones. These are just a few of the oddly assorted ingredients in this classic put-on international thriller written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 6-12.)

Born Yesterday (1950)—Judy Holliday as a brassy, smart "dumb blonde" who is mistress to a big-time dealer in scrap metal (Broderick Crawford), and William Holden as the journalist who is hired to make her more "couth." When he succeeds, the picture fails; but the first half is good comedy. George Cukor directed, from the play by Garson Kanin. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 5.)

The Boys in the Band—A movie of Mart Crowley's play—written in faggot vernacular—about a gathering of homosexuals at a birthday party. The text has been preserved as if the quips were ageless; the movie disproves this supposition. Directed by William Friedkin, who emphasizes the suffering and heartbreak. (Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Aug. 6.)

Les Carabiniers (1963)—A Jean-Luc Godard film about two numbed soldiers who are pleased to go to war because of the chances it offers, in their Candide reckoning. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th GR 7-7874; Aug. 13.)

Catch-22—The great novel, by Joseph Heller, has been turned into a pretty good movie, directed by Mike Nichols, worth seeing more than once to watch the work of a great actor, Alan Arkin, as Captain Yossarian. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; and Paramount, B'way at 61st, 247-5071.)

Cotton Comes to Harlem—Two New York City detectives, an unscrupulous demagogue, a junkman, a black-power stripper, and a bale of cotton. Directed by Ossie Davis. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-*4210; starting Aug. 12.*)

Craig's Wife (1936)—Rosalind Russell as the classic American ice maiden, the frigid Mrs. Craig, and John Boles as her depressed husband. Dorothy Arzner directed this fairly literal version of the George Kelly play. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 5.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's celebrated comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Downhill Racer (1969)—The ski footage is exciting, and the movie is fast and relatively *unassuming. Robert Redford is a poor boy* determined to be an Olympic champion; unfortunately, the movie doesn't provide many clues to *why*, or to what the championship in this particular event means. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd, SC 4-6745; starting Aug. 12.)

Easy Rider (1969)—Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper motorcycle east across America. With Jack Nicholson as a boozing liberal Southern lawyer. Directed by Dennis Hopper. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Aug. 7.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical fantasy about *the life of a movie director. Directed by* Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, Claudia Cardinale, and a harem. In Italian. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333; starting Aug. 7.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—It takes genius to shock, probably. Joe Orton, now dead, had only great talent when he wrote this play, here filmed by Douglas Hickox. It is about four people in working-class England. The dialogue is marvellously tuned to signals of life-long emergency sent out in mid-euphemism, and a lot of it is wonderfully funny, as well as being superbly acted by Alan Webb, Beryl Reid, Harry Andrews, Peter McEnery. But there is something shaky about the voice of the play—something studiously outrageous. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's extraordinary first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—to the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 6-10.)

The Fox (1968)—Two lesbians (Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood) on a chicken farm, and along comes a marauding fox (Keir Dullea, with his voice lowered). If you haven't read the D. H. Lawrence novella, you might think that this was what it was about. Mark Rydell directed. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Aug. 12.)

Gaily, Gaily—Ben Hecht's Chicago of a half century ago, in the heyday of yellow journalism, is great movie material, but Norman Jewison clutters it up with fancy camera angles and too-broad performances, so it's mostly a mess. With Beau Bridges and Brian Keith (demonstrating once again that he is one of the best actors in the business). (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Aug. 12.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—Exquisitely designed and photographed, and directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa with a delicate feeling for flowing movement. The setting is twelfth-century Kyoto; the story, which resembles "The Rape of Lucrece," is about a warrior's passion for a married noblewoman (Machiko Kyo). In Japanese. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Aug. 13.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Jorge Semprun wrote and Alain Resnais directed this ambivalent study of a failed radical. Yves Montand is a Communist courrier who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. With Ingrid Thulin and Genevieve Bujold. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Hello, Dolly!—The *extraordinary* Barbra Streisand, in the biggest rabble-rousing musical of them all. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633; through Aug. 11.)

How I Won the War (1967)—Richard Lester's big try that failed—an anti-war black comedy, from a script by Charles Wood, and with ideas and techniques from the Theatres of Cruelty and the Absurd. Similar to "Catch-22." With Michael Crawford and John Lennon. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 11.)

John F. Kennedy: Years of Lightning, Day of Drums *(1966)—A documentary, prepared by* the U.S.I.A., of some highlights of the Kennedy Administration, knitted together by many scenes of his funeral. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333; through Aug. 6.)

A Married Woman (1965)—Godard's peculiarly abstract treatment of a young married woman (Macha Meril), her dissatisfactions, her consumption patterns, and her infidelities. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 10.)

M*A*S*H—A gloriously sane comedy about the insanity of war. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, and Tom Skerritt. Directed by Robert Altman. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; and Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Million Dollar Legs (1932)—One of the silliest and funniest pictures ever made: a lunatic musical satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, Andy Clyde, Ben Turpin, and Lyda Roberti, singing "It's Terrific." The Mankiewicz brothers (Herman J. and Joseph L.) worked together on this one, and Edward Cline directed. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 8.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shopgirl who drifts into prostitution and *doesn't do too well at it (though she looks* lovely). Jean-Luc Godard's film has some brilliant moments—and some foolish ones. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 9.)

The Night of the Hunter (1955)—This adaptation of Davis Grubb's novel was James Agee's last film work and the only movie Charles Laughton ever directed (because it was a total financial disaster). Though overly "artistic," it's a fascinating horror fable about a murderous, sex-obsessed, hymn-singing madman (Robert Mitchum) and the children who try to escape from him. With Shelley Winters, Lillian Gish, James Gleason, and Evelyn Varden. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 9.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a dreamy, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). The last Federico Fellini film before his flamboyant style became overpowering, and perhaps his finest. In Italian. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333; starting Aug. 7.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's (1968)—A parody tribute to burlesque, with a minimum of plot and a maximum of evocative stage routines. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman, Britt Ekland, and Elliott Gould. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 11.)

Ordet (1955)—A modern Resurrection, treated with extreme literalness by Carl Dreyer. Considered a masterpiece by many, interminable by others. From the Kaj Munk play. In Danish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 12.)

The Out-of-Towners—A Neil Simon screenplay about some of the more notorious perils of life in New York City. Likely to seem funnier to visitors than to natives, but funny enough to keep a native happy for a couple of hours. Jack Lemmon and Sandy Dennis in the title roles. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350.)

The Passion of Anna—Bergman's superb new film, his second in color, about four people living on an island. The human detail is highly charged and rather shattering, but the

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attentiveness and talent of the filmmaker is altogether reviving. Great ensemble playing by Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Erland Josephson. In Swedish. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through Aug. 11.)

The Passion of Joan of Arc (1927)—One of the few truly great films; Carl Dreyer based the script on the trial records and, keeping the camera close to the fleshly faces of Joan and her persecutors, subtly—and shockingly—linked eroticism to religious persecution. Maria Falconetti's Joan may be the finest performance ever recorded on film. With Antonin Artaud. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 12.)

Patton—George C. Scott in an epic that can be taken as the story of a maniac or of a great hero, depending on your point of view. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner. (U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. Yet it has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is the actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 7.)

Le Petit Soldat (1960)—Godard's first foray into politics, with romance and political extremism and torture and talk of cinema all suspended in an Existential mixture. Technically an innovative work, but humanly a baffling one. With Anna Karina and Michel Subor. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 12.)

Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Godard in a later unresolved, disturbing mood. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an Existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 7-8.)

Potemkin (1925)—In 1950, an international panel of critics voted this Eisenstein film "the greatest film of the past fifty years." The subject is the 1905 mutiny of the sailors of the battleship Potemkin and the massacre of the people who sympathized with them. Eisenstein made the subject exciting by rhythmic editing—"montage." Silent, with added musical soundtrack. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 5.)

La Prisonnière (1969)—Henri-Georges Clouzot writes and directs a story about sadomasochism set in a Paris of frighteningly offhand lovers and phenomenally successful Op Art. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 10.)

The Revolutionary—Paul Williams' very interesting film, with Jon Voight as a radical student. The place and the time of the action are nearly here and now, but not quite; there are subtle displacements. This isn't one of the Hollywood catchpenny films about campus unrest, not by a long chalk. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323.)

Room at the Top (1958)—Jack Clayton's capable, intelligent version of the John Braine novel was one of the break-through English films of the late fifties that got out of the studios and into modern England. Laurence Harvey is the social and economic climber who sacrifices Simone Signoret on the way up; their extraordinarily convincing scenes together are among the best love scenes in movies. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 13.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Overdirected (by Karel Reisz) and with too many set pieces, this study of working-class energies and frustrations has the advantages of Albert Finney as the hero and a fine cast that includes Rachel Roberts, Norman Rossington, and Shirley Anne Field. Alan Sillitoe adapted his own novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 13.)

Scorpio Rising (1966)—Kenneth Anger's account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult, with a witty musical track. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Aug. 12.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—A comedy about melancholia—probably the *only* comedy about melancholia. Charles Aznavour is Charlie the Piano Player, who just wants to be "out of it" in François Truffaut's poetic, nihilistic gangster picture. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 6-10.)

The Silence (1964)—Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are sisters travelling together in this Ingmar Bergman film—one of those that are generally (and accurately) described as bleak and brooding. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 11-12.)

The Stranger (1967)—The Camus novel is a milestone in fiction, and, sadly, the movie version follows the original work without being able to encompass it; still, it is worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 7.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—Robert Walker, in brilliant, perverse form, as dear, degenerate Bruno, and Farley Granger as Guy, the tennis player, in Hitchcock's best American thriller, which—thanks to the elegant Raymond Chandler dialogue—is also his most malicious. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Aug. 13.)

The Strawberry Statement—A luscious idyll on the subject of student unrest, strong on fancy camerawork, scenery, and pop music, weak on the issues, topped off with a beautifully staged and bloody police raid. Based on the book by James Kunen. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Tillie and Gus (1933)—W. C. Fields and his great mate Alison Skipworth as con artists who outsmart a skinflint crook. A genial comedy. With Baby Le Roy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 8.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' brand of outrageousness is especially unsuited to the matter-of-fact horror of the Kafka novel, but he manages some striking effects. With Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 6-12.)

Tropic of Cancer—A trivial but entertaining sex comedy derived from the Henry Miller classic. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 11.)

Ugetsu (1953)—Kenji Mizoguchi's complex, violent, and at times magical fable of an artist-potter (Masayuki Mori), a phantom lady (Machiko Kyo), and the family he left behind. Heavy going in spots, but with marvellous passages that are worth a bit of patience. In Japanese. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Aug. 13.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her confirmation day, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Aug. 11-12.)

The Wages of Fear (1953)—The most exciting French melodrama of the fifties. Henri-Georges Clouzot's Existential thriller about the responses of four men to a situation in which character no longer determines fate: they are driving trucks loaded with nitroglycerine over rough roads. With Yves Montand. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 10.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600; through Aug. 11.)

Women in Love—D. H. Lawrence said this novel was his best, and he was probably right. You won't get a clear idea of what it's about from the movie, because Ken Russell attempts to make an extravagant, sensuous experience out of it and doesn't bother much about the characters or themes. Read the book first; then go to the film for the virtuoso tableaux and for Glenda Jackson's bold, tense performance. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144.)

The World of Henry Orient (1964)—Odd and erratic but often touching film about two young New York girls who go celebrity hunting. With Peter Sellers, Angela Lansbury, Paula Prentiss, and Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 6.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

Z—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. (In French at the Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ In English at the Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

Note—The last program of Kenneth Clark's thirteen films on art, generally headed "Civilisation." Shown (free) at the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium of the Loeb Student Center (Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.): "The Fallacies of Hope" and "Heroic Materialism," Aug. 11 at noon, 3, 6, and 9.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON PREVIOUS PAGES

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Z (in French).

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"Censorship in Denmark: A New Approach," a documentary film.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
YELLOW SUBMARINE; and "Let It Be," the Beatles.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Aug. 11: **TROPIC OF CANCER**; and "Medium Cool" (1969), Robert Forster.
From Aug. 12: **COTTON COMES TO HARLEM**; and **GAILY, GAILY.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
THE OUT-OF-TOWNERS.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Aug. 6: "101 Dalmatians" (1961), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.
From Aug. 7: **EASY RIDER.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Joe," Peter Boyle.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
M*A*S*H.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
CATCH-22.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Performance," Mick Jagger, James Fox.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
ENTERTAINING MR. SLOANE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Rider on the Rain" (in French), Charles Bronson.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Move," Elliott Gould, Paula Prentiss.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx," Gene Wilder.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Bird with the Crystal Plumage," Tony Musante, Suzy Kendall.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
THE BOYS IN THE BAND.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Getting Straight," Elliott Gould.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Aug. 9: "Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon," Liza Minnelli.
From Aug. 10: "Diary of a Mad Housewife," Richard Benjamin.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Virgin and the Gypsy," Joanna Shimkus, Franco Nero.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Aug. 11: "Myra Breckinridge," Mae West, John Huston, Raquel Welch.
From Aug. 12: "Lovers and Other Strangers."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 11: "101 Dalmatians" (1961), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.
From Aug. 12: "Dream of Glass," John Denos.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Z.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
PATTON.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 6: "You Can't Win 'Em All," Tony Curtis, Charles Bronson.
Aug. 7-11: "The McMasters," Burl Ives, Brock Peters.
From Aug. 12: "Up in the Cellar," Wes Stern, Joan Collins.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"On a Clear Day You Can See Forever," Barbra Streisand, Yves Montand.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
WOMEN IN LOVE.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Aug. 12: **SCORPIO RISING**; and "Brand X," Taylor Mead, Sally Kirkland.
From Aug. 13: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Airport," Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 6: **BREATHLESS** (in French).
Aug. 7-8: **PIERROT LE FOU** (in French).
Aug. 9: **MY LIFE TO LIVE** (in French).
Aug. 10: **A MARRIED WOMAN** (in French).
Aug. 11: **BAND OF OUTSIDERS** (in French).
Aug. 12: **LE PETIT SOLDAT** (in French).
Aug. 13: **LES CARABINIERS** (in French).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
THE OUT-OF-TOWNERS.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Aug. 5: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian).
Aug. 6-10: **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** and **THE 400 BLOWS** (both in French).
Aug. 11-12: **THE VIRGIN SPRING** and **THE SILENCE** (both in Swedish).
From Aug. 13: **GATE OF HELL** and **UGETSU** (both in Japanese).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Aug. 11: "Chisum," John Wayne.
From Aug. 12: "Too Late the Hero," Michael Caine, Cliff Robertson.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Aug. 11: **HELLO, DOLLY!**
From Aug. 12: "Up in the Cellar," Wes Stern, Joan Collins.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
DR. STRANGELOVE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Darling Lili," Julie Andrews, Rock Hudson.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Aug. 11: **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS**; and **WEST SIDE STORY.**
From Aug. 12: "Soldier Blue," Candice Bergen.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
THE REVOLUTIONARY.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
M*A*S*H.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Angel Levine," Zero Mostel, Harry Belafonte.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Ann and Eve," Gio Petré.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Aug. 6: **JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS.**
From Aug. 7: **8½** and **NIGHTS OF CABIRIA** (both in Italian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Something for Everyone," Angela Lansbury, Michael York.

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5071)
CATCH-22.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Aug. 6: "101 Dalmatians" (1961), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.
From Aug. 7: "They Call Me Mister Tibbs!," Sidney Poitier, Martin Landau.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Aug. 11: **THE PASSION OF ANNA** (in Swedish).
From Aug. 12 (tentative): "A Man Called Horse," Richard Johnson, Judith Anderson; and "A Dream of Kings," Anthony Quinn, Irene Papas.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Aug. 11: "Paint Your Wagon" (1969), Lee Marvin, Clint Eastwood; and "The Brain" (1969), David Niven, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Aug. 12: **DOWNHILL RACER**; and "Jenny," Marlo Thomas, Alan Alda.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 5: **BORN YESTERDAY**; and **CRAIG'S WIFE.**
Aug. 6-12: **THE TRIAL**; and **BEAT THE DEVIL.**
From Aug. 13: **THE AFRICAN QUEEN**; and **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN.**

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 11: "The Hawaiians," Charlton Heston, Geraldine Chaplin; and "Otley" (1969), Tom Courtenay, Romy Schneider.
From Aug. 12: **THE FOX**; and "The Ballad of Cable Hogue," Jason Robards, Stella Stevens.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 5: Five short films on psychology.
Aug. 6: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**; and **AFTER THE FOX.**
Aug. 7: **THE STRANGER** (in French); and **PERSONA** (in Swedish).
Aug. 8: **MILLION DOLLAR LEGS**; and **TILLIE AND GUS.**
Aug. 9: **THE BAREFOOT CONTESSA**; and **THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER.**
Aug. 10: **LA PRISONNIÈRE** and **THE WAGES OF FEAR** (both in French).
Aug. 11: **THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S**; and **HOW I WON THE WAR.**
Aug. 12: **THE PASSION OF JOAN OF ARC**; and **ORDET** (in Danish).
Aug. 13: **ROOM AT THE TOP**; and **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.**

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Z (in French).

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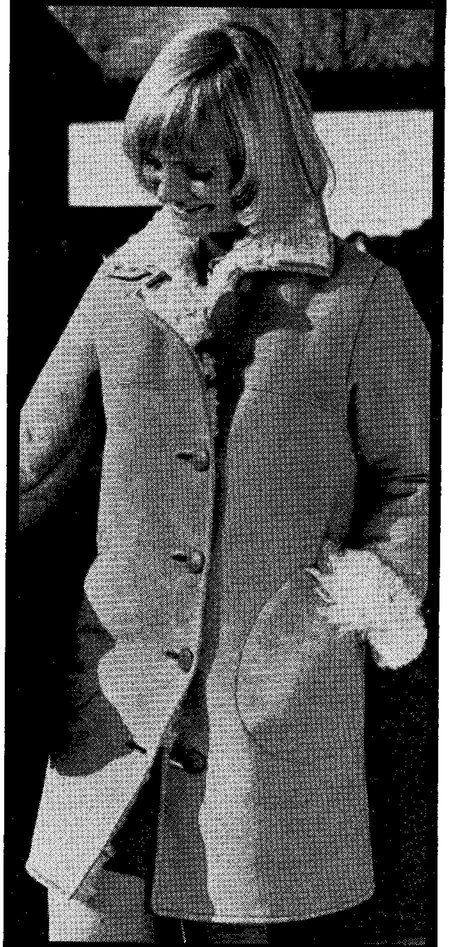

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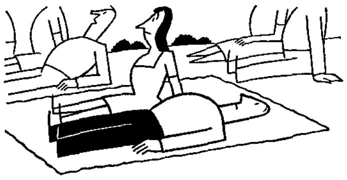
I. MAGNIN

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have been growing more conscious lately of just how much horror is summed up in the commonplace words "air pollution." A week ago Tuesday evening, at the end of a day whose most conspicuous features were stifling heat and humidity, levels of pollution officially described as "unsatisfactory," and a power cutback resulting in gruesome delays on the subways, we went to the Sheep Meadow, in Central Park, to listen to the Philharmonic "under the stars." These concerts can usually be depended upon to raise our spirits. We found a spot for our blanket, lay back, and tried to concentrate on the music over the roar of jet planes, the chatter of people who think that because a concert is out-of-doors they are relieved of any obligation to keep quiet, and the general low din emitted at all times by the City of New York. The gentler passages were totally inaudible. There were, of course, no visible stars for the Philharmonic to be under. (Children are growing up in New York who have never seen the Milky Way.) The sky was not black but, rather, a very dark charcoal gray. A young woman who accompanied us looked glum. "Here's something to consider," she whispered to us. "In 1980, this is what *daytime* concerts will look like." We considered it, and the more we considered it, the less improbable, and the more disturbing, it seemed. The idea of darkness at noon, of the light of day shut off from us, unable to reach us—this idea addresses itself to one of man's deepest fears, the fear that the sun will go out.

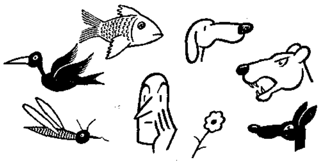


The next morning, we were riding our bicycle up Sixth Avenue. Everyone has his own stratagems for coping with the strains of city life, and one of ours, this summer, has been a three-speed English bicycle. A bicycle, of course, affords excellent exercise and—once one becomes accustomed to the traffic—fast, safe, and reliable transportation. The sense of futility, of being thwarted by uncontrollable forces, that is familiar to subway riders and rush-hour motorists does not afflict the cyclist. The catch (there is always a catch) is that the cyclist, who contributes absolutely nothing to air pollution, is one of its chief victims. To ride a bicycle in New York City is to be buffeted continuously by huge blasts of poisonous hot gases from trucks, buses, cars, subway gratings, and other urban versions of the mouth of Hell. But this is quite usual; what was not usual on that particular day was the ghastly pall that seemed to have replaced the sky, obscuring the sun (if not yet blotting it out entirely) and producing a peculiar tightness in the respiratory tract.

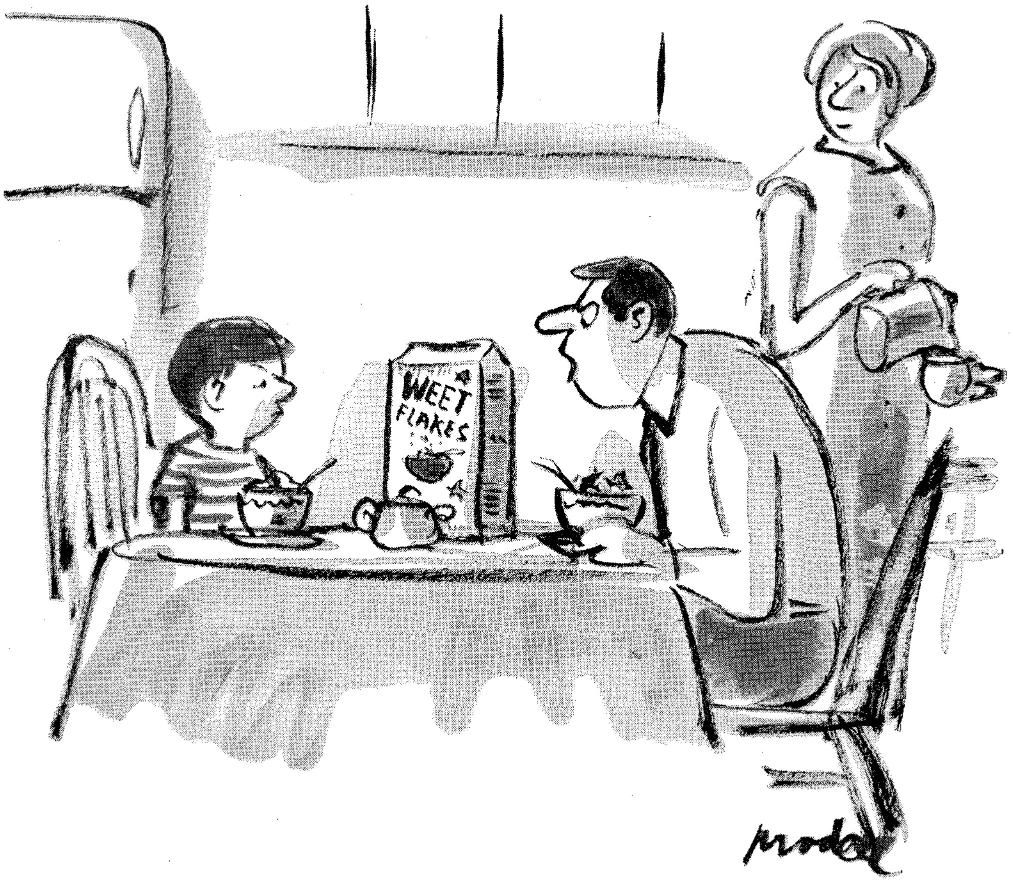
Having arrived at the office, we glanced through the *Times*. On the front page was a picture of Tokyo choking "under a blanket of smog." On page 3 was a picture of Sydney, Australia, choking under a blanket of smog. Under the picture of Sydney, and next to a story about Washington, D.C., choking under a blanket of smog, was a local story with the headline "Stagnant Air Likely to Stay Over City." The first three paragraphs of the story read as follows:

> The city's Department of Air Resources reported air pollution levels as unsatisfactory yesterday as a stagnant air system continued to hang over the area. The situation was expected to continue through today.
>
> Despite the pollution, the city's Health Department emphasized there was no health danger now. Dr. Aaron Chaves, the department's assistant commissioner in charge of communicable diseases, said: "I want to stress there is nothing at the present time to cause an alarmist attitude."
>
> He said the main danger now was from those who are alarming people unduly about the condition of the air. The mental stress of worrying about the danger of pollution, he said, could prove to be much more dangerous than the current levels of contamination.

Perhaps we were being perverse, but somehow we failed to draw any comfort whatever from this intelligence. We don't want to bedevil Dr. Chaves, who, after all, was only trying to make everybody feel better, but isn't "an alarmist attitude" precisely what is called for? It strikes us that right now is the time for everybody to start being alarmed about air pollution, and that everybody would be well advised to go on being alarmed about it, for we seem to be moving swiftly toward a cataclysm.



THERE is another aspect of the environment that we have been forced to think about lately, and that is the way all living things on our planet are dependent on each other for their survival, so that the slightest tampering with one part of the environment can have a disastrous effect on the whole. The biologist Barry Commoner, for example, has written, "What we know about living things and about the biosphere—the community of life in the environment—is that they are enormously complex, and that this complexity is the source of their remarkable staying power. The web of relationships that ties animal to plant, prey to predator, parasite to host, and all to the air, water, and soil which they inhabit persists *because* it is complex." In other words, John Donne's statement "No man is an Iland, intire of itselfe; every man is a peece of the Continent, a part of the maine; if a Clod bee washed away by the Sea, Europe is the lesse" holds not only for man but for all living things. And now the ecologi-



"*So what if it's not packed with goodness? It's not packed with badness, either.*"

• •

cal crisis of our cities is forcing us to learn that this lesson holds also for the inanimate artifacts making up the environments that man himself has created. However, it appears that man's work is not as well ordered as God's work, and that complexity, which Professor Commoner speaks of as a strength of the natural world, is a weakness of the man-made world. Man's artificial environments and the natural environment are alike, unfortunately, only when they break down. In our city, for example, the current crisis in air pollution has contributed directly to the ongoing collapse of the system of transportation. When New Yorkers turn on their air-conditioners under the misapprehension that they are coping with the polluted air (most of the pollutants get right through), the power companies are forced to divert power away from the subway system, and, thus, one direct consequence of the citizens' efforts to deal with pollution in their homes and offices is that they are forced to spend more time breathing the foul air in the subway tunnels. The worsening conditions in the subways then cause more citizens to use their cars to get around the city, and this, of course, adds to the pollution of the air. Then more citizens turn on their air-conditioners. And so on. Meanwhile, the power plants, which are themselves a major source of air pollution, are working overtime, and are thereby adding to the very crisis they are trying to alleviate. Among radicals, it has become popular to say that "either you are part of the solution or you are part of the problem." Now we are learning, to our extreme confusion and dismay, that the solutions, too, are part of the problem. However, there is one solution that everyone regards as an unmitigated blessing. It is rain. All the country's sophisticated experts—all the scientists, politicians, newsmen, meteorologists—are praying, like a primitive tribe, for rain. And so man, trapped in a vicious circle of his own making, and despairing of saving himself with his own amazing technology, turns once more to poor, abused Nature for deliverance.

Offbeat Policemen

A PEACE petition signed by twenty-one New York City policemen arrived recently in Washington, D.C., at the executive offices of SANE, the venerable peace organization founded in 1957 to work for a nuclear-test-ban treaty. The executive director of SANE, Sanford Gottlieb, showed the petition to us when we were in Washington the other day, and pointed out the name of John Donnellan at the head of the list of policemen, all of whom are residents of Brooklyn or Queens. Mr. Donnellan, who had collected the signatures, had done so in response to a SANE ad that appeared in the *Times* some weeks ago and asked for support of the McGovern-Hatfield Amendment to end the war. He had mailed his petition to SANE's headquarters with the following note:

> DEAR SIRS—
>
> All of the 21 signatures belong to New York City Policemen, my co-workers. We feel very strongly that individuality must be expressed, and that no group (police, construction workers, students, parents, etc.) should be labelled and saddled with iron-clad ideologies. The media has stressed the affinity between the superficial "flag-wavers" and violence-prone "hard-hats" with the "police mentality." We policemen resent this and express our whole-hearted support of the amendment to end the war now!
>
> JOHN DONNELLAN AND FELLOW-OFFICERS

Mr. Gottlieb immediately wrote Mr. Donnellan a letter asking for a meeting with him and his co-signers. A long and courteous answer from Mr. Donnellan followed, from which we quote, in part:

> I don't know *any* typical "cop"—you really can be an individual and human being even while wearing the blue uniform. The "police mentality," the right-wing conservative John Birchite George Wallaceite bigot and bully image is unfair and inaccurate. I suppose there are many who fit the description, I know a few personally, but, needless to stress, there are *many more* decent, confused, open-minded, fair men who get labelled "pigs." This small gesture we made, the petition, was the *first time* for most of us to have done *anything* politically oriented or "involved"—we are not a "group," just individual guys.

SANE is the oldest of the peace groups founded since the beginning of the Cold War. (Its official title for twelve years was National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy; this was changed last year to SANE—A Citizens' Organization for a Sane World.) We wondered how it was managing to coexist with today's more radical peace groups, which have frequently accused it of being a "liberal sellout," because of its concern with the likes of John Donnellan, and we asked Mr. Gottlieb about this.

"Our biggest cause of friction with younger organizations is that we've always remained concerned with how to reach the middle ground, the unconvinced," Mr. Gottlieb told us. "I remember saying to a militant girl at a demonstration in 1965, 'I consider any policeman a friend until he beats me over the head.' And she looked at me as if I were nuts; the concept of being able to communicate with a policeman shocked her terribly. It's been a hell of a lot less lonely for SANE recently—before '65 the only other non-religious peace groups around were the United World Federalists and Women Strike for Peace—but, with all the new activity, problems of coexistence have sometimes been tough. I suppose the major point of difference is that we always want to show that you can be patriotic while dissenting, whereas younger radicals insist on expressing their message regardless of consequences. The press and TV make freakish minority things like Vietcong flags tragically visible. They are thrust into sixty million living rooms, and this has led to one of the most terrible paradoxes of our time: a majority of Americans are opposed to the Vietnam war, but a still greater majority are opposed to the war protesters."

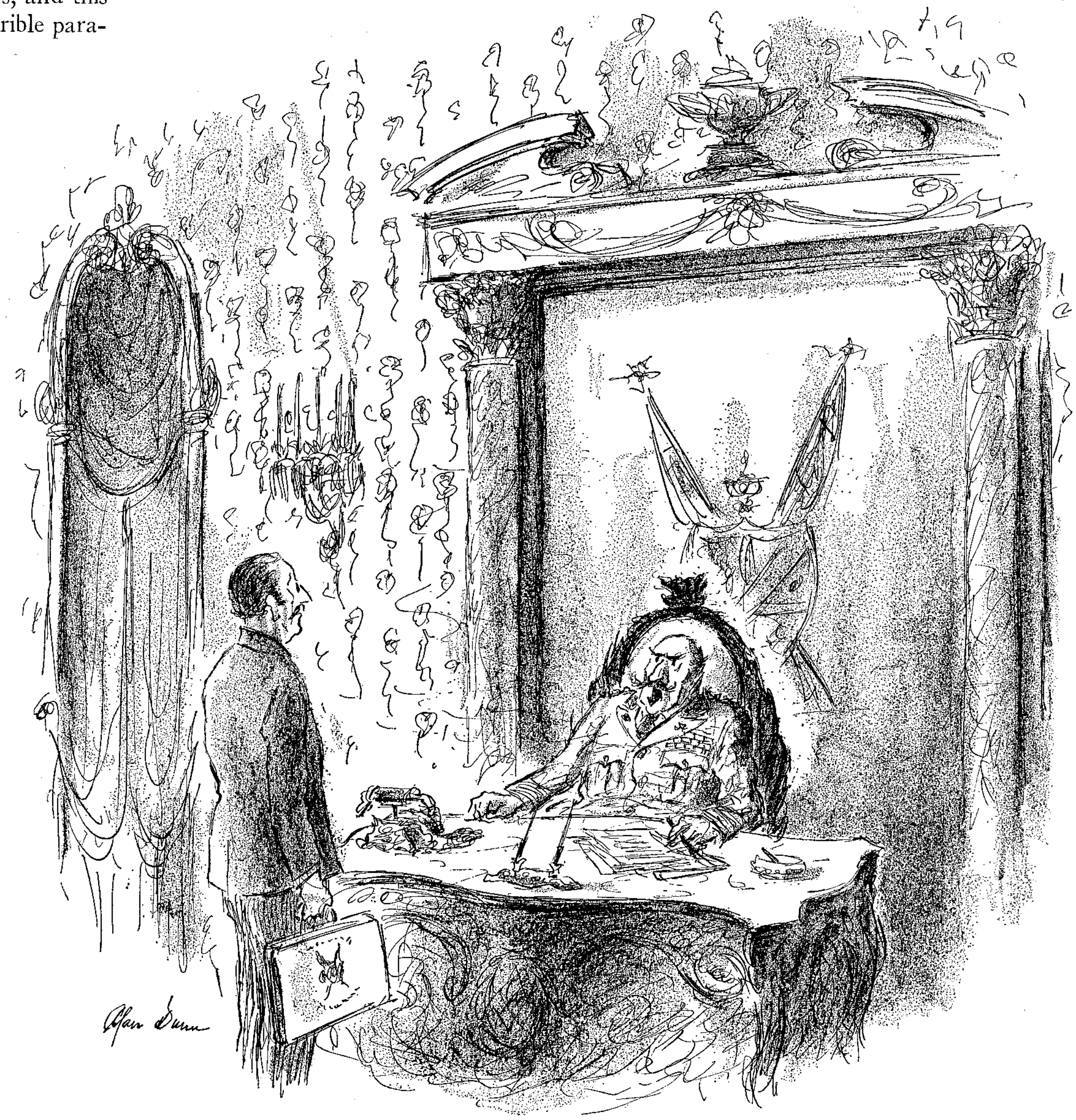
We asked Mr. Gottlieb, a slim, ruddy, serene-looking man in his early forties, who has been the full-time director of SANE for ten years, what there was in his background—and in the membership of his organization—that caused SANE to concentrate on the middle ground.

"I come from a lower-middle-class background," Mr. Gottlieb answered. "My father was convicted of mail fraud and was in a federal jail during much of my childhood; my mother supported the family by working as a saleswoman. I worked as a labor organizer during most of the fifties—with the Teamsters' Union, the Retail, Wholesale, and Department Store Union, the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, and the International Typographical Union. Class is very important in this country, which pretends it has none. Unlike the young dissenters, most of whom come from affluent backgrounds, I'm from the same milieu as the Joe Citizen who has bumper stickers on his car saying 'Honor America.' As for SANE members—we have some twenty-five thousand, who support the organization with ten-dollars-a-person yearly dues—they are older and more historical-minded than many other peace activists. They realize, as I do, that what we're involved in is fighting for hearts and minds, and that majorities are needed. The greatest mistake of the peace movement has been to let go of all symbols of patriotism—particularly the American flag. If we want more of the unconvinced in the peace movement, we have to recapture the flag."

Escape

THE casqued hornbill rarely makes the front page of the *Times*—it's just not in the nature of things—so we were much pleased to see one there a few months ago. The bird's down-curved beak was a refreshing change from the faces that are usually to be found there. The casqued hornbill, the *Times* reported, had escaped from the Birdhouse in the Central Park Zoo while its cage was being cleaned. It had proceeded to lead a posse of pursuers—keepers; specialists from the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, armed with nets, food, and tranquillizer guns; policemen with radio cars and emergency units; and photographers—on a tree-to-tree, roof-to-roof chase around the upper East Side. At last, twenty-seven hours and forty minutes after it had flown its coop, the hornbill was snagged in a net by a zoo keeper on a penthouse ledge on Park Avenue, near Seventieth Street.

The hornbill's flight prompted us to look into the matter of zoo escapes, and



"Being taken out for a ride by Nixon in his golf cart isn't enough. Did you get more Foreign Aid?"

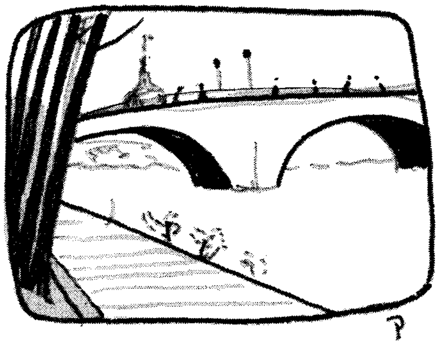
we learned that the zoos in all five boroughs except Queens (whose zoo is a small one that opened recently) have had their share. Not surprisingly, birds are the most common fugitives, but several varieties of monkeys have slipped out of their enclosures in the Bronx Zoo, and so have beavers, otters, a pygmy hippopotamus, a Himalayan black bear, a leopard, and a platypus. Central Park's roster of escapees includes a deer, a civet cat, and an Indian sun bear. Two black-bear cubs have gone on the lam from the Prospect Park Zoo, in Brooklyn, and three chimpanzees (father, mother, infant) once got loose from Staten Island's Barrett Park Zoo.

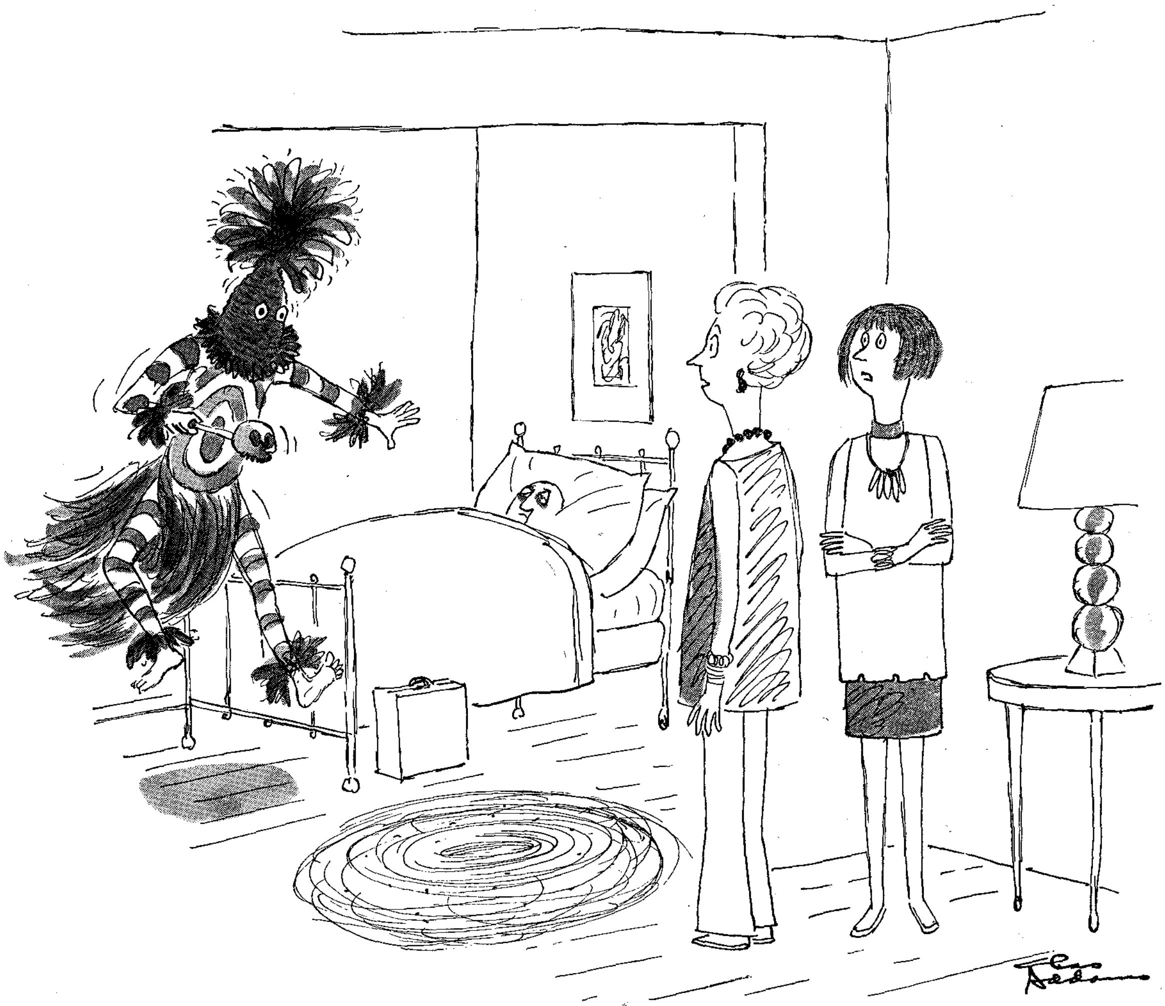
Most zoo officials are as reluctant to discuss zoo escapes as airline executives are to discuss hijackings or bankers to discuss bank robberies, and no records are kept on the subject. One zoo curator explained, "If an animal got out of its cage but was retrieved before the public became aware of its escape, it would be natural enough to hush it up. You wouldn't notify the Department of Parks, much less the newspapers." Animal escapes are often hard to conceal, however—a man who saw Central Park's casqued hornbill fly past his window observed that "it looked like an elephant"—and, with the help of a few coöperative zoo officials and the *Times Index* (which we consulted back to 1935), we've made a study of them.

Although the subject conjures up lions roaming the sidewalks of Manhattan, New York has been more fortunate than many other American cities; in the past thirty-five years not one wild animal has terrorized local residents—two leopards that got out of the Oklahoma City zoo, the first in 1950 and the second in 1966, did terrorize residents of that city—or caused a human death. New York's zoo escapes, in fact, have been free of both tragedy and high drama. One of the Oklahoma City leopards made a thrilling twenty-foot leap to freedom, but New York's escapees have got away by taking advantage of a keeper's carelessness or an unsuspected weakness in their confines. Central Park's civet cat and Prospect Park's black-bear cubs were able to squeeze between the bars of their cages; Staten Island's chimp family got out when the father chimp banged on the cage door and broke its hasp; a Bronx Zoo spider monkey waded across the moat surrounding Monkey Island; and three beavers (a widow and two children) escaped from the beaver pond at the Bronx Zoo by digging under the concrete base of the fence around their pond. (Zoo keepers too readily describe their animals' quarters as "escapeproof," it appears, in much the same way that lock manufacturers apply "burglarproof" to their all too vulnerable products.) Neither ingenuity nor diligence is required of animals set free by an act of man (vandalism is increasing at zoos throughout the country) or by an act of God (two red-billed blue magpies flew out of their glass-enclosed outdoor cage at the Bronx Zoo after the glass was smashed by a windstorm).

Numerous wayward animals are apprehended before they succeed in leaving the building in which their cages are situated, or in leaving the zoo grounds (the zoo cafeteria is a favorite destination), but others get at least a fleeting glimpse of the outside world. The deer that escaped from the Central Park Zoo—this happened two years ago—reached Twelfth Avenue and Sixty-eighth Street and then was cornered in a truck-loading bay, and twenty years ago the Zoo's runaway civet cat loped down Fifth Avenue to Bergdorf Goodman's, where it tried unsuccessfully to enter the store first by the front door and later by the employees' entrance; it was finally caught climbing up the store's water pipes. A leopard that escaped from a Russian zoo was shot two hundred and fifty miles away, in northern Latvia, after a year on the loose, but, as far as we know, no escaped animal from a New York City zoo has turned up in another country, or even in another state. We say "as far as we know" because although most escaped zoo animals are at large for no more than a few hours, some are never recaptured. In 1957, Penelope, one of two platypuses at the Bronx Zoo—the only pair in the world outside Australia at the time—stole out of the platypusary in a desperate attempt to resist the advances of her ardent mate, Cecil. She was never seen again.

Most zoo creatures that escape and are caught are put back in their original cages, which are sometimes refortified. It was the casqued hornbill's good fortune to land on the windowsill of Mrs. Brooke Astor, a trustee of the Bronx Zoo, during its sightseeing tour. Mrs. Astor visited the hornbill at the Central Park Zoo after its return, decided that it would be happier in a larger cage at the Bronx Zoo, and arranged for it to be moved there. It is now in a spacious cage, and is becoming acclimated for a transfer to the Bronx Zoo's World of Birds building, which will be completed next year. The other day, we went up to the Bronx Zoo to look at the hornbill (it seemed to be in fine feather) and to have a chat about zoo escapes with our old friend Mr. William Conway, the Zoo's director, and found him, as usual, in good storytelling form. "The American Association of Zoological Parks and Aquariums has an annual unofficial but very important booby prize that is presented to the director who manages the most outlandish bit of error during the year," Mr. Conway told us. "Escape is one such error. The director of the Topeka Zoo won the prize a few years ago when he put up a new barrier between his giraffes and the public. One day, the giraffes simply walked over it and wandered around the grounds. Very embarrassing. But I must say that escape isn't one of our biggest problems. When we do have an escape, it's apt to be the result of human carelessness—a keeper hasn't securely locked a door, for instance. We do take many precautions against escape. Our new buildings are designed so that if an animal gets out of its cage, it can go no farther than the keeper's space behind the building, and not into a public area. And we make our cages stronger and our moats wider than necessary—we overdesign. People attribute various motives, such as curiosity and wanderlust, to zoo animals and birds, but I consider it anthropomorphic to believe that they sit around all day contemplating escape. Most animals are creatures of habit. They become used to their surroundings and feel secure in them. At the zoo, they always know where their next meal is coming from. Many of our animals are from tropical climates; if they get loose in New York, they can't survive. The casqued hornbill, a native of Southeast Asia, escaped in cold weather and would have died from the chill and dampness, if not from hunger, had he stayed free much longer. When people say that animals are free or use an expression like 'free as a bird,' they really don't know what they're talking about. There's no such thing





“At least he makes house calls.”

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as an animal living in complete freedom in the wild. Every animal is a prisoner of its particular habits and of its ecology. You won’t find ducks in a desert. Ducks have to go where there’s water, and the water must be suitable. You won’t come across mallards in a rapids, because they can find their food only in quiet ponds. Most species of woodpecker can nest only in trees, so if you cut down all the trees you’ve killed all the woodpeckers—they’re imprisoned by trees. When a storm blew out the plate glass and the two magpies flew away in fright, no search was necessary. The next morning, they were back in their wide-open cage, preening themselves. They’d found their own way home.”

M. Langlois

M. HENRI LANGLOIS, the founder and director of the Cinémathèque Française, in Paris, is a monumental man. His body is monumental and his face is monumental, and his face has a pallor that is somehow monumental, too. M. Langlois has spent his life saving films. He has saved countless films (the perishable, vulnerable physical objects), and thus has saved and brought back to life an important part of film culture that seemed about to be lost. He was in New York last week for the opening of the New York City Center Cinematheque, which will ultimately have its home at the City Center but is beginning its life in the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium of the Metropolitan Museum. He attended a party at the Metropolitan to celebrate the opening (to celebrate him, really), and we saw him there, surrounded by friends and would-be friends and film people and various Egyptian artifacts. He stood on the periphery of the party (next to the Egyptian artifacts), and from time to time he darted at people he especially wanted to talk with. The periphery of the party thus became the center of the party, and the most desirable position was over by the escalator, where M. Langlois took people for private talks.

M. Langlois talked with Gloria Swanson, asking her about a cape, reputedly hers, that was recently auctioned off by M-G-M. Miss Swanson said that she vaguely remembered a cape in a Paramount picture but that she had never made an M-G-M picture. (“I asked her because I *knew* she never made an M-G-M picture,” M. Langlois told us.) Miss Swanson talked to us enthusiastically about M. Langlois and his Cinémathèque, and said that twenty-five years ago she had tried to interest studio people in Hollywood in preserving old films and in establishing a Hollywood film festival. “Good God, there is a film festival in Venice, and there is no studio in Venice!” she said. “*My* idea was to have a whole week, like Mardi Gras, with floats, which would finish up with a big ball and the Academy Awards. The stars would open up their homes. That was when stars *had* homes.”

Viva, the underground-film actress, was at the party.

“You look great,” said a girl who came up to Viva.

“I don’t know why. It must be the weather,” said Viva. “Where’s the ginger ale? I just ate something awful.”

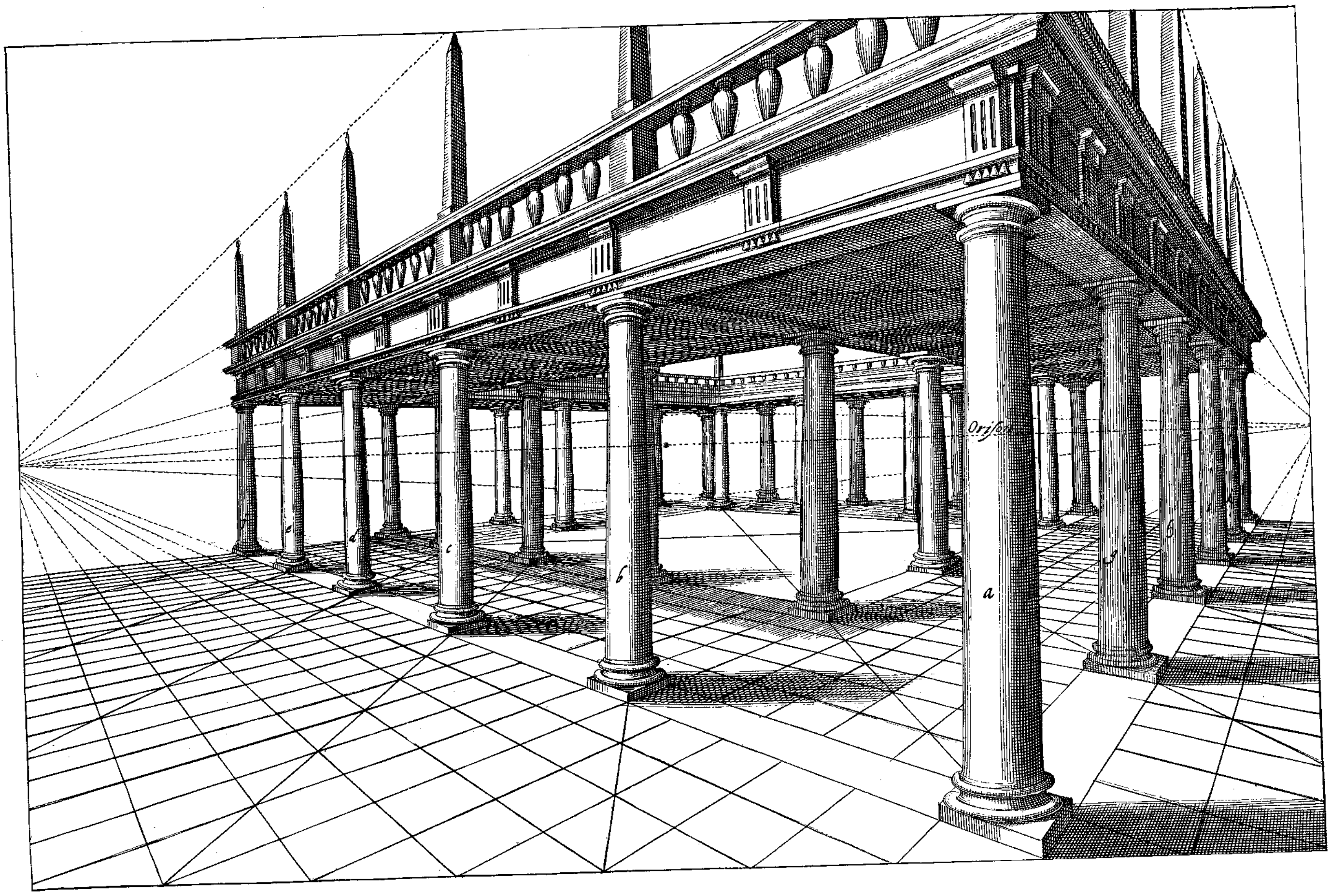
While M. Langlois stood at the periphery, film people in the middle of the party talked to one another.

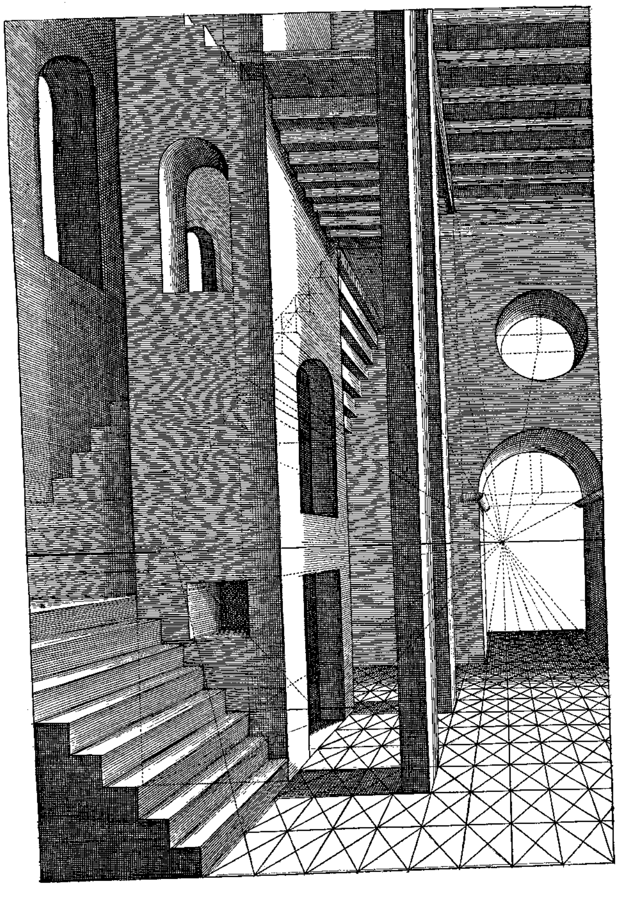
“I saw you at Cannes,” a middle-aged man in a striped shirt said to a young man in an unstriped shirt. “We’ve got a movie called ‘Right On!’—about the black revolution. Will you come to see it?”

Soon there was a showing of a new film by Jean Renoir—“The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir.” It was shown without subtitles, and before it began, M. Langlois made a speech, only some of which was incomprehensible. “I am against the Babel Tower. I would rather see a Japanese film and not understand than see a Japanese film with subtitles. I don’t say you see masterpieces. I say you see *films*. If you don’t like, you don’t like,” M. Langlois said.

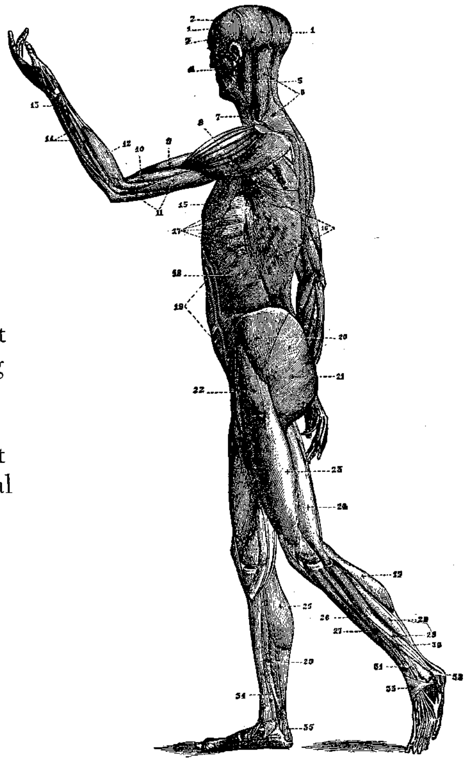
The Show

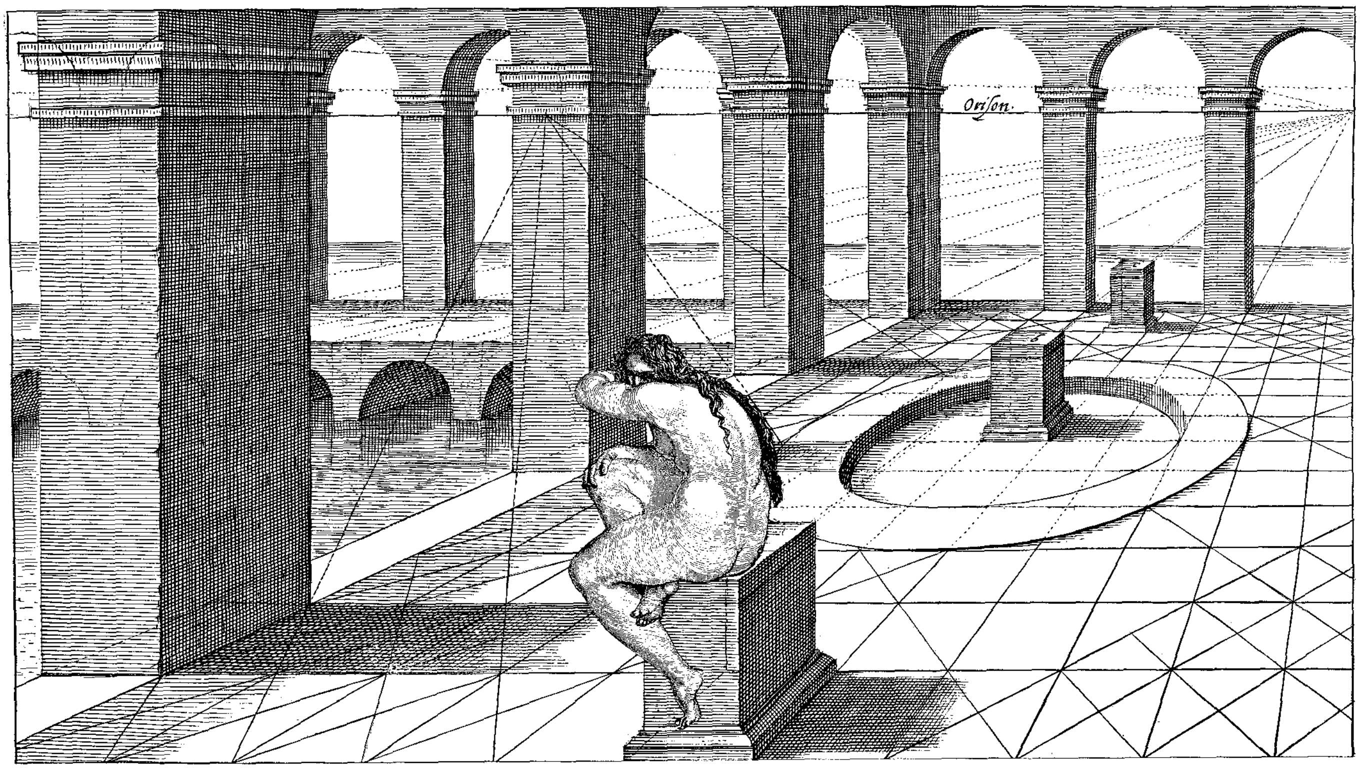
In the abandoned palazzo, weeds and old blankets filled the rooms. The palazzo was in bad shape. We cleaned the abandoned palazzo for ten years. We scoured the stones. The splendid architecture was furbished and painted. The doors and windows were dealt with. Then we were ready for the show.





The noble and empty spaces were perfect for our purposes. The first act we hired was the amazing Numbered Man. He was numbered from one to thirty-five, and every part moved. And he was genial and polite, despite the stresses to which his difficult métier subjected him. He never failed to say "Hello" and "Good-bye" and "Why not?" We were happy to have him in the show.





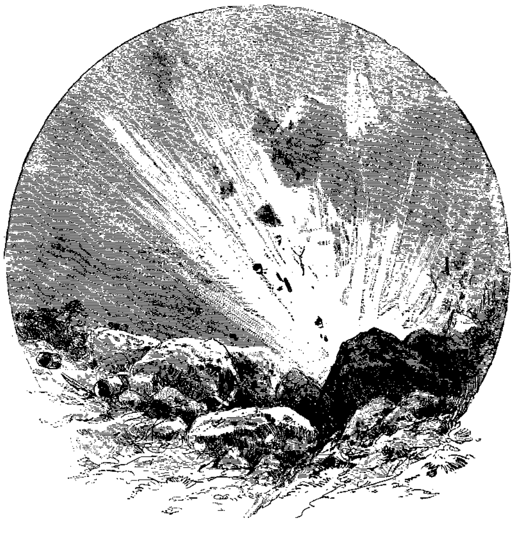
Then, the Sulking Lady was obtained. She showed us her back. That was the way she felt. She had always felt that way, she said. She had felt that way since she was four years old.

We obtained other attractions—a Singing Sword and a Stone Eater. Tickets and programs were prepared. Buckets of water were placed about, in case of fire. Silver strings tethered the loud-roaring strong-stinking animals.

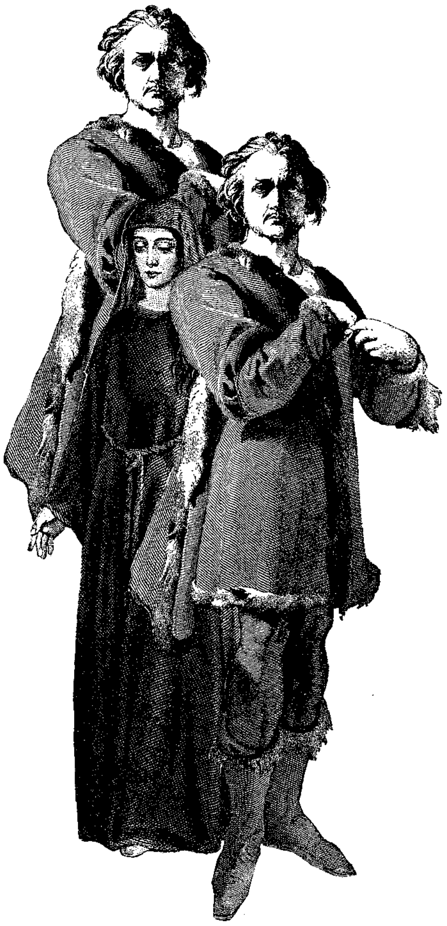
The lineup for opening night included:

A startlingly handsome man
A Grand Cham
A tulip craze
The Prime Rate
Edgar Allan Poe
A colored light

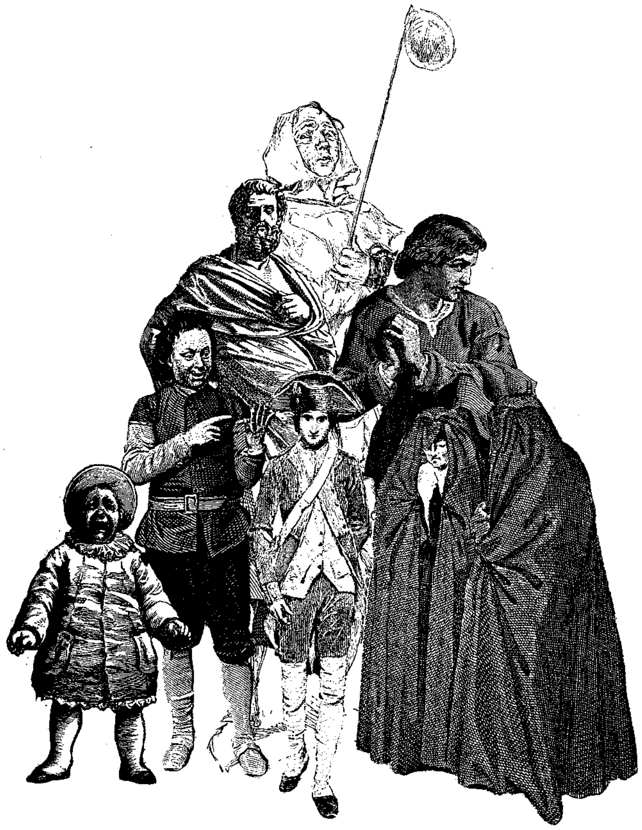
We asked ourselves: How can we improve the show?



We auditioned an explosion.



There were a lot of situations where men were being evil to women—dominating them and eating their food. We put those situations in the show.

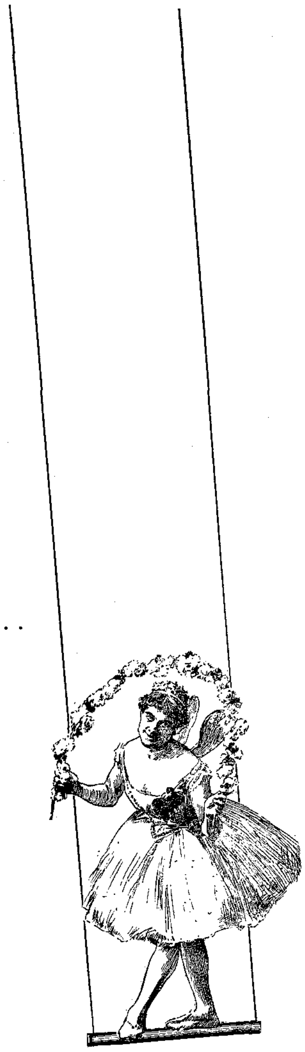


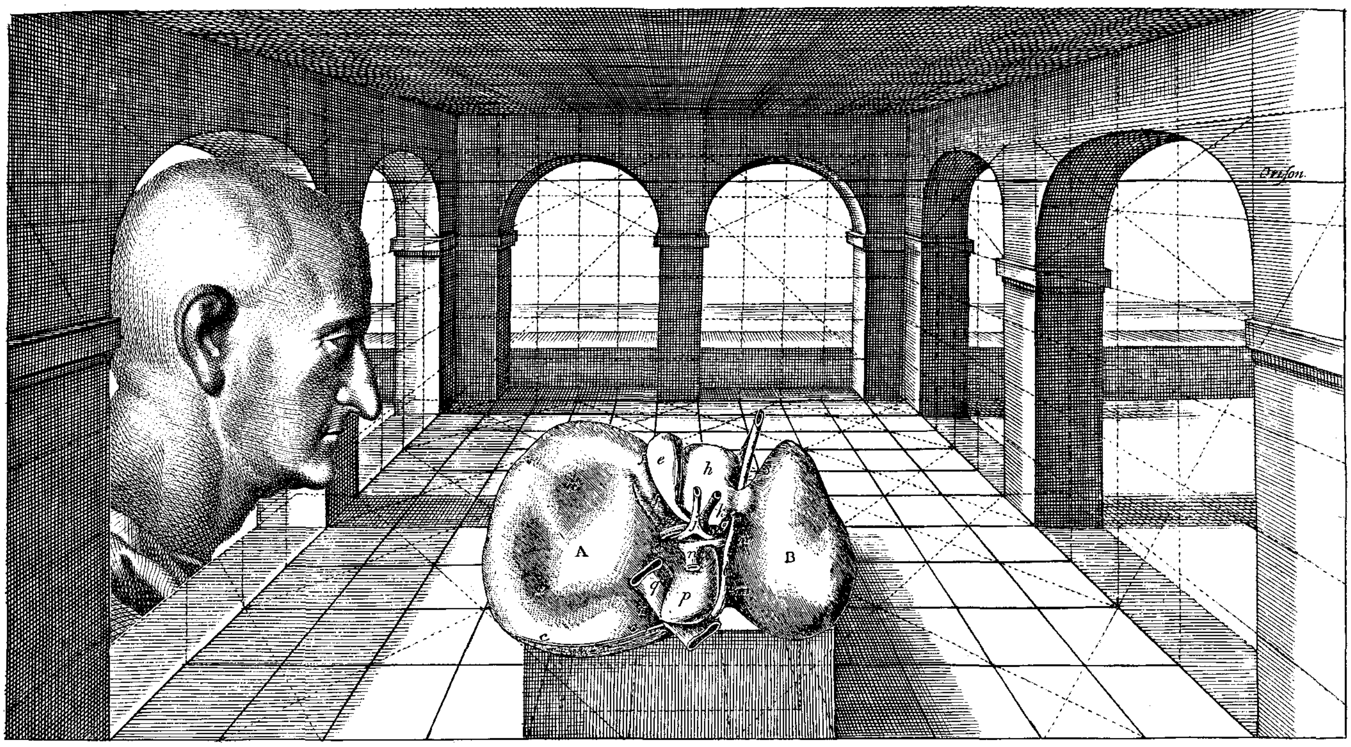
In the summer of the show, grave robbers appeared in the show. Famous graves were robbed, before your eyes. Winding-sheets were unwound and things best forgotten were remembered. Sad themes were played by the band, bereft of its mind by the death of its tradition. In the soft evening of the show, a troupe of agoutis performed tax evasion, atop tall, swaying yellow poles. Before your eyes.

The trapeze artist with whom I had an understanding . . . The moment when she failed to catch me . . .

Did she really try? I can't recall her ever failing to catch anyone she was really fond of. Her great muscles are too deft for that. Her great muscles at which we gaze through heavy-lidded eyes . . .

We recruited fools for the show. We had spots for a number of fools (and in the big all-fool number that occurs immediately after the second act, some specialties). But fools are hard to find. Usually they don't like to admit it. We settled for gowks, gulls, mooncalfs. A few babies, boobies, sillies, simps. A barmie was engaged, along with certain dum-dums and beefheads. A noodle. When you see them all wandering around, under the colored lights, gibbering and performing miracles, you are surprised.

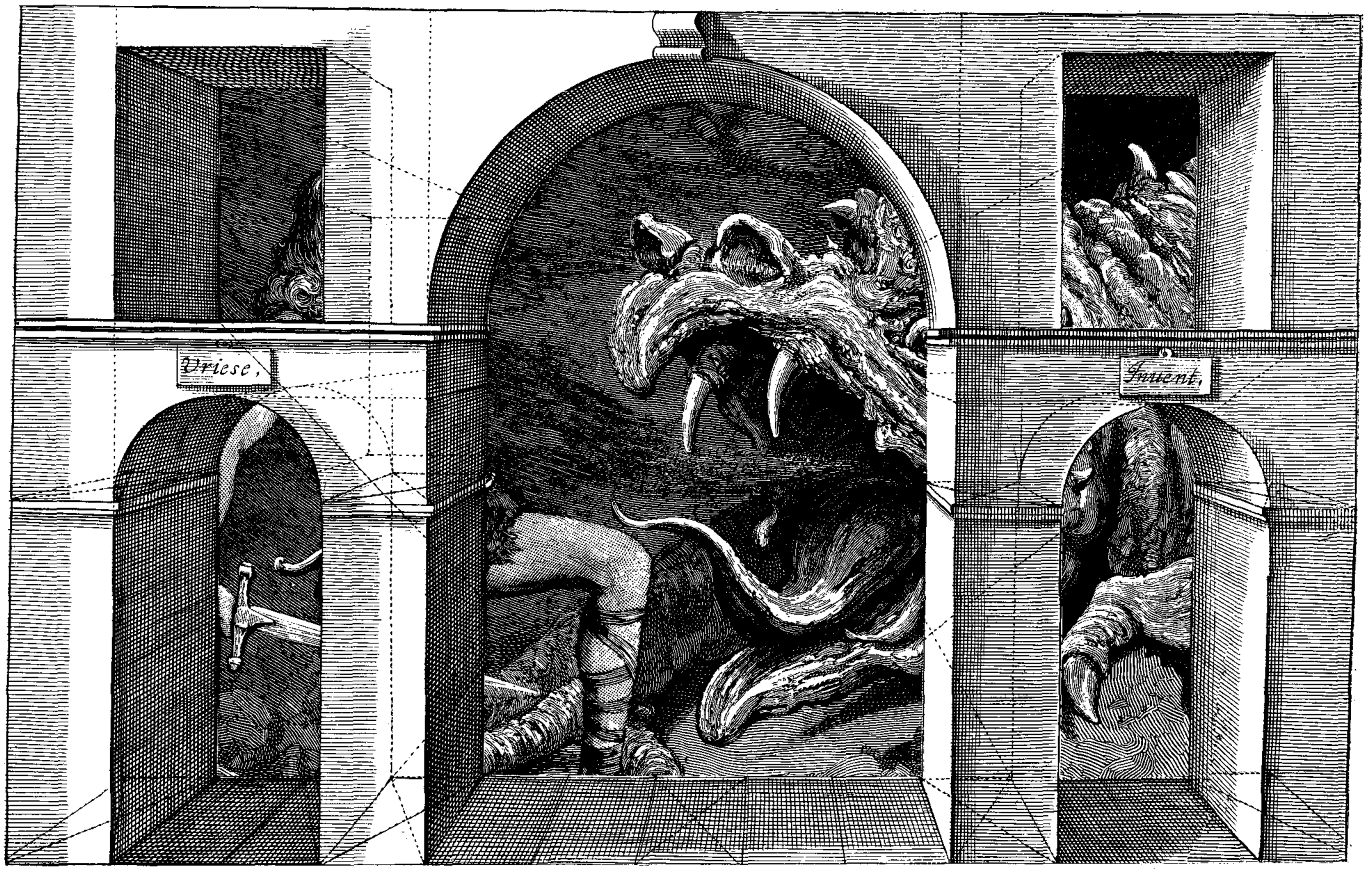




Performances flew thick and fast.
We performed The Sale of the Public Library.
We performed Space Monkeys Approve Appropriations.
We did Theological Novelties and we did Cereal Music (with its raisins of beauty) and we did not neglect Piles of Discarded Women Rising From the Sea.

There was faint applause. The audience huddled together. The people counted their sins.

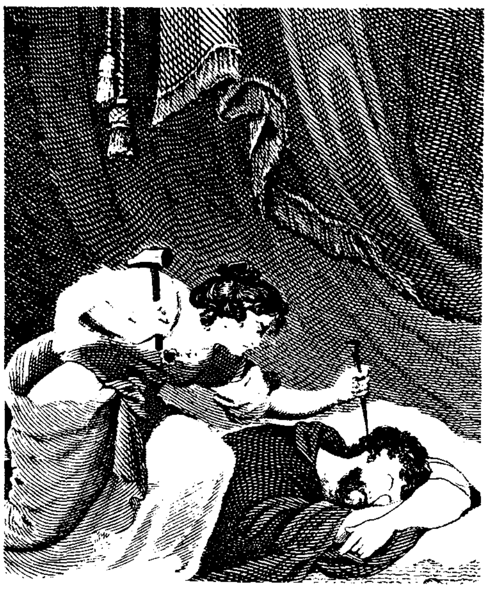
I put my father in the show, with his cold eyes. His segment was called, My Father Concerned About His Liver.



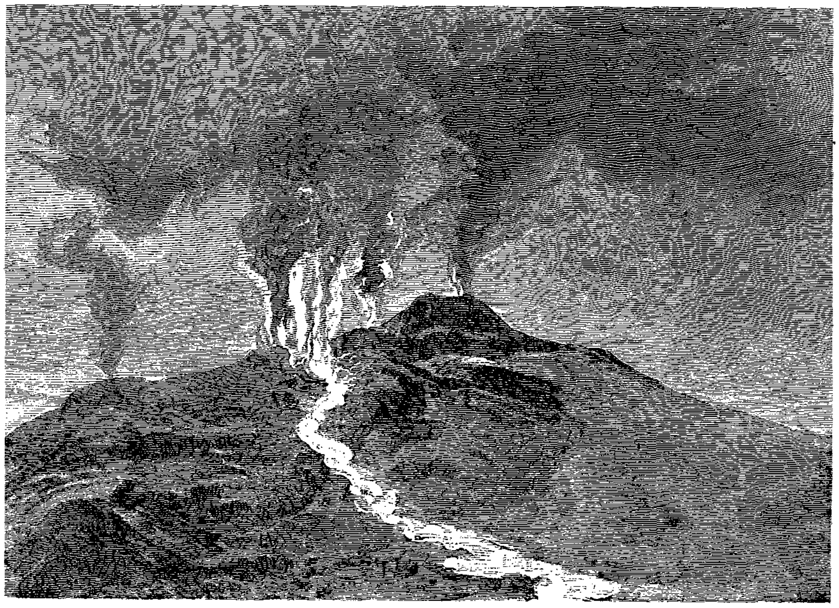
It is difficult to keep the public interested.
The public demands new wonders piled on new wonders.
Often we don't know where our next marvel is coming from.
The supply of strange ideas is not endless.
The development of new wonders is not like the production of canned goods. Some things appear to be wonders in the beginning, but when you become familiar with them, are not wonderful at all. Sometimes a seventy-five-foot highly paid monster will raise only the tiniest *frisson*.
Some of us have even thought of folding the show—closing it down. That thought has been gliding through the hallways and rehearsal rooms of the show.

The new volcano we have just placed under contract seems very promising. . . .

—DONALD BARTHELME



Scenes of domestic life were put in the show.

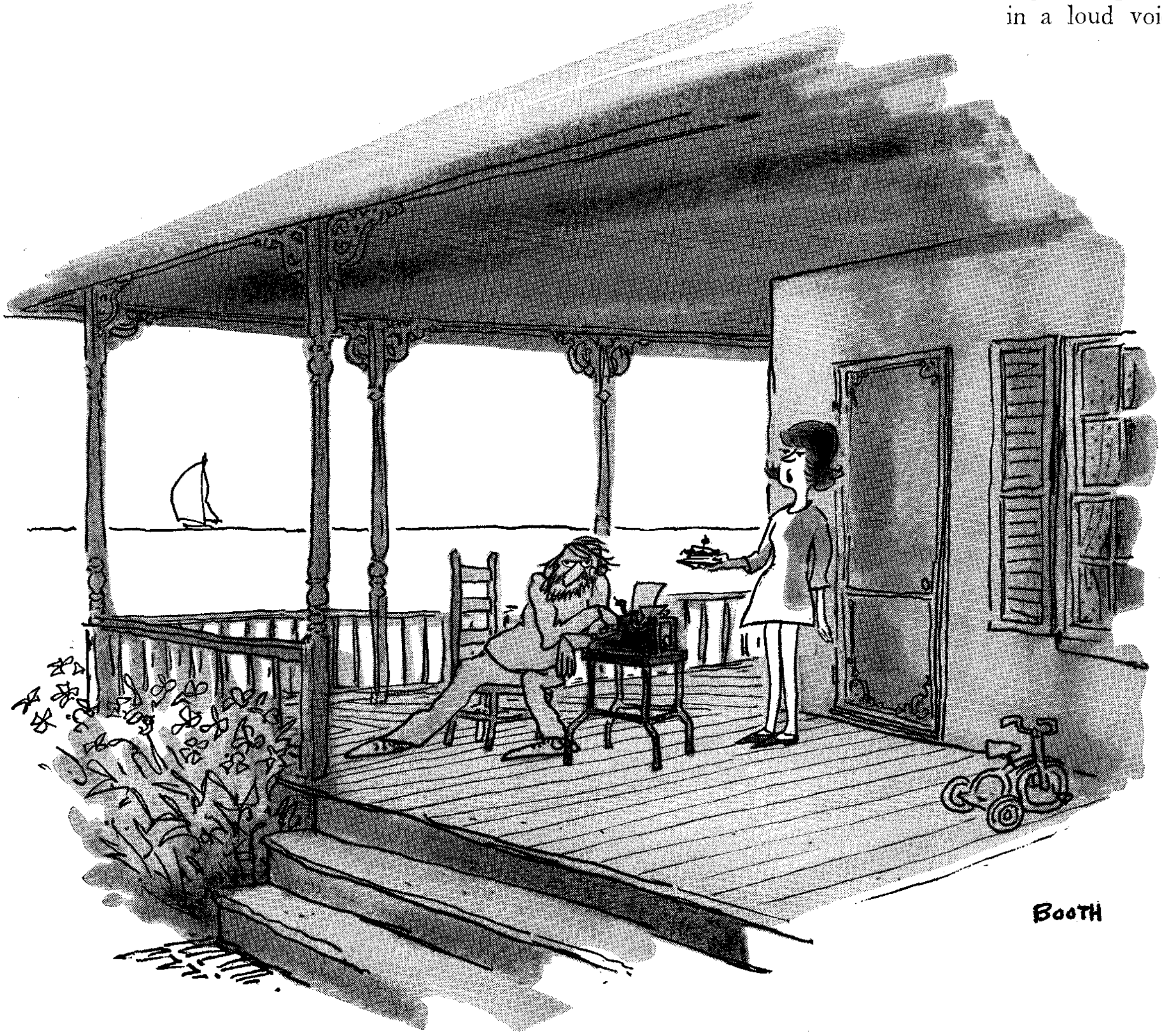


THE MEETING

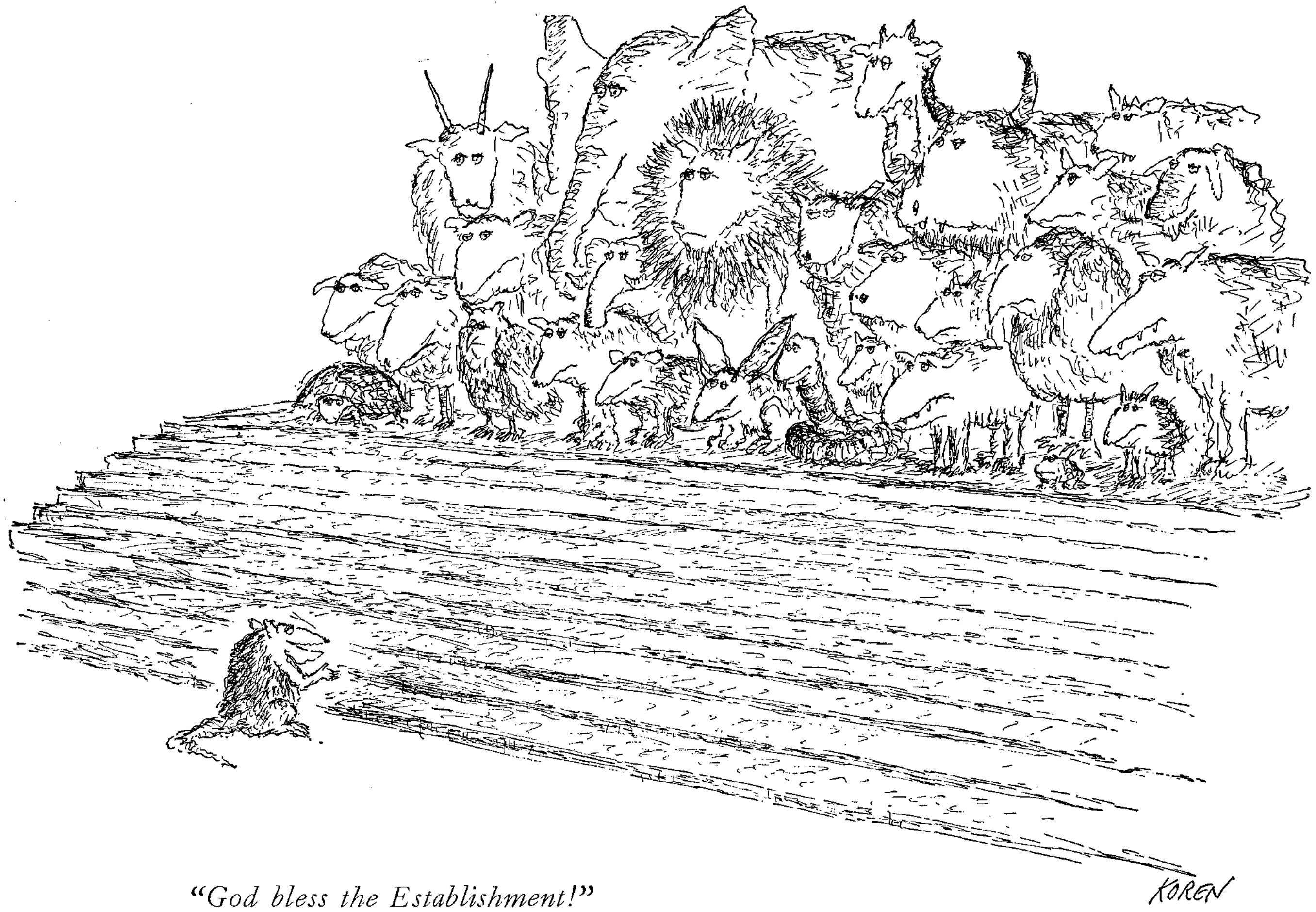
ANYONE leafing his way through the morning paper does so either to escape his surroundings or to provide himself with small talk for later in the day, so it is not to be wondered at that no one any longer remembers—or else remembers as in a dream—the famous and once widely discussed case of Maneco Uriarte and of Duncan. The event took place, furthermore, back around 1910, the year of the comet and the Centennial, and since then we have had and have lost so many things. Both protagonists are now dead; those who witnessed the episode solemnly swore silence. I, too, raised my hand for the oath, feeling the importance of the ritual with all the romantic seriousness of my nine or ten years. I do not know whether the others noticed that I had given my word; I do not know whether they kept theirs. Anyway, here is the story, with all the inevitable variations brought about by time and by good or bad writing.

My cousin Lafinur took me to a barbecue that evening at a country house called The Laurels that belonged to some friends of his. I cannot fix its exact location; let us take any of those suburban towns lying just to the north, shaded and quiet, that slope down to the river and that have nothing in common with sprawling Buenos Aires and its surrounding prairie. The journey by train lasted long enough to seem endless to me, but time for children—as is well known—flows slowly. It was already dark when we passed through the villa's main gate. Here, I felt, were all the ancient, elemental things: the smell of meat cooking golden brown, the trees, the dogs, the kindling wood, and the fire that brings men together.

The guests numbered about a dozen; all were grownups. The eldest, I learned later, was not yet thirty. They were also—this I was soon to find out—well versed in matters about which I am still somewhat backward: race horses, the right tailors, motorcars, and notoriously expensive women. No one ruffled my shyness, no one paid any attention to me. The lamb, slowly and skillfuly prepared by one of the hired men, kept us a long time in the big dining room. The dates of vintages were argued back and forth. There was a guitar; my cousin, if I remember correctly, sang a couple of Elías Regules's ballads about gauchos in the back country of Uruguay and some verses in dialect, in the incipient *lunfardo* of those days, about a knife fight in a brothel on Junín Street. Coffee and Havana cigars were brought in. Not a word about getting back. I felt (in the words of the poet Lugones) the fear of what is suddenly too late. I dared not look at the clock. In order to disguise my boyish loneliness among grownups, I put away—not really liking it—a glass or two of wine. Uriarte, in a loud voice, proposed to Duncan a two-handed game of poker. Someone objected that that kind of play made for a poor game and suggested a hand of four. Duncan agreed, but Uriarte, with a stubbornness that I did not understand and that I did not try to understand, insisted on the first scheme. Outside of *truco*—a game whose real aim is to pass time with mischief and verses—and of the modest mazes of solitaire, I never enjoyed cards. I slipped away without anyone's noticing. A rambling old house, unfamiliar and dark (only in the dining room was there light), means more to a boy than a new country means to a traveller. Step by step, I explored the rooms; I recall a billiard room, a long gallery with rectangular and diamond-shaped panes, a couple of rocking chairs, and a window from which you could just make out a summerhouse. In the darkness, I lost my



"I've got an idea for a story: Gus and Ethel live on Long Island, on the North Shore. He works sixteen hours a day writing fiction. Ethel never goes out, never does anything except fix Gus sandwiches, and in the end she becomes a nympho-lesbo-killer-whore. Here's your sandwich."



"God bless the Establishment!"

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way; the owner of the house, whose name, as I recall after all these years, may have been Acevedo or Acebal, finally came across me somehow. Out of kindness or perhaps out of a collector's vanity, he led me to a display cabinet. On lighting a lamp, I saw the glint of steel. It was a collection of knives that had once been in the hands of famous fighters. He told me that he had a bit of land somewhere to the north around Pergamino, and that he had been picking up these things on his travels back and forth across the province. He opened the cabinet and, without looking at what was written on the tags, he began giving me accounts of each item; they were more or less the same except for dates and place names. I asked him whether among the weapons he might have the dagger of Juan Moreira, who was in that day the archetype of the gaucho, as later Martín Fierro and Don Segundo Sombra would be. He had to confess that he hadn't but that he could show me one like it, with a U-shaped crosspiece in the hilt. He was interrupted by the sound of angry voices. At once he shut the cabinet and turned to leave; I followed him.

Uriarte was shouting that his opponent had tried to cheat him. All the others stood around the two players. Duncan, I remember, was a taller man than the rest of the company, and was well built, though somewhat round-shouldered; his face was expressionless, and his hair was so light it was almost white. Maneco Uriarte was nervous, dark, with perhaps a touch of Indian blood, and wore a skimpy, petulant mustache. It was obvious that everybody was drunk; I do not know whether there were two or three emptied bottles on the floor or whether an excess of movies suggests this false memory to me. Uriarte's insults did not let up; at first sharp, they now grew obscene. Duncan appeared not to hear, but finally, as though weary, he got up and threw a punch. From the floor, Uriarte snarled that he was not going to take this outrage, and he challenged Duncan to fight.

Duncan said no, and added, as though to explain, "The trouble is I'm afraid of you."

Everybody howled with laughter.

Uriarte, picking himself up, answered, "I'm going to have it out with you, and right now."

Someone—may he be forgiven for it—remarked that weapons were not lacking.

I do not know who went and opened the glass cabinet. Maneco Uriarte picked out the showiest and longest dagger, the one with the U-shaped crosspiece; Duncan, almost absent-mindedly, picked a wooden-handled knife with the stamp of a tiny tree on the blade. Someone else said it was just like Maneco to play it safe, to choose a sword. It astonished no one that his hand began shaking; what was astonishing is that the same thing happened with Duncan.

TRADITION demands that men about to fight should respect the house in which they are guests, and step outside. Half on a spree, half seriously, we all went out into the damp night. I was not drunk—at least, not on wine—but I was reeling with adventure; I wished very hard that someone would be killed, so that later I could tell about it and always remember it. Maybe at that moment the others were no more adult than I was. I also had the feeling that an overpowering current was dragging us on and would drown us. Nobody believed the least bit in Maneco's accusation; everyone saw it as the fruit of an old rivalry, exacerbated by the wine.

We pushed our way through a clump of trees, leaving behind the summerhouse. Uriarte and Duncan led the way, wary of each other. The rest of us strung ourselves out around the edge of an opening of lawn. Duncan had stopped there in the moonlight and said, with mild authority, "This looks like the right place."

The two men stood in the center, not quite knowing what to do. A voice rang out: "Let go of all that hardware and use your hands!"

But the men were already fighting. They began clumsily, almost as if they were afraid of hurting each other; they began by watching the blades, but later their eyes were on one another. Uriarte had laid aside his anger, Duncan his contempt or aloofness. Danger, in some way, had transfigured them; these were now two men fighting, not boys. I had imagined the fight as a chaos of steel; instead, I was able to follow it, or almost follow it, as though it were a game of chess. The intervening years may, of course, have exaggerated or blurred what I saw. I do not know how long it lasted; there are events that fall outside the common measure of time.

Without ponchos to act as shields, they used their forearms to block each lunge of the knife. Their sleeves, soon hanging in shreds, grew black with blood. I thought that we had gone wrong in supposing that they knew nothing about this kind of fencing. I noticed right off that they handled themselves in different ways. Their weapons were unequal. Duncan, in order to make up for his disadvantage, tried to stay in close to the other man; Uriarte kept stepping back to be able to lunge out with long, low thrusts. The same voice that had called attention to the display cabinet shouted out now: "They're killing each other! Stop them!"

But no one dared break it up. Uriarte had lost ground; Duncan charged him. They were almost body to body now. Uriarte's weapon sought Duncan's face. Suddenly the blade seemed shorter, for it was piercing the taller man's chest. Duncan lay stretched out on the grass. It was at this point that he said, his voice very low, "How strange. All this is like a dream."

He did not shut his eyes, he did not move, and I had seen a man kill another man.

Maneco Uriarte bent over the body, sobbing openly, and begged to be forgiven. The thing he had just done was beyond him. I know now that he regretted less having committed a crime than having carried out a senseless act.

I did not want to look anymore. What I had wished for so much had happened, and it left me shaken. Lafinur told me later that they had had to struggle hard to pull out the weapon. A makeshift council was formed. They decided to lie as little as possible and to elevate this duel with knives to a duel with swords. Four of them volunteered as seconds, among them Acebal. In Buenos Aires anything can be fixed; someone always has a friend.

On top of the mahogany table where the men had been playing, a pack of English cards and a pile of bills lay in a jumble that nobody wanted to look at or to touch.

IN the years that followed, I often considered revealing the story to some friend, but always I felt that there was a greater pleasure in being the keeper of a secret than in telling it. However, around 1929, a chance conversation suddenly moved me one day to break my long silence. The retired police captain, Don José Olave, was recalling stories about men from the tough riverside neighborhood of the Retiro who had been handy with their knives; he remarked that when they were out to kill their man scum of this kind had no use for the rules of the game, and that before all the fancy playing with daggers that you saw now on the stage, knife fights were few and far between. I said I had witnessed one, and gave him an account of what had happened nearly twenty years earlier.

He listened to me with professional attention, then said, "Are you sure Uriarte and What's-His-Name never handled a knife before? Maybe they had picked up a thing or two around their fathers' ranches."

"I don't think so," I said. "Everybody there that night knew one another pretty well, and I can tell you they were all amazed at the way the two men fought."

Olave went on in his quiet manner, as if thinking aloud. "One of the weapons had a U-shaped crosspiece in the handle. There were two daggers of that kind which became quite famous—Moreira's and Juan Almada's. Almada was from down south, in Tapalquén."

Something seemed to come awake in my memory. Olave continued. "You also mentioned a knife with a wooden handle, one with the Little Tree brand. There are thousands of them, but there was one—"

He broke off for a moment, then said, "Señor Acevedo had a big property up around Pergamino. There was another of these famous toughs from up that way—Juan Almanza was his

CURRENTS

The slip, slip, slap, past the breakwater,
the mossy drawing through some buckled weirs,
where the fish scatter back to the backwater
and spawn again—only what such as years

accumulate as in the kidneys of a pond,
over the dam, where former passions float
like puffed enthusiasms round it? Sound
the spare depths; choose the flattest-bottomed boat.

In the dead water, weeds sway, as stirred worry,
over the silt, soft necessary green
no angler courts but for the missing quarry
quartered beneath, glimpsed once, and no more seen.

Quarter the hope, and quarter up despair
like bait; the pool is spent, take woodward; leave
it to those foragers on absence who would wear
ill luck like favors on a bleeding sleeve—

perhaps to pass too quickly, while in fact
under the oilslick in that standing sea
a fabulous bass basks; I give him back
to nature, granting nature give back me.

The perfect trapper, to whose lure extend
the upper waters, stalks his hardened wish,
to trace, beyond a final and blind bend,
wilier, and now unattracted fish.

—ARTHUR FREEMAN

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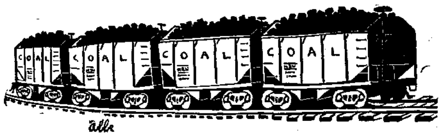
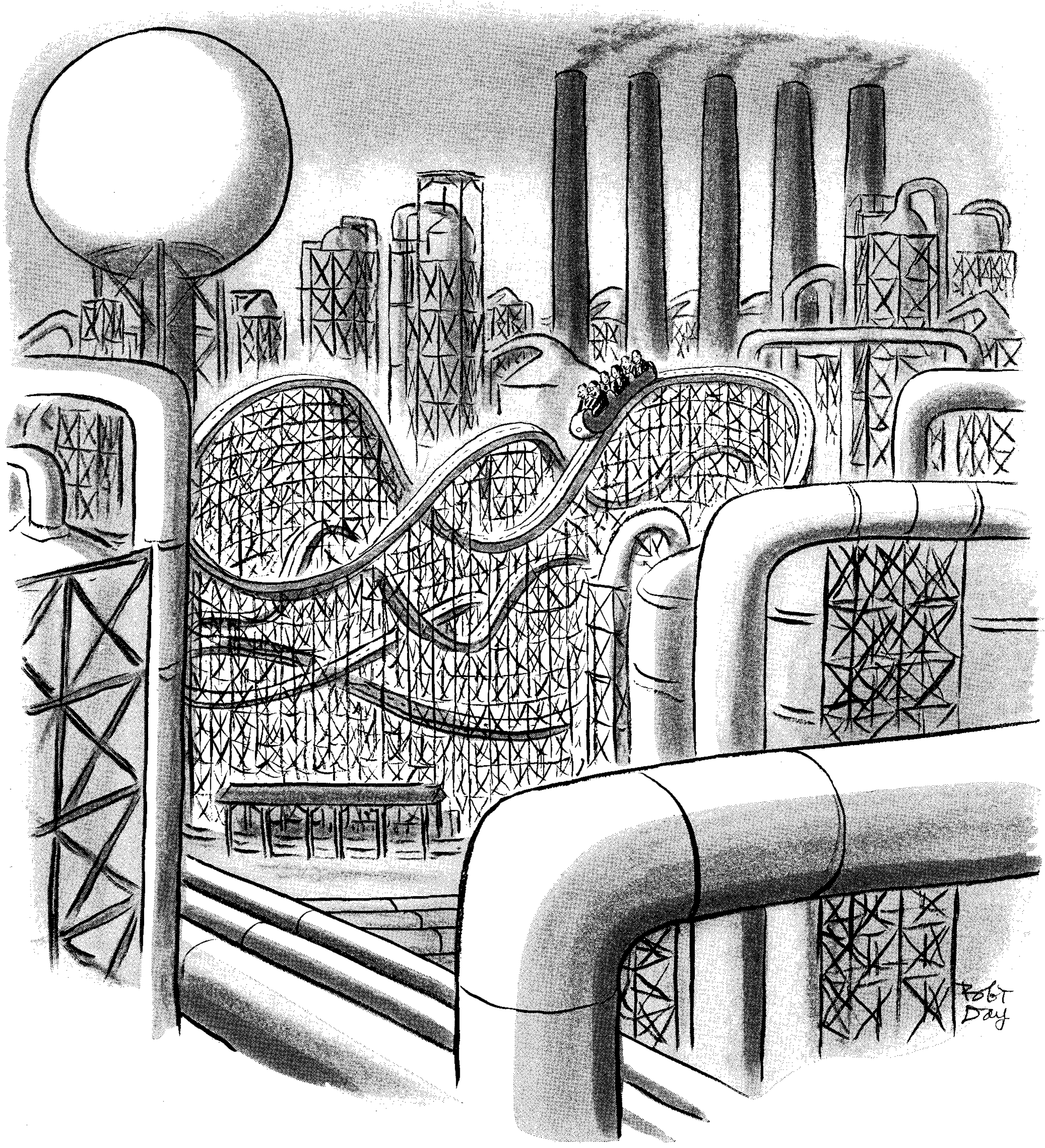




". . . and we've never breathed a word about this to the stockholders."

* *

name. This was along about the turn of the century. When he was fourteen, he killed his first man with one of these knives. From then on, for luck, he stuck to the same one. Juan Almanza and Juan Almada had it in for each other, jealous of the fact that many people confused the two. For a long time they searched high and low for one another, but they never met. Juan Almanza was killed by a stray bullet during some election brawl or other. The other man, I think, died a natural death in a hospital bed in Las Flores."

Nothing more was said. Each of us was left with his own conclusions.

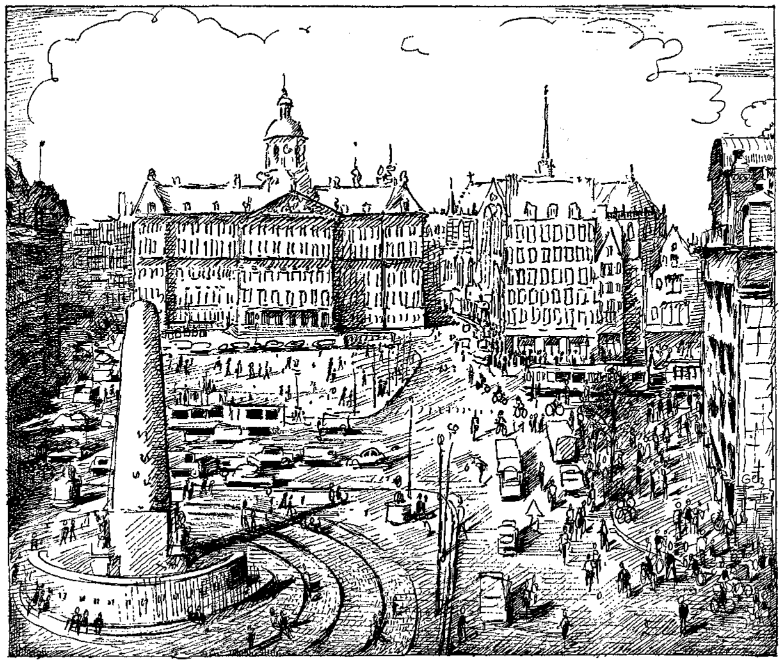
Nine or ten men, none of whom are any longer living, saw what my eyes saw—that sudden stab and the body under the night sky—but perhaps what we were really seeing was the end of another story, an older story. I began to wonder whether it was Maneco Uriarte who killed Duncan or whether in some uncanny way it could have been the weapons, not the men, who fought. I still remember how Uriarte's hand shook when he first gripped his knife, and the same with Duncan, as though the knives were coming awake after a long sleep side by side in the cabinet. Even after their gauchos were dust, the knives—the knives, not their tools, the men—knew how to fight. And that night they fought well.

Things last longer than people; who knows whether these knives will meet again, who knows whether the story ends here. —JORGE LUIS BORGES

(Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni, in collaboration with the author.)

PROFILES

THE LITTLE ROOM—I



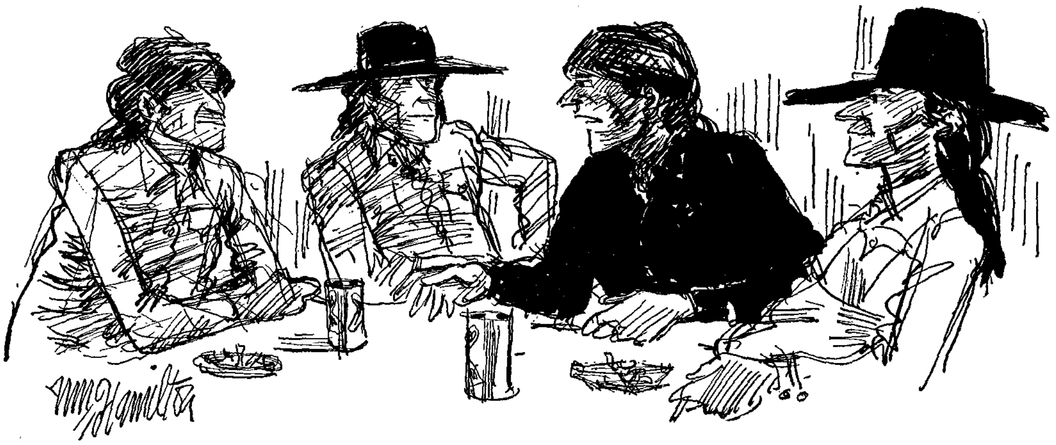
PEOPLE used to go to Holland because of art and costume, windmills and wooden shoes. I went because it is the most densely populated nation in the Western world. In the United States, roughly fifty-two people live on an average square mile; in Holland, there are nine hundred and seventy. To put it another way, if the United States were as thickly settled as the Netherlands it would be inhabited by some three and a half billion people—more than the present population of the world. “Holland,” strictly speaking, is the name of two provinces, North and South Holland, but common usage, reinforced by the dominant role of those provinces, has made “Holland” the popular name for the whole country, and I have used it and “the Netherlands” interchangeably to designate this scrap of space, which, it seemed to me, might be informative about the relation between a great and growing number of human beings and their environment. Because I was interested in how people live on a small amount of land obtained and held at high cost, I went there, with my wife and four children, to spend about half a year. I wanted to know what answers the Dutch had found for making the best use of land, air, and water, and also for living long, sanely, and prosperously, as most of them do. The nineteenth-century German poet Heine is alleged to have said, “If the world comes to an end, I shall go to Holland. There everything happens fifty years later.” I thought that today it might be possible to reverse Heine’s remark—that one might be able to see in Holland some aspects of the world fifty years from now, and, for that matter, that if the world should be coming to an end (perhaps with a brainstorm rather than with a bang) the first signs of it might appear in Holland, giving us some warning.

It is a country that in many ways resembles a little room in a large house, and “little” is a term much used in Holland. It is heard less as a separate word, “*klein*,” than as the suffix “*je*,” attached to the end of almost any word, like “*straatje*” (little street), or “*huisje*” (little house). A *dubbeltje* is a small coin worth ten Dutch cents, and a *meisje* is a young miss; if she is a very little girl, she may be called a *klein meisje*. The diminutive can bespeak either deprecation (*kippetjes* are not only little chickens but ladies of little virtue) or affection (*poffertjes* are delicious miniature pancakes). “Come on, Pietje,” one says to one’s friend Piet, who is pie-eyed drunk and needs to be helped homeward lest he fall and knock his head against the *kinderhoofdjes*—literally, “tiny heads of little children,” the nickname for the cobblestones that are still used, together with bricks, for hand-paving streets and sidewalks. The Dutch like small things. They cherish objects, knickknacks, mementos, like dried flowers, seashells, pieces of wood or porcelain—all talismans and touchstones. The Dutch often insist that big things are not for them; for example, Rotterdam and The Hague have never been properly incorporated as cities—they are villages—and if Amsterdam is a city, at least it is a relatively small and cozy city. What is small has value. One can cope with it, look after it, find its proper place and properly maintain it. It was a self-taught Dutchman, Anton van Leeuwenhoek (1632-1723), who perfected the microscope; he was the first man to see a microbe.

Holland is a little country—13,967 square miles, or about the size of Massachusetts and Connecticut lumped together—and you can drive from one end of it to the other in the time it takes to get from New York to Providence. Almost every public telephone booth contains the telephone directories for the entire country. In this small space, some parts contain less room than others—in the west of Holland, where a number of cities and towns are connected in a region the Dutch call the Randstad, or Ring City, the population is six times as dense as it is in the country as a whole. But the Dutch have a great deal of experience in the thrifty use of space. Stairs rise in alpine gradients; sometimes you bump your knees against the treads as you climb. Escalators in department stores are similarly steep, and the elevator in the office building of the Rotterdam Planning Department has room for three planners before they have had lunch in one of the prosperous Lijnbaan restaurants, and for two afterward. Two and sometimes three people are to be seen riding one bicycle. The cheaper graves in Holland may be occupied for only ten years, and shared by four bodies; in private Amsterdam cemeteries, unless you have paid an extra fee for long tenure, you lose your occupation rights after twenty years. (Several new crematoriums are at present being built.) There is civilian pressure on military authorities to use what are called “shooting cinemas” instead of full-scale, space-consuming rifle and artillery ranges. Bathtubs are rare; although every new house or apartment has a shower, the right of people to sit and brood while soaking has not been recognized in Holland. In a one-and-a-half-room flat in Amsterdam, a young couple I know, named Heerma, have a bed that folds out of a sort of sideboard behind the dining table, but then the Dutch have been going to bed in cupboards for centuries, often with the children sleeping in a drawer underneath their parents. And the Dutch don't seem to mind bumping into one another. They push and jostle as if they were forever in a football or subway crowd—not shrinking from physical contact with strangers, the way North Americans do. If you find a seat on a crowded train, your next problem is finding space on the floor for your feet. Ordinary weekday shopping conditions in most of the Randstad towns resemble those inside a New York department store at Christmastime: it is elbow-to-elbow, and sometimes elbow-to-rib. Sidewalks in Holland have never been wide. The insouciant stranger steps casually off the curb to let two plump matrons pass and hears a yell as a bicycle rider bumps into him and then ricochets off the side of a fortunately very slowly moving tram. One day in Leiden, I paused to look down at my map while crossing an unfamiliar street. Poor tourist! There had been no traffic in sight, but suddenly a small Simca hurtled round the corner and screeched to a halt a few yards from me. Then, while I stood there stupefied, it threateningly jerked forward and halted again, like a gun to my stomach, the bumper an inch from my kneecaps. My unconsidered reaction at being thus menaced was to shake my fist at the driver. The Dutch are supposed to be stolid, untemperamental types, but this man at once got out of his car and began to shout at me. I, in return, suggested, in furious English, that he jump in the nearest canal, which was about ten feet behind him. He now realized that his Dutch oaths were of no avail and, trembling with thwarted aggression, screamed, "Stupid American!" and then, for good measure, "God-damned Englishman!" Then he got back in his car and, as I scrambled to the sidewalk, zoomed away. At the time, I thought him a psychopath, but I came to understand him.

A small land containing a lot of people: the Dutch are constrained by this. They don't indulge in sweeping gestures or extravagant hospitality. Possibly the only big gestures in Holland are "The Night Watch," by Rembrandt, and the baroque organ in St. Bavo's Church in Haarlem, and both are more than two hundred years old. As for hospitality, things haven't changed much since David Dalrymple wrote in 1763 to James Boswell, who was studying in Utrecht, "It may well be that you have found Dutch civility a little dry. . . . The Dutch do not give dinners, they do not put themselves at the trouble of paying visits." Along with the concern for little things goes the idea that everything has its value or price, and this, of course, now and then gives rise to a compulsive penny-pinching and moneygrubbing. A Dutch landlord, seeing that a small chip of paint is missing from the front door of an apartment he has rented you for two months, will probably think of charging you for repainting the whole apartment, will try to charge you for repainting the complete door, and will certainly insist on working out a price for fixing up the chipped spot. What compensates for this sort of pettiness is a feeling of care and attention to detail. The living room in one apartment I know well is very much like what you see when you glance in while walking past the picture window of any Dutch house—a "picture" that brings to mind Leonard Woolf's phrase about Holland: "the curious mixture of beauty and bad taste." Many of the objects, big and small, are in bad taste, but the whole thing, the still-life, is brilliantly arranged—is, in a way, beautiful. A slid-

WATCH FOR FIELSONS BIG AFTER-STRIKE SALE
ON STRIKE LOCAL
FIELSON'S UNFAIR WE DEMAND
DO NOT PATRONIZE
STRIKE
UNFAIR
Whitney Darrow, Jr.



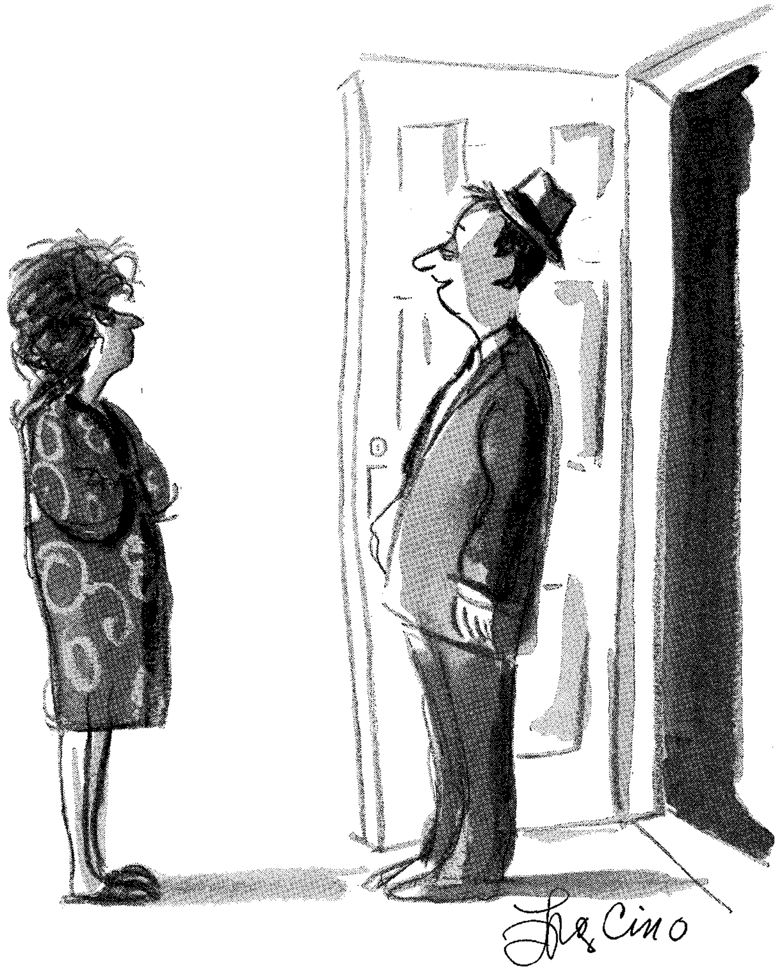
"Look. Around Jane Fonda you may call it a rap, but here it's still called a powwow."

ing glass partition will divide a long room into two smaller rooms. There are two fireplaces, with thermostatically controlled gas heaters, warming the drawing-room area and the dining area. On the dining table and on side tables rugs are spread. Embroidered mats cover the tops of the grandfather clock and a large radio that has long-, medium-, and several shortwave bands, for bringing in stations from all over Europe. In the bookcase, together with works by the poet Joost van den Vondel, the novelist Louis Couperus, and Pearl Buck, are books on the reclamation of the Zuider Zee (a scheme that is the pride and the abiding interest of every Dutchman) and on Australia (to which the family may at one time have thought of emigrating). Standing and hanging are lamps of considerable ghastliness. On the walls hang several heavily framed paintings of calm cows or angry seas, and a few drawings—nice ones: of a girl's head, a flower. Everywhere—on the broad, tile-surfaced windowsill, on the mantel, in wall racks and holders—there are flowers and plants: a vase of early tulips, and potted cacti, azaleas, geraniums, rubber plants. The floor is tile or parquet. There are velvet cushions and a good carpet; the sofa also has a rug over it, to save wear and tear. A bulky, glass-doored cabinet holds linen, silver, documents, and souvenirs. And all around, standing on the molding over the sliding partition, and on brackets suspended above the fireplace and the radio, and on little shelves and corners that seem to exist for no other purpose, are all kinds of small objects: brass or copper powder horns and candle snuffers, antique oil lamps, paperweights, stuffed birds, embroidered samplers, seashells, a jar of colored sand, a sheet of foreign postage stamps, a photograph of a Sumatran hillside, some peacock feathers, a straw basket, a piece of coral, a pistol, an ivory fan. When Rembrandt went bankrupt in 1656, an inventory was taken of his possessions; it required twenty pages to list the collection of objects that decorated his walls and filled his cupboards. He was in this, as in so many other things, a Dutchman. The Dutch are the great materialists; they love *things*.

Things are not just small in Holland; mostly, they are in scale. Of course, in Holland, as in other countries that are being rapidly urbanized, life is subject to what planners call "scale enlargement": one lives in a fragment of a large development rather than in a separate small house; instead of travelling with other people in a slow canal boat, one can travel independently across the country in a few hours. However, the designs of most new Dutch developments attempt to preserve or create those features—such as water, grass, trees, playgrounds, places to walk or sit and talk—which enhance one's feeling of being human and human-size. For that matter, if one throws a leg over the saddle of one of the seven million Dutch bicycles and starts pedalling, Holland no longer seems such a small country. Our family lived for a while in Katwijk, which used to be a small fishing village in the coastal dunes between Scheveningen and Ijmuiden, and is now a busy seaside resort and dormitory town for Leiden. Katwijk's traffic is fierce, but it is a good mixture: not just big trucks and big cars, with one person in each, but big trucks, tiny trucks, bicycles, motor-assisted bicycles (which are called *bromfietsen* or *brommers*), cars, buses, delivery carts (hand-, pedal-, or motor-propelled), horse-drawn wagons, and pushcarts. In the narrow Voorstraat, which is one-way for cars and trucks and perilously two-way for bikes and *brommers*, a chicken often hovers on the edge of the sidewalk, occasionally stepping forward to peck at a grain lying in a crack between two road bricks, looking as if it were about to cross and causing bikes to swerve and cars to honk. Across the road is the local branch of the Albert Heijn chain of supermarkets. It is a spacious, ultra-modern store, with the supermarket virtue of lots of goods at low prices, and yet it still has something of the atmosphere of a family grocery store. There is, for instance, a notice board on which local people can post free advertisements: Baby Carriage for Sale, Racing Pigeon Wanted, Citroen 2cv "*in goede staat*" Going Cheap. Once a week, I would see a fishing trawler, captained by a Katwijk man, going by on the way to Ijmuiden, up the coast. It always swung in close to the Katwijk beach and blew several blasts on its horn. At this, children playing in the sand jumped up and down, and adults waved; the sight pleased the old men who remembered the time, thirty years or so ago, when wooden fishing boats were daily hauled up on the strand by horses and a man could walk home from his vessel in five minutes. This Katwijk skipper still made a point of keeping in touch. I liked to think that, hearing those long blasts, one of the children ran into the town to the skipper's house and told his wife that the trawler was on its way to Ijmuiden and the great man would be home for dinner.

IN one place, Holland seems even smaller than it is. This is at Madurodam, which is a collection of miniature buildings, representative of old and new Holland, together with miniature docks, an airport, churches, castles, factories, forests, bulb fields, windmills, television towers, apartment blocks, farms, an "aquatic sports center," railroad yards, cheese factories, lifeboat stations, and so forth. It was begun as a memorial to a young Dutch soldier, George Maduro, who died at Dachau, and profits go to charity. Situated near The Hague, it may be to Holland what Disneyland is to the United States or Madame Tussaud's is to England—largely a tourist attraction—but it demonstrates better than anything else the Dutch obsession with the diminutive. The scale is one to twenty-five. Nearly fifteen million people have visited Madurodam, and I imagine that many of them, particularly the Dutch, have felt like Gulliver as they walked along its two miles of winding paths in an open amphitheatre the size of a large skating rink, peering down at models of the Oranjeboom brewery, a typical Hague traffic jam ("caused by bicycles," says a label), and the new American Express offices, and chuckling as they brought the Amsterdam-Rotterdam bank into the viewfinder of their camera or slipped a real, life-size *dubbeltje* into the mechanism activating a scaled-down organ-grinder. (In real life, on city streets, an organ-grinder plays without prior payment, but he knows that at least one passerby out of twenty-five will hand him a coin.)

An interesting time to visit Madurodam is on a Sunday afternoon in the bulb season—April and May. Find—if you can—a parking space, and then hold your own in the struggle to reach the ticket window with a horde of passengers just disembarked from a fleet of tour buses. Inside the amphitheatre, the paths loop back and forth as tightly as human intestines. The immediate effect is of a doll's-house rock garden packed with giants: Dutch, Germans, Belgians, Americans, French, and English—for the most part, giant old ladies with large cameras. It seems to be a child-sized town with no room for children—in which, in fact, children are being lost, trodden upon, and pushed aside by adults out of Hieronymus Bosch. If you throw out an arm to rescue a whimpering child, you find your elbow in a Teutonic bosom, your wrist in front of a Japanese Yashicaflex, and your shoulder being nudged by a Dutchman in the tight-packed line behind you as he leans over to glimpse the miniature bulb field irrigated by water of just the right murky peat-colored shade. Except for half a dozen goldfish, looking like pink whales, the scale is uniformly correct. Such architectural details as gables, tiles, towers, chimneys, and pigeon lofts are doubtless interesting to a student or a historian, but the whole experience of visiting Madurodam is a bit like looking at the world through binoculars that have been dropped, in which one eyepiece magnifies and the other doesn't: the effect is jumbled and headsplitting. You have a feeling like seasickness, and as that is apparently brought on by disturbed balance, so this sudden onrush of claustrophobia, hitting you in the head and the stomach, may be induced by visual distortion—the world gone awry. "*Achtung! Achtung!*" It is the loudspeakers, blaring a request that Fräulein Schmidt report to No. 5 bus from Düsseldorf. You dream for a moment that the Dutch have taken their revenge and that the Fräulein has been miniaturized into a one-twenty-fifth-size passenger on a model tourist bus caught in the scaled-down traffic jam. Or is it possible that this apotheosis of the diminutive is a revenge that the Dutch have taken upon themselves?



"Quote. No person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the Militia, when in actual service in time of War or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offence to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation. Unquote."

THE Randstad is a horseshoe-shaped belt of towns, cities, and suburban settlements, with its closed end on the North Sea dunes and its open end facing southeast. It is about thirty miles across, and if you straightened it out it would be roughly a hundred and ten miles long. It runs from Dordrecht, in the southwest, through Rotterdam, Schiedam, Delft, The Hague, Leiden, Katwijk, Noordwijk, Sassenheim, Lisse, Zandvoort, Haarlem, Ijmuiden, Zaandam, Amsterdam, Bussum, Hilversum, and Amersfoort to Utrecht, in the center of Holland. In what a Dutch architect I know refers to sardonically as "the magical year 2000," some six billion people may live on earth, two-thirds of them in cities—an urban explosion for which the Randstad may be a significant prototype. In it at the moment live four and a third million people, which means that a third of the thirteen million Dutch dwell on a twentieth of the country's land area.

Half the Randstad would be submerged if there were no dikes or dunes, and water is what made it. In the seventeenth century, the Dutch towns and cities became wealthy from marine trade, and now, after many vicissitudes, their situation at the mouth of the Rhine has brought prosperity again. The catchment areas of the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheldt, which cover the old realm of Lothair (843 A.D.), now hold the largest concentration of cities and of industry in Europe. Within a radius of four hundred miles of the Rhine's mouth live two hundred million people—more than a third of Europe's population. The heart of the region is the Ruhr, which after 1871 became Europe's greatest industrial area and caused the Rhine to become Europe's major commercial artery; the Rhine, in turn, promoted Holland, and particularly the Randstad. There the economic functions of a metropolis have been spread out rather than concentrated. Government became the function of The Hague, sea commerce that of Rotterdam, finance and culture that of Amsterdam. Other towns had their own special trades or skills, which brought them separate forms of success. But in the nineteenth century the towns and cities of the Randstad began to acknowledge each other more directly, owing to the growth of a fast, efficient railway system, and after 1900 suburbs spread along these lines of communication. At present, there are still small stretches of open space between most of the communities, and in the center of the horseshoe is something unique in a conurbation of this size—a core of green.

Holland has the highest population-growth rate in Western Europe. For comparison, in the United States, as of 1966, deaths were 9.5 per thousand, births 18.5 per thousand, and the excess of births over deaths 9 per thousand. The Dutch figures for that year were deaths, 8.1; births, 19.2; excess of births over deaths, 11.1. Not only are more babies born in Holland but more babies live. The United States' infant-mortality rate is higher than that of twelve other countries; that of Holland is the lowest in the world. Moreover, a child there has a better chance of living long than he would elsewhere; the average life expectancy is 71.1 years for men and 75.9 for women. Added to these natural factors is the attracting power of the Randstad: people want to work and live not in the open spaces of Friesland, Drenthe, or Overijssel but in the small section of the country that already holds some six thousand people per square mile. On any sunny Sunday, you can see this principle demonstrated on the beach that runs twenty-five miles from Scheveningen to Zandvoort. Hundreds of thousands of people cluster together on the sands in front of the town boulevards, but between these blobs of sun- and sea-bathing humanity there are long stretches of more or less desolate beach. We gather in cities to assuage our loneliness.

Holland, in fact, is an excellent reminder that statistics about growth rates and densities always have to be tempered by impressions and feelings—by people's likes and dislikes. I hadn't been in Holland long before I realized that one could feel a great deal more "crowded," more hemmed in, in a not particularly dense town the size of Katwijk than in a teeming city like Amsterdam. For one thing, Katwijk had far fewer distractions than Amsterdam; one was more conscious there of the apparatus of existence. A small apartment in Amsterdam might easily be considered a foothold from which to enjoy a marvellously various city. In Katwijk, such an apartment would always be in the forefront of your life. Even so, you shouldn't speak of it lightly. Anything with a roof and four walls is hard to come by, and you learn a lot about crowdedness in Holland when you attempt to find a place to live.

FIREMEN'S FAIR
PARKING
VAL

For the Dutch, the housing shortage has been around so long that it has ceased to have much news value. (It was serious in the seventeenth century.) Nowadays, municipal authorities and private housing associations (which control and finance most houses and apartments) claim that there is no longer a serious quantitative housing shortage—that the shortage has to do with quality, and, at that, quality in terms of space and construction standards rather than decay and dirt. There are few slums, but quite a lot of people live in improved garden sheds and

THE CURE

(Oral Surgery)

Picasso steeled me for the glittering lances,
The echoing light, the hours, the Guernican clink
As you crunch my bone, your grave eyes double-linked
Spectacular in multiplying lenses;
But has Bacon braced you for my cardinal scream?
Perhaps you cannot see it. You have draped
My jaw with horseblankets and flattened this gaped
Tongue in silent gauze. But please. I dream
A buckling cavern older than my own
Which shook all Sicily, when Polyphemus
Tried such thunderbolts. And here between us
That monster's only eye glares from your crown,
Reflecting on my drugged anguish, lighted
Wild by its pineal bulb. (Your brain
I think is inside out.) I watch in vain
To hear if you have killed me from your whited
Mask so innocent of Fee-fie-foe-funs.
Yet, grind my bone for bread or crack my skull,
Dear Giant: to your mollifying skill
My uppers go all dogtooth—Washington's
Regiment lined-up there faithfully frozen
Along the Delaware. I wish you luck.
Your cranebeak forceps fish the pit and pluck
A little death out of my skeleton.
O gorgeous cherry foundered in my head!
It flushes to your great, quicksilver eye.
Ears rise—you must be smiling. So am I.
Morandi's color: that malignant red.
You tell me I should grow the bone again.
Whatever you say. You are my good cyclops,
And I am become your darning egg, your lop-
sided Galatea, your thin-skulled wren.

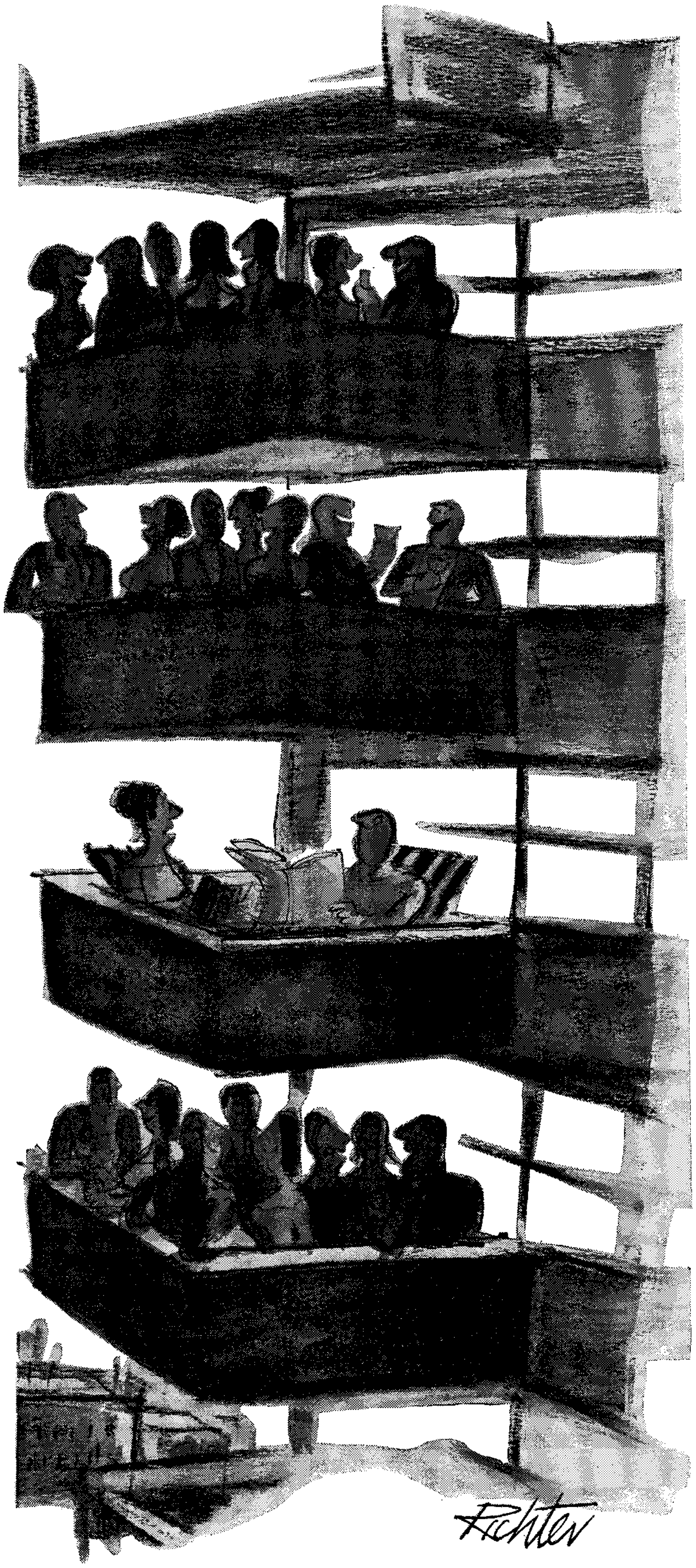
—Alice T. McIntyre

• •

made-over garages. In Katwijk, during the summer season, many tenants are forced out of small flats and summer houses to make room for better-paying German tourists; at the end of August, the Dutch are let back in. Where they stay in the meantime—at Mother's, or camping in tents—is their own cheerless concern. A young woman we knew in Katwijk, Mrs. Ham—who came to help us keep our rented apartment in the spotless condition demanded by the landlord—was in that predicament, and she had been looking for two years for somewhere to live in Waasenaar, five miles away, where her husband worked. Large families, because they are unable to find more spacious accommodation, live in a pair of spotless rooms, and somehow don't go mad. Some couples deliberately have children earlier than they want them in order to get a better position on a waiting list. In some areas, rented quarters are allocated by the authorities to people with nearby jobs and the right number of children; a family buying a house would have to meet these same specifications, and a man selling his house would have to find a purchaser who met them. Bribes and key money are willingly paid if someone is willing to give up an apartment for them. Five thousand guilders, or about fourteen hundred dollars, was the fee that one couple I know paid to get a two-bedroom apartment outside Amsterdam.

Houseboats are fine, but a houseboat costs about as much as a house of comparable size and quality, and the places where you can moor a houseboat conveniently are severely restricted and licensed. Many people move into new quarters "illegally," having claimed qualifications they didn't have, or having promised not to rat on a landlord who had been ordered by the housing authorities to make improvements and didn't intend to make them. Around the Dapperstraat in Amsterdam—an area that the municipal authorities term a slum but one that strikes people who have walked through the back streets of any older English or American city as no more than cheerfully grubby—there are many nineteenth-century five-story tenement houses whose foundations are rotten. The houses are settling, their walls cracking, and they will all be pulled down in the next ten years or so. The landlords are therefore reluctant to maintain them, yet within are many residents happy to have a home of their own at rents low even by Dutch standards. (The Heermas live there, paying ten dollars a month for their one and a half rooms.) And within those deteriorating shells many have made themselves comfortable with panelled walls and bright carpets. They aren't going to complain about dark stairs, sloping floors, and an unpainted front door.

The attempt being made to relieve the crowded housing situation is evident everywhere in the Randstad. The famous flat Dutch horizon, once interrupted only by church towers, barns, windmills, and clumps of trees, is now broken also by tall cranes leaning like giraffes over apartment buildings under construction. In the last decade, roughly forty per cent of all new Dutch building has been in the form of apartment houses, and in the Randstad, where space is at the greatest premium and the demand for accommodation is greatest, the percentage has naturally been higher. A rapidly increasing population of smaller families, getting married earlier, not wanting to live with Mother-in-law, and making a good living, has generated a huge need for living space. The basic reasons a Dutchman cannot go out and build a house for himself are the general sogginess of Randstad soil and the huge expense of making it fit for building on; he has to take what



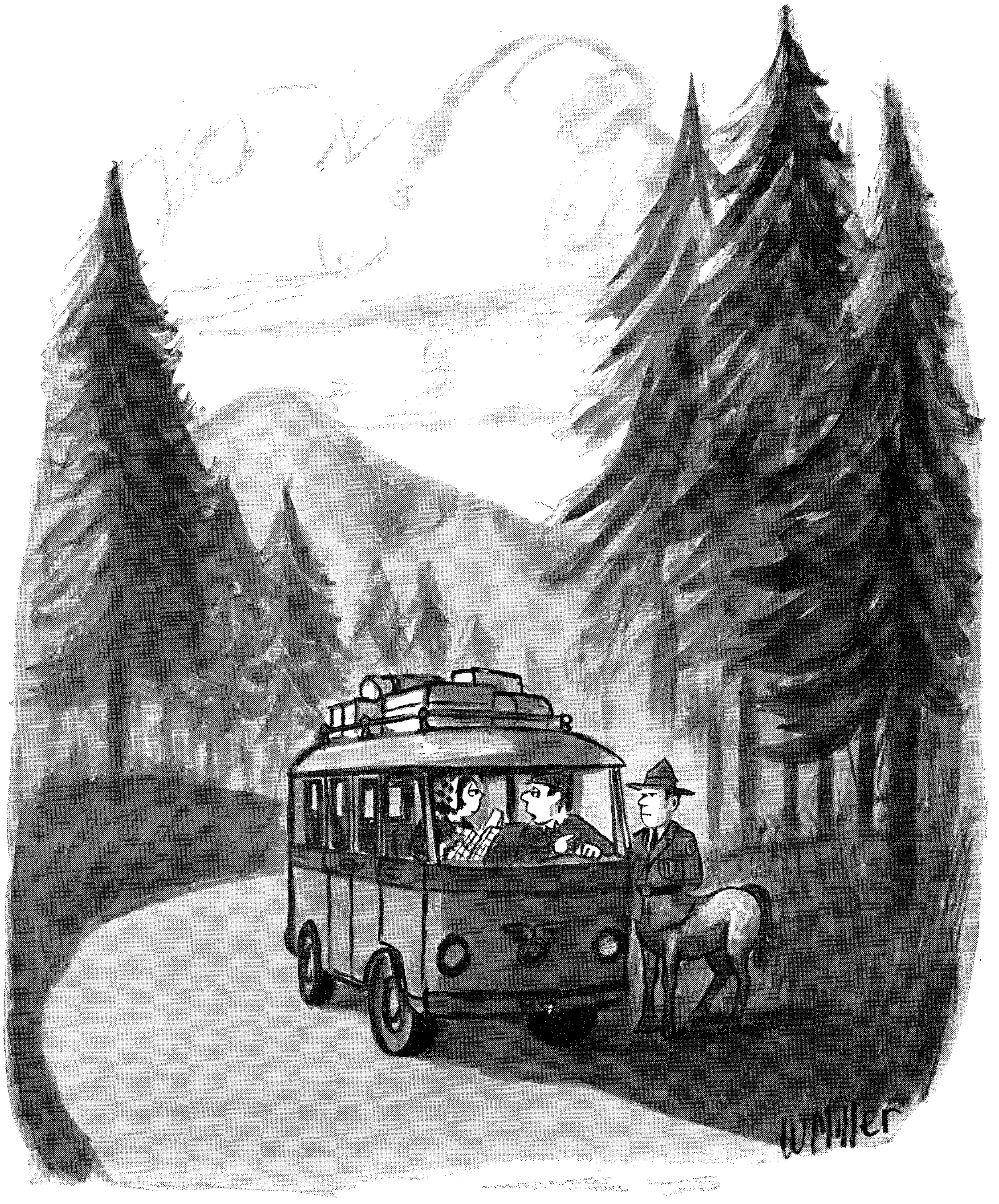
"*I feel like a pariah.*"

• •

the community can manage to build for him. The Dutch, in any event, are not “possessive” about land, in the English or American sense. For them, perhaps because they realize that the ever-sinking land is not theirs for eternity, property has no sacrosanct character. Even in conservative farming villages, the farmers have come to recognize the benefit of land-reparcelling schemes, in which larger, economically more viable units have been created and dispossessed farmers have been given the first chance to own farms in the polders, where land has been newly reclaimed from the sea. Less than a third of the dwellings in Holland are owner-occupied. Much land is owned by the state or by municipalities, and nowadays many Dutchmen find themselves tenants of housing associations, living in five- or six-story apartment houses “system-built” with prefabricated parts designed by a Swede or made under an English license—for the International Style of architecture has been followed by an international method of building. Some planning and housing departments of Dutch cities are a trifle defensive about their recent construction, but their apology is “Well, you don’t know the political pressure we’ve been under. We’ve just had to build a lot of accommodations cheaply and fast.” A few Dutch architects say bluntly that they have been building the slums of tomorrow.

If this is so, it isn’t obvious at a glance. In fact, examples of big dormitory developments, like Slotervaart and Osdorp, west of Amsterdam, or Pendrecht and the Prinz Alexander Polder, outside Rotterdam, have immediately redeeming details and qualities. They have bright-colored balconies. They have places to stand bicycles, and little ramps, alongside flights of steps, on which baby carriages or bikes can run. They have areas set aside for people to wash or tinker with their cars in, and generally—Prinz Alexander Polder is a conspicuous failure in this respect—so many pools, ponds, basins, and canals that the necessity of draining and storing water is seen to have been a gift to an otherwise drab landscape, the water forming another dimension, like a mirror enlarging a small room. Shops are often close at hand, the buildings form courtyards, and there is always a spot where old people, who have special flats in such developments, can sit on benches by the canals and watch children playing in sandboxes. Some old people fish. Some simply watch the ducks glide.

The English planner Gerald Burke, who lived briefly in Slotervaart, came to think that it was “too orderly, too inflexible, too complete, with few agreeable surprises and absolutely nothing left to chance,” and he added, “Preoccupied with the public welfare of a community, the designers appear to have overlooked the private welfare of a family.” Osdorp, he decided, had “intimidating proportions.” Dr. Arie Querido, an eminent Dutch physician who has been Amsterdam’s director of public health and an adviser in the planning of these new developments (he is now professor of social medicine at the University of Amsterdam), believes that construction standards have often been too low, with the result that people are disturbed by noise and cooking smells from their neighbors’ apartments. “Moreover, some of the design is bad,” Dr. Querido has said. “Some buildings are too tall—all you can see from them is



“He says we’re already in the Garden of the Gods.”

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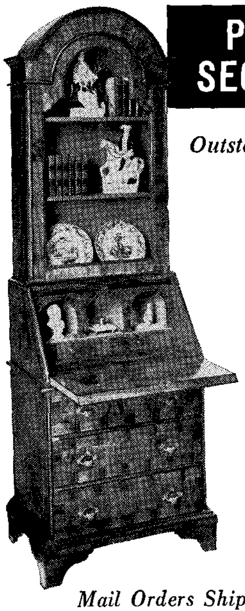
the sky. Others lack privacy. Before the war, all Dutch flats had their own ground-floor front door, and people living on the third and fourth floors climbed a dark and narrow staircase to reach their own homes. But they felt the flats were their own homes. There wasn't a common balcony running along in front of them."

To a foreigner, this lack of privacy seems especially oppressive, though the Dutch now and then give one cause to wonder if it is so to them. They seem to feel compelled to show that they don't need to be private. They have always liked big windows. In the seventeenth century, tall mullioned windows, with the lower halves shuttered, let in that light you see in the paintings of Pieter de Hooch and Jan Vermeer. Nowadays, every new house or apartment has a wide picture window, whose curtains are never closed at night. It is as if those inside desperately wanted their neighbors to know that nothing depraved or awful was going on. It may also be that those inside want to be able to look out and keep an eye on their neighbors. (Before the advent of the picture window, the Dutch invented the *spionnetje*, or spy mirror, which was fastened to the outside window frame and allowed people inside the house, even if they were way upstairs, to keep an eye on the goings on in the street.) Having written a querulous letter while I was living in a Randstad apartment, I got a sympathetic reply from a Dutch couple, old friends of mine who now live in Paris but who had lived for a year in Osdorp. Jan, the husband, wrote:

> What affected me most was the sense of all life being public and the routine of seeing people do the same things daily: flick out the tablecloth at the same hour—different women from different balconies doing the same thing. They would wash the windows and shake out the mop, woman by woman. Seeing, as you looked out, that everyone had the same sort of cabinet on the same sort of balcony for the same mops and buckets, and the same-sized garbage cans—it was like living in a modern prison with picture windows. I think they are an architectural and religious tic with us, these picture windows. We're trying to prove that we never belt our children or jump into bed with our wives. In Osdorp, they might as well take the mattresses and use them to pad the paper-thin walls. My wife's parents came one night to babysit—they come from Zeeland originally and hadn't believed our complaints about noise. Well, they heard every word of an argument that went on downstairs, every second word of the sermon that was on TV upstairs, the children crying next door, and, on the concrete staircase, a man drunk and belching, and, out on the balcony, someone ringing the next-door bell. Her parents went home convinced that we had a point.

In our own case, in a much smaller building in Katwijk, we quickly came to appreciate the full significance of the remark "Your floor is my ceiling," which has been used as a refrain in a documentary film about modern Rotterdam. Our floor was our landlord's ceiling. What we had previously considered normal, healthy noise from our children the landlord considered evidence that his upstairs flat was being taken apart. We had no proper front door. Instead, there was at the top of the stairs a sliding door, which left room on the stair landing for a teak chest and permitted the bedroom opening off the landing to be considered separate premises, which the landlord could generously lend to us or could rent separately. The sliding door infuriated me. If it was pushed slowly, it closed with a whine. If it was pushed briskly, it rocked the house with a loud slam. The children found it hard to open and close. Left slightly open, it allowed all the noise and cooking smells from downstairs to come in—and, of course, it allowed more of our noise to be heard downstairs. Pretty soon, we began pestering our children to keep quiet while they were inside and trying to keep them outside as much as possible. The local schools were full—overcrowded, in fact—and had no room for transients. The baby got picked up whenever she began to cry. The fact that we were in a seaside town in April and the raw wind blew daily and damply from the North Sea didn't improve matters. We began to come down with all sorts of ailments, which the genial young local doctor kindly refrained from calling psychosomatic, but for which he prescribed archaic, pre-Randstad remedies—in the case of one real or imagined bug of mine, drinking three litres of herb tea a day.

When I recovered (and the herb tea worked wonders), I decided to find out a little more about the effects of apartment life on the Dutch. To begin with, I found that a reluctance to use antibiotics was common among doctors in Holland. Even aspirin is regarded with suspicion by many Dutch. Per capita, the Dutch consume fewer drugs than any other people in Europe—a third of what the Germans and the French use. But there is one exception—tranquillizers, about which the Dutch seem to have no reserva-



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tions. Our doctor's wife said, "Oh, Henk prescribes them for all the women in the new apartments." Dr. Querido, who suggested that although there were no currently ascertainable physical factors limiting population density, there might be psychological factors, said that he commonly used tranquillizers himself. I came across government reports mentioning "apartment neurosis." (For my wife and me, the symptoms of this were screaming at each other in whispers, and high fevers that refused to register on the thermometer.) I read a survey made in Pendrecht among the inhabitants of four hundred centrally heated apartments with balconies and elevators in buildings from seven to twelve stories high. Seventy-one per cent of the families with children of fourteen or under would have preferred to move. They didn't like the wind, the noise, and the lack of freedom for children to play safely and without annoying other people.

Around this time, I went to see H. Fiedeldy Dop, an Amsterdam pediatrician (Dutch: *kinderarts*), who has translated Dr. Benjamin Spock's "Book of Baby and Child Care." Dr. Fiedeldy Dop—whose euphonious name makes even the Dutch giggle—also runs three social-guidance clinics for children, and he is on the board of an experimental action group called New Ways of Living, some of whose other members—architects and designers—I also talked with later. He had worked in the new Amsterdam developments, and although he was conscious of the great need for shelter, he believed that these developments had sprung from obsolete thinking, fashionable before the Second World War among the Dutch members of a European architectural group known as CIAM, to the effect that towns could best be divided into a part where you work, a part where you live, and a part where you play. So these new developments began as dormitories. The men, the heads of the households, went away in the morning and came back late at night. The women didn't have enough to do or to interest them. They were generally a long way from where their mothers lived. They had few friends, they didn't find the shops very interesting, and they would have gone in to the old center of Amsterdam every afternoon if they had been able to arrange it. They had mysterious stomachaches and headaches. Father, when he came home, hadn't a place of his own where he could read or a workshop where he could tinker. An infant got too much

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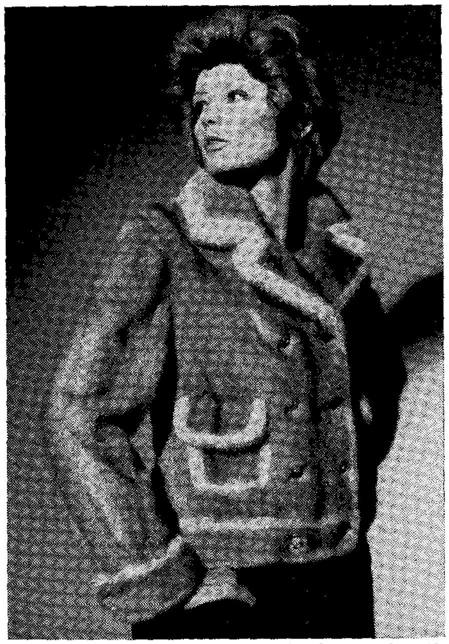

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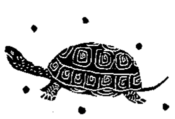
attention, because it had no room of its own. “Babies need a chance to use their vocal cords,” said Dr. Fiedeldy Dop, who talks rapidly, precisely, and with a keen edge of good humor. “They need to cry. Toddlers need to rush around. They have strong, aggressive emotions. They like noise, and in these apartments they aren't allowed to make any, because of the elderly couple downstairs, who start beating on the heating pipes just as you've put the toddler to bed and he's fallen asleep.”

In the new developments, Dr. Fiedeldy Dop found that the parents of young children were often in a rattled state, which he attributed partly to the fact that “there's no privacy—the apartments are anti-sex.” But it was the children who really suffered, he said. The small ones often didn't sleep well; they had nightmares in which they worked off some of the emotional energy they didn't have a chance to use during the day. There were no dark, private corners where they could hide, and if they made a mess it was found at once and at once cleaned up by Mother. In their first years at school, the children from these apartments were often poor at arithmetic. They had no feeling for space and distance, for the relations between things. There were more toys made of plastic than of wood. Wood has been alive, and has grain and texture, but it makes more noise. In places where all the apartment front doors had thoughtlessly been painted the same color, children often got lost. As for the older children, there were no quiet places for them to do their homework. They got sent out onto the street, but there was not much to do there except hang around. Dutch television doesn't come on until just before seven at night, and when it does it is often pretty earnest. It didn't surprise me to hear from Dr. Fiedeldy Dop that Dutch children weren't fond of it and that in winter—since the TV was in the living room and they had nowhere else to be and nothing else to do—they escaped from it all by going to bed.



Dr. Fiedeldy Dop in some respects represents a change that has occurred in Holland in recent years in the way of looking at children, in seeing that children might have problems rather than simply be problems. Dutch housewives, in their passion for clean and tidy houses, have traditionally shooed their progeny out onto the streets, where they could do everything they weren't allowed to do at home. In the seventeenth century, foreigners complained that Dutch children formed mobs and attacked passersby. In the nineteenth century, visiting British yachtsmen said that the only trouble with Holland was that bands of small boys standing on bridges and canal banks hurled stones and lumps of mud at them. One day as I was walking along the Beethovenstraat in Amsterdam, a ring of little girls began to dance around me, chanting what was clearly a very rude song. I wondered how I was to break out of the ring. People stopped and laughed at my embarrassment, and seemed rather disappointed when one child ran into a candy shop, leaving a gap in the circle, through which I escaped. In Katwijk, we were often followed by troops of small boys yelling insults, and they were put off only by the most resolute refusal to recognize their presence. I visited one well-to-do household where the younger son was brought in to be introduced and, with wild, unruly laughter, refused to honor us in that way; his mother said proudly, “He's a real Dutch boy.” A teen-age girl who did babysitting for us was surprised to learn that I hadn't insured my children against the risk that they might break somebody's picture window. All Dutch children were so insured by their parents, she said.

Jean-Nicolas Parival, who was professor of French at Leiden University in the mid-seventeenth century, noted, “It is partly from this excessive indulgence [of Dutch parents] toward their children that there results the disorder which is often to be seen in their conduct. It is nevertheless surprising that there is not more disorder than there is, and there is perhaps no better proof of the natural goodness of the inhabitants of this country and the excellence of their disposition.” There certainly does come a point at which the boorish, mischievous child turns into a responsible adult—one who appears a bit constrained and repressed but in no way suggests that he might be easily cowed or bullied, as someone who was permissively brought up often suggests in adulthood, and as the Germans, Holland's neighbors, have proved to be. Other elements in the Dutch environment may firm them up.

IN one respect, however, Dutch children don't change as they grow up. Noisy Dutch boys become noisy Dutch adolescents, barrelling down confined streets on unmuffled motorcycles, and a little later they seem to become noisy Dutch jet-fighter pilots, brushing over the fields and cities at Mach 1 and shaking, in one long swoop, all the picture windows from Enkhuizen to Bergen-op-Zoom. Noise is one modern urban problem that Holland is well endowed with. Dutch demographers call Holland the European Manhattan, and in respect to decibels the description is fair. The smallness of the country may be why planes fly so low there. Coming in to land on the Belgian border in the southwest, a plane may have started descending on the German border in the northeast. The holding pattern for Schipol, the international airport just outside Amsterdam, covers half the Randstad. (The elementary school at Badhoevedorp, near Schipol, is experimenting with earphones for its pupils.) But one also suspects that the Dutch have got used to the strafing effect of low-flying planes and to the constant roar and bang—in no other country does one so often hear sonic booms. Perhaps the Dutch are adjusted to more noise. Their rows of facing houses form echo chambers, and their ground shakes easily. Pile-driving equipment thuds all day in the Randstad. Trucks rumble heavily over the paved streets. Buildings quiver. Noisiest of all are the *brommers*. At the last count, in 1966, there were 1,578,200 of them in Holland, and there are more daily, as the swing from pedal-powered bicycles to these motorbikes continues. In Utrecht, for instance, more than a hundred and seventy-five people out of every thousand who are over sixteen years of age own a *brommer*. In the age group just over sixteen, *brommer*-owning is advertised by a display of primitive mechanical skill. The first thing to do with a new *brommer* is to strip the guts out of the muffler, so that, flat out at thirty miles an hour over the *kinderhoofdjes*, it sounds as much as possible like a Hawker Hunter at five hundred feet cracking the sound barrier. However, as the number of *brommers* increases, rules and regulations are gradually coming into existence in places with a strong will to enforce them. The Groningen police have been confiscating *brommers* on the second unmuffled offense, and the Delft police are apt to confiscate any part that has been altered since leaving the factory. In some towns, *brommers* are banned on certain streets at certain hours. On the boulevard along the seafront at Katwijk, they are banned every evening from seven to midnight.

Throughout the urban world, noise is now being recognized as more than a nuisance. (Noise in the average North

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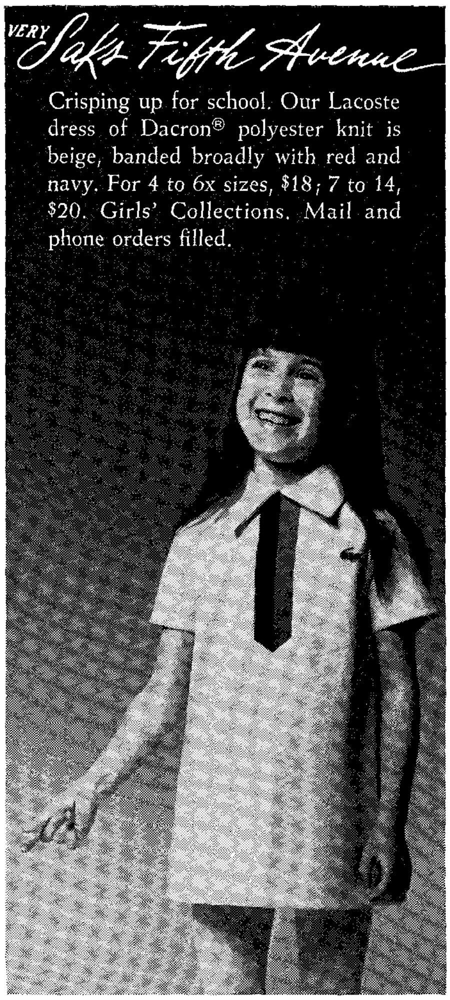

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American home has more than doubled in the last forty years, it has been estimated, and a recent study in Detroit suggests that men exposed to large amounts of noise suffer more colds, influenza, and other infections.) In Holland, specialists have for some time thought of noise as a social evil, not only threatening mental and bodily health but—a real prod to action—causing economic damage. Research into noise is being conducted at T.N.O. (Toegepast Natuurwetenschappelijk Onderzoek), the Dutch Institute for Applied Scientific Research, at Delft. T.N.O. was founded with funds from both government and industry, has sixty constituent bodies, and employs more than four thousand people. One of the sixty bodies is the Research Institute for Public Health Engineering, and I spent a morning there, during which Mr. J. van den Eijk, the director of its Sound and Light Department, told me about some of the work he and his colleagues were doing. One area they were interested in was industrial deafness—an aspect of life in shipyards and mills that had been recognized for a long time, though little effort had been made to discover at what point workers were seriously affected. "In America, the feeling in the past was that if a worker's speech remains intelligible everything is all right," said Mr. van den Eijk. "We are a little more perfectionistic. A small loss of hearing may seem insignificant at the time it occurs, but since people gradually lose their hearing ability anyway as they get older, they really can't afford to lose any extra. And there are so many normal sounds you can easily lose—the sound of birds, the sound of a flute. We've learned, moreover, that deafness isn't all you can acquire while working as a riveter's mate—you may also get high blood pressure from the noise. We have been working to collect all the data we can, so that we will know how much hearing is lost as a result of exposure to a certain amount of noise. From there we can go on to test means of protecting hearing. We can train men to protect themselves. And we can work at obtaining the coöperation of industry. Formerly, companies complained that audiometers costing fifteen hundred guilders were expensive, but they now realize that the loss of workdays is more expensive. The attitude of workers is changing, too. In the old days, being deaf was a real badge of merit for a shipyard worker—it showed that he had served his time. Nowadays, young men don't want to work in a deafening place."

Dutch builders of apartments and houses, like builders elsewhere, have saved money when it came to soundproofing, Mr. van den Eijk said—a circumstance I was familiar with. "We're told that people will get used to noise, that people will get used to the sonic boom of the SST," he went on. "I think this is wrong. We have to choose between the good things and the bad things developed by science and technology. Should we all take LSD, simply because it has been invented? With noise, getting rid of it is not just a question of cutting it down afterward. A lot of damage can be averted by taking noise into account at the planning stage. In a southern development of Amsterdam, Buitenveldert, a lot of unhappiness could have been forestalled if the buildings had not been placed downwind of the new extension of the Schipol runways. Here in Delft, high-rise apartments have been built only fifty metres from a busy highway, and then trees have been planted to try to cure the problem, as if trees were magic noise dispellers. Speaking of bad environmental planning, the other day I saw a design for a new shopping center that was laid out in such a way that there would be a constant whirlwind there. It would be the last place you would go to shop, because every time you did you would lose your hat. We told the designers about it. You have to take both nature and building physics into account."

Mr. van den Eijk and his colleagues are now working on getting across to builders and architects the results of their research into noise prevention. Architects tend to react in surly fashion to this sort of advice, regarding it as one more technical restraint on their freedom, and builders see it as one more addition to building costs. Their common response to complaints about apartment noise is to tell the tenants to install thick carpeting. I learned at T.N.O. that a floor (or ceiling) has to be either heavy or complex to retard the transmission of noise. In terms of expense, a simple, thick, heavy floor, containing more concrete and less steel, need cost no more than a thinner, lighter floor, with more steel and less concrete. But what is particularly effective against noise is a so-called floating floor. This consists of a main concrete floor four centimetres thick on top of which lies a one-centimetre-thick layer of glass wool, with another four-centimetre layer of concrete. After a big fight, T.N.O. got this kind of floor recommended in the Dutch Building Code of 1965. A visual-aid book was then designed and distributed to architects and builders. The press, radio, and television were enlisted to publicize the problems of noise and to help enlighten government ministers, state officials, and municipal authorities. "As a scientist, I'm reluctant to get involved in that sort of effort," Mr. van den Eijk said. "One feels that the facts should speak for themselves. But nowadays there are so many facts that the right ones often don't get brought to the attention of the people who have to make the decisions. In Holland, it helps if we let it out that the Germans are ahead of us in some branch of research—as they often are. Anyway, we have done surveys and calculations in Rotterdam and Amsterdam to find out about the cost of sound insulation. We calculated the cost of floating floors, of sound insulation in communal staircases, and of thicker walls between apartments. We found that the additional cost per week in the rent of each apartment that had been so improved would be one guilder and fifty cents—about forty cents in American money—which is the price of a pack of cigarettes and far less than the weekly cost of a television set."

"I COULDN'T breathe," says Ottilie, the opera singer, in the 1906 Dutch novel "Old People and the Things That Pass," by Louis Couperus, explaining why she left Holland to live in France. "The gray skies hindered my breathing, and the houses stopped me from producing my voice properly. . . . I had to expand my lungs."

"It would seem," said Dr. Querido, addressing an Amsterdam conference on World Population and Mental Health, "that a human society at a given moment is an expression of an equilibrium—a balance struck between the amount of comfort to be obtained from fellow-members and the discomforts arising from the same source."

"I went abroad," said Mr. Ivo Blom, a Rotterdam city official, as we sat drinking in a packed and smoky bar. "I went looking for sunshine and space. I sat on a hot Corsican hillside. There was a deserted village—no people—and a view of the sea. Paradise! All that room! I thought, 'I will retire here.' But then a week later I came back over the Van Brienenoord Bridge at rush hour in the rain and saw Rotterdam, and I knew that I would never

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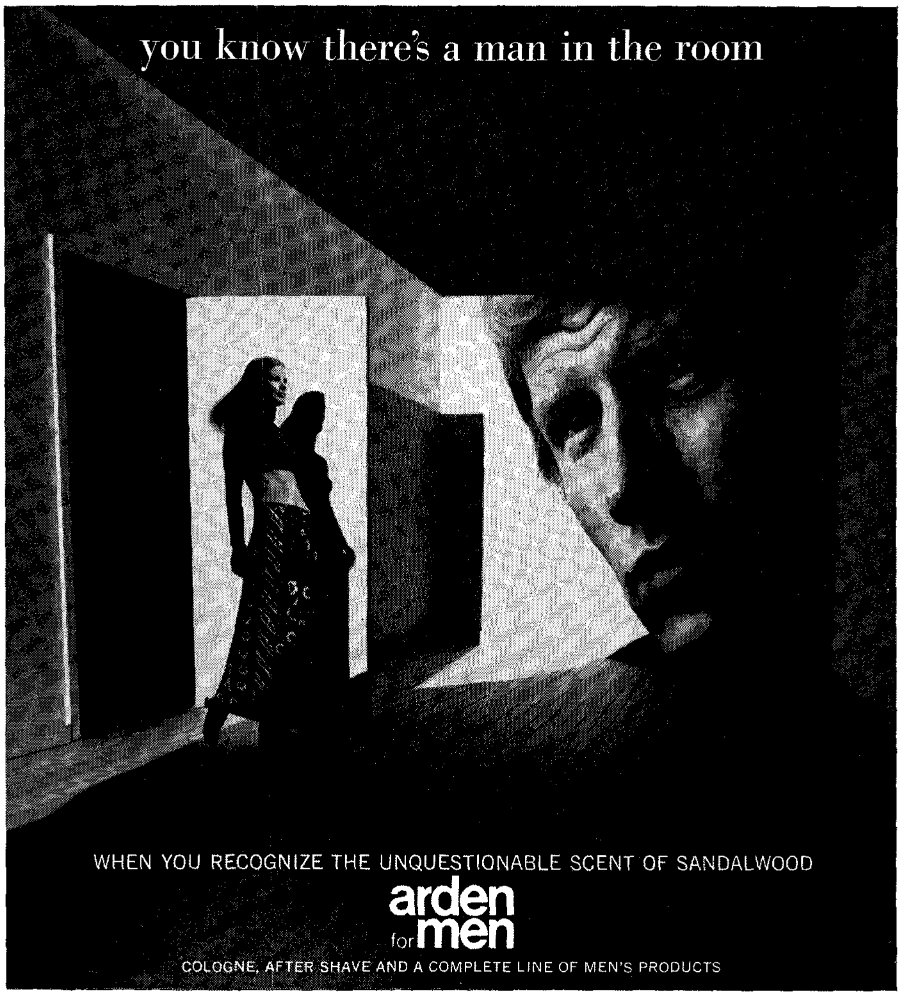
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live for long anywhere else. There are things here I could not do without."

The curious thing is that although many people in Holland claim to be bothered by more cars on the roads, big classes in the schools, no room in the universities, and an ever more crowded future—some of them so badly bothered that they say they will send their children to live in Norway or in Australia, or will vote for an extra tax on families with more than three children—many more remain sanguine. The majority perhaps had a spokesman in a woman who was asked on a Dutch radio program if she was horrified by the prospect of overcrowding and replied, "Oh, no. I think it gets cozier and cozier. More families, more birthdays."

The Dutch lead close lives, in which their families matter. Letters are generally addressed not to, say, Mr. and Mrs. Spinoza but to the Family Spinoza. Birthday calendars, reminding people of their responsibilities to all their relatives, hang on the back of the bathroom door. There is a Dutch phrase, "*familie-ziekte*"—"family-sickness"—to describe the condition of a person overconscious of what the Indian sociologist K. Ishwaran calls "the kinship system and its obligations." Among the families of Leiden University students, Ishwaran found people who were proud of fulfilling family duties and attending family functions but kept protesting, vehemently, that they *weren't* family-sick. Whether family-sick or not, many people in Holland can describe in detail the lives of distant relatives. And when the Dutch say goodbye to someone, they ask to be remembered to all his family; if they're unacquainted with the family, they are likely to prolong the goodbye until they have been told the names of all the members of the family they need to be remembered to. In Dutch, the family can be split into the *gezin*—the immediate family circle of mother, father, and children—and the *familie*, which is the wider network of grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins, and so on. Though urbanization seems to isolate and stress the importance of the *gezin*, this conjugal family maintains strong ties with the family at large. Bad times are a binding force; in the hungry wartime winter of 1944-45, urban families were grateful for every food-growing rural relative they could muster. And even the most cosmopolitan Dutchman will make a point of going home for his mother's birthday, or will arrange to take his father for a week's holiday every summer.

These days in the Randstad, families have fewer children. Divorce is at least twice as high there as it is in the rest of the country. There are those who believe that this situation reflects urban morals. On the other hand, there is the point of view expressed by Joseph L. Blau, of Columbia University, in the *American Quarterly* (Winter, 1957): "The lower incidence of divorce in rural areas is evidence of a lower moral standard there, a standard that permits all manner of aggressive acts by mate against mate, provided the aggression and violation takes place within the holy bonds of matrimony. It is immoral narrowness and bigotry that compels people who hate each other and hurt each other to continue in 'holy deadlock' in order to satisfy the obsolete ethical standards of their rural neighbors." In any event, although urbanization goes on, the divorce rate in Holland has remained almost steady for the last six years. (Most divorces take place late in Holland—after ten to nineteen years of marriage.) One reason for the strength of the Dutch family may be that the major role of Dutch women, despite their legal emancipation, is played at home. Women make up only about a quarter of the total labor force—the same proportion that was reported in the 1889 census. Only three per cent of the married women in Holland work, compared to twenty-six per cent in America, twenty-seven per cent in England, and thirty-two per cent in Germany. At home, the Dutch woman runs a tight ship—the Dutch husband, like the admiral of a fleet, leaves the running of the vessel he is aboard to its captain. Dishwashing, shopping, and even cleaning shoes are not within his province. A young filmmaker I met in Rotterdam told me that when he was a child he rarely saw his father during the week; even if the father came home early enough, he buried himself in a paper or a book and had nothing to do with what was going on in the home. In middle age, the Dutch husband looks a lot younger than his wife. Lithe Dutch girls seem quickly to become powerful, bigbosomed matrons, thick-waisted, full of household responsibilities. In fact, the girls Dutch men marry quickly become their mothers, it seems—possibly one reason the men retain their boyish looks. For many Dutch men, sex and marriage seem to have little to do with each other. One French observer claims, perhaps patriotically, that Dutch men go to Paris for "light relief." This is not true of all Dutch men. Amsterdam and most of the other large cities in Holland have streets where the men can prowl around and examine the *kippetjes* sitting in their picture windows—nicely arranged still-lifes of false-eyelashed, mascaraed women with their skirts pulled up high, sitting reading letters or doing their nails while they wait for customers.

In some ways, a matriarchy of the Dutch kind makes for a more private world, and the increasingly urban-middle-class nature of Dutch life contributes to this. In the past, in Holland, the rural family and the working-class family lived with open doors. But in the crowded modern city privacy is important. You don't want to know everybody; strangers should remain strangers. Friends don't drop in without telephoning first or waiting for an invitation. A kind of deviousness seems to be a by-product of living in a large and crowded place where too many social demands can be made on you. It becomes difficult to be honest. White lies are used to get you out of engagements or to put things off. The protocol of crowdedness demands that you attempt to protect your independence by deceit, and, of course, family obligations make an excellent excuse. J. Goudsblom, of the University of Amsterdam, writes (in a sociological study called "Dutch Society"), "The conjugal family should live a life of its own, in a separate house with an independent income, enjoying a proper measure of privacy and autonomy. When the housing shortage forces a newlywed couple to move in with a parental family, this is regarded as prompted by emergency and is viewed as an infringement upon the norm that each family should have its own home."

The "norm" is reflected in Dutch fiction. Dutch novels are family novels, or—a sign of the same preoccupation—anti-family novels, in which the hero is an outsider. Couperus's "Old People and the Things That Pass" is a brilliant depiction of the thickly impacted family life of The Hague at the turn of the century. The other aspect, the rebellion against family closeness, is to be seen in Arthur van Schendel's "The Waterman" and in the works of the

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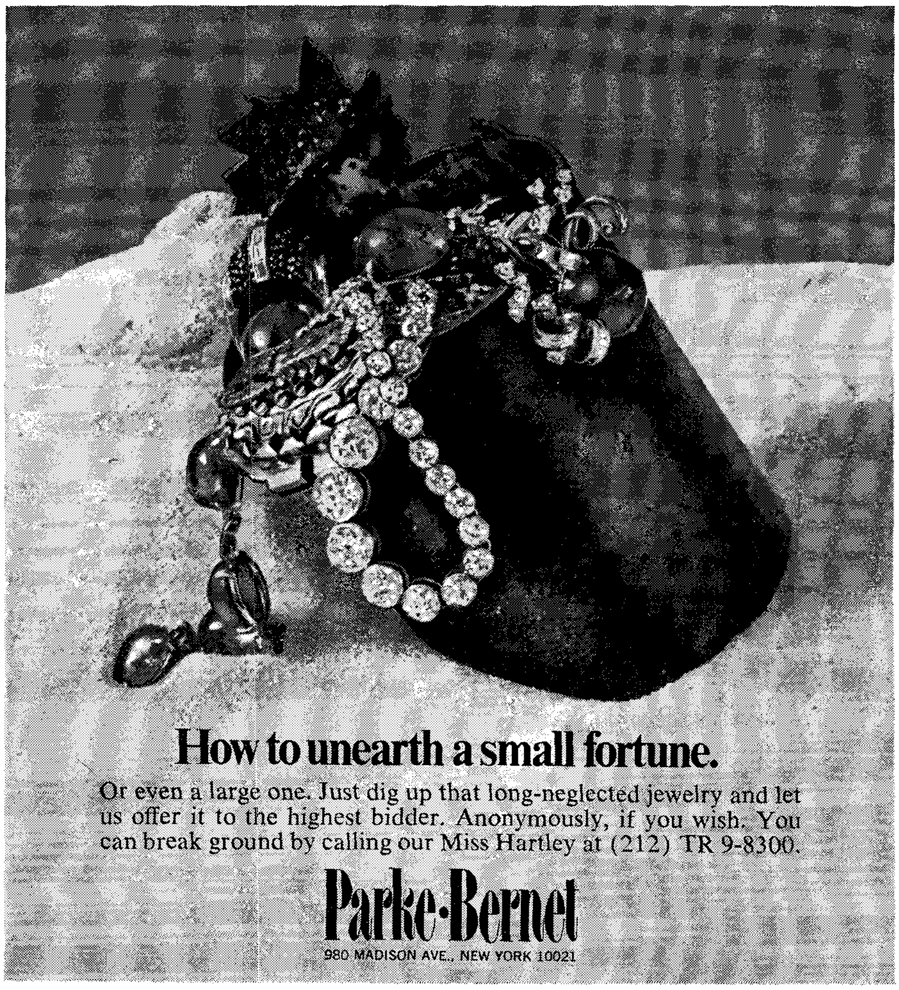

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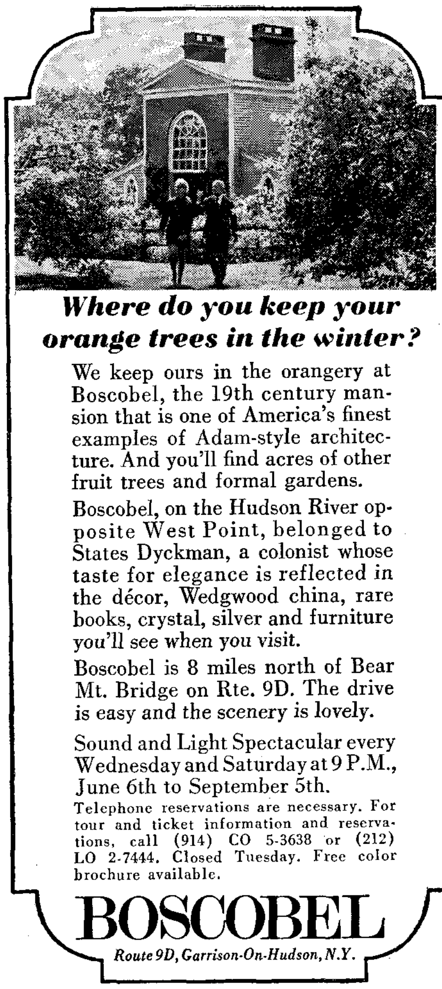
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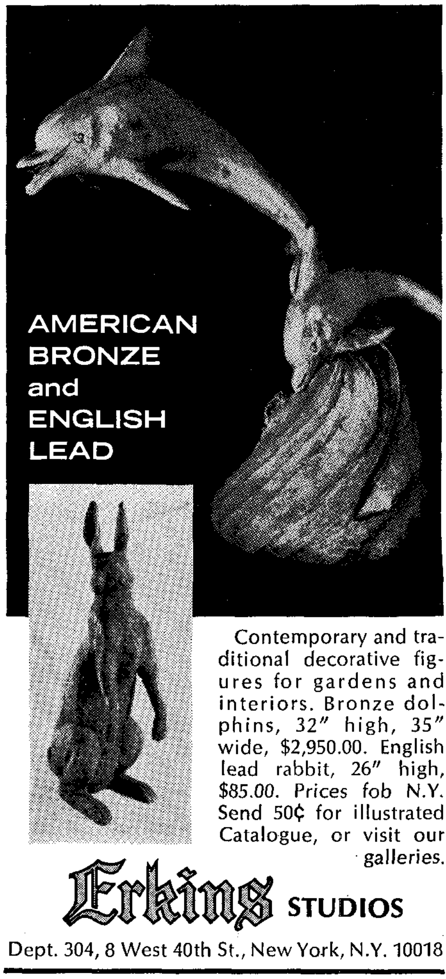
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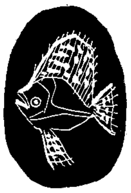
contemporary Dutch novelist Willem Hermans, whose very language seems to be a whip used against Dutch middle-class life and conventions. Holland, I might add, is a country of readers. More money per family is spent there on books than anywhere else in the world. When the family gathers in the living room, people put their heads into books and find privacy.

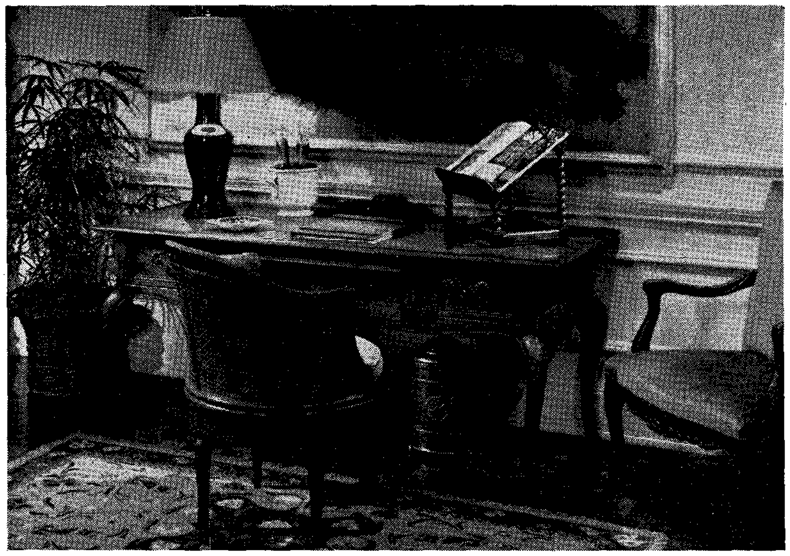
The piece of furniture in the Dutch living room that I find most interesting is the *kabinet*—perhaps an antique handed down from an ancestral home, or a reproduction of an old piece: part chest, part tallboy. These *kabinetten*, like the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century houses on the River Vecht, in Utrecht, are well-preserved, handsome expressions of the taste and wealth of the Dutch burgher aristocracy. Today, either the aristocracy is no more or the burghers are very numerous; the middle class—whose ideals and aspirations have been influenced in many ways by the burgher way of life—encompasses almost the entire nation. Maybe those ideals are clung to all the more firmly because of the speed with which circumstances in Holland are changing. One has the impression that where life is suddenly cast in a new, rather inflexible mold people try all the harder to hang on to "the old way of life"—that, indeed, such clinging may be therapeutic for those unable to make a speedy adjustment to, say, life in an apartment in a new development, where they have less contact with their relatives but also less privacy. Old-fashioned furniture is popular, and so are old gin, old cheese, old buildings, and old boats. Young people go to fashionable weddings in antique horse-drawn carriages. The Royal Family (which young republicans say is obsolete) is given vast affection, with thousands of people going to Soestdijk Palace on Queen Juliana's birthday to give her a bouquet of flowers with their own hands. And on the new land of the polders prefabricated modern farm buildings rise in traditional shapes and styles.

The pressure of the past, of course, can cause claustrophobia, too; all the traditions of Calvinism, windmills, wooden shoes, fingers in the dike, the revolt against Spain, even Rembrandt and tulips, form a traditional burden that many would like to cast off—at least once in a while—together with those bourgeois ideals that seem to enclose Holland in a thick, complacent fog. But the virtues of this "highest manifestation," as Leonard Woolf called it, of a middle-class civilization can be too easily mocked. One might more generously note that in this bourgeois world education counts high. A survey made in the nineteen-fifties indicated that the Dutch put university professors at the top of the social ladder; in a list of fifty-seven occupations, the professors preceded physicians, mayors of cities, judges, and engineers. Way back in ninth place were directors of large companies. To the usual pejorative connotation of "bourgeois," the Dutch add the notions of forethought, conservation, and self-sacrifice. They are *responsible*, not just in appearance—like the young men and women you see in shops and railway stations dressed in a style appropriate to respectable middle-aged middle-class couples—but in spirit. One of the most interesting aspects of Provo, the Dutch movement that was among the first and brightest of the radical movements of the last decade, was that it blossomed forth with a number of responsible civic ideas. Provo also helped enlarge a mood in which things bourgeois were not always treated earnestly, soberly, and complacently. You expect to see lace curtains even in the windows of barges, but not, as I did one day, neatly drawn apart in the back window of a psychedelically painted Citroen 2cv.



One aspect of Dutch domestic life that exasperated me, occasionally to the point of wanting to kick plant pots over or throw mud around, was the cleanliness—or, to make an immediate necessary distinction, all the washing, scrubbing, dusting, carpet-banging, and sweeping that goes on. In the seventeenth century, Sir William Temple, a British ambassador, was told a story about a burgomaster who knocked at the door of a bourgeois home. He informed the maidservant who appeared that he wanted to speak to her mistress. The servant, however, noticed a bit of mud on his shoes, and, not letting him step through the door or even say another word, she picked him up, flung him over her shoulder, marched across two rooms, and dumped him at the foot of the stairs. There she removed his shoes, got him some slippers, and finally said, "The mistress will be pleased to see you." Sir William thought that the root cause of this behavior was the crowdedness of the country: "The extreme moisture of the Air, I take to be the occasion of the great neatness in their Houses, and cleanliness in their Towns. For without the help of those Customs, their Country would not be habitable by such crowds of People, but the Air would corrupt upon every hot season, and expose the Inhabitants to general and infectious Diseases." Johan Huizinga, the Dutch historian who wrote "The Waning of the Middle Ages" and "Homo Ludens," attributed the cleanliness, as a national characteristic, partly to the need for absolutely germ-free conditions in cheesemaking. But the fact is that although Dutch houses have always been kept spotless, the Dutch themselves have not. "We are not a particularly clean people," Dr. Querido said. "In the past, the emphasis has been on exterior appearances rather than personal hygiene." One of the interesting effects of the urbanization of Holland is a change in this emphasis. Dutch women are fastidious about their grooming, for instance, whereas the streets are no longer immaculate, street-cleaners being hard to find, and street-sweeping machines being impeded by parked cars. Old cars—even old dependable Dutch Dafs—have to be dumped somewhere, and from Dutch motorways you can see scrap heaps in the corners of meadows, though they are a little better hedged or fenced than in other countries. (These car dumps are often run by gypsies; yesterday's nomadic tinkers have become the sedentary scrap-metal merchants of today.) From cars driving along Dutch highways, paper cups and candy wrappers fly forth onto the roadside. One day at Oostmahoorn, in Friesland, I saw a young woman, accompanied by a child, bring four pails of garbage out of a café, walk down the steep, stone-faced dike, and tip the refuse into the Lauwerszee. Tin cans sank; the gulls swooped to pick up what was edible; and a great deal, in the form of plastic bags and paper cartons, floated off on the tide. Many glass jars and bottles bought in Dutch grocery stores require that a deposit be paid on them—what the Dutch call a *statiegeld*. In a week's groceries, this might come to a ransom of at least fifty American cents, so it is worthwhile to take the bottles back. But now no-deposit, no-return containers are slowly making an appearance. Plastic and paper produce proportionate litter. Today, one can be given sudden pleasure by signs of the old national obsession. In the courtyard of a *hofje*, or group of old people's homes, near Leeuwarden, I noticed a swallow's nest under an archway and, on the stone pavement directly beneath the nest, a cardboard box to catch the droppings.

The Dutch do not seem to be a



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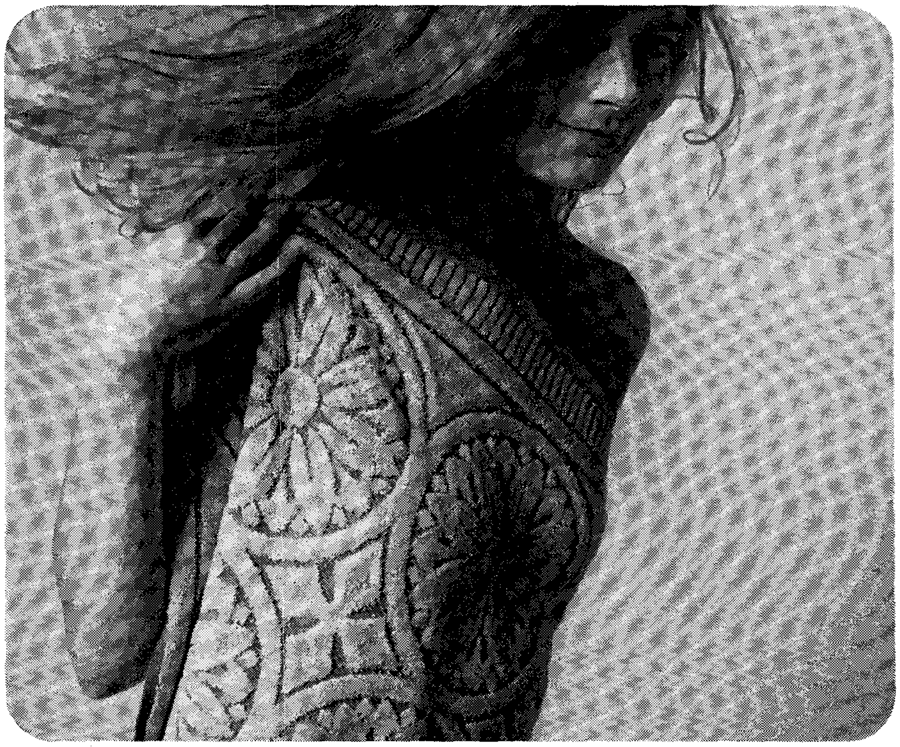

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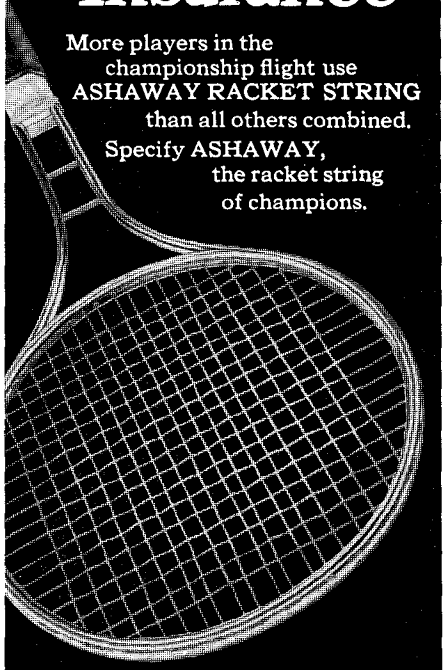

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spontaneous people; in fact, they often give the impression of having something on their minds that they can't or don't want to express. A recent Spanish ambassador to the Netherlands, the Duke de Baena, has written, in a book called "The Dutch Puzzle," "I must say in honesty that I have met more nervous individuals in Holland than anywhere else." Where restlessness is hard to remedy (and it is curious how fond such a superficially stolid people seem to be of the word "*onrust*," which means "unrest" and is used to name houses, boats, and restaurants) and privacy is in short supply, life grows more intense. There may be a sign of this in the fact that the Dutch life-expectancy rate, which had risen regularly in the past, has lately levelled off. The Ministry of Social Affairs and Public Health mentions as reasons for this "the rapidly increasing mortality figures due to cancer (particularly among men), the increasing mortality rate due to heart and vascular diseases, the striking increase in cases of heart trouble among younger people, the increasing number of people seriously injured and killed in traffic accidents"—all of which one might characterize as urban complaints. Dr. Querido told me that he considered research into early symptoms of coronary attacks to be one of the most important aspects of Dutch preventive medicine. He hoped that G.P.s would soon have sufficient knowledge to predict when a man was liable to have a heart attack, and could send him to bed for two weeks to avert it. Dr. Querido added, "I don't think people are cracking up as a result of overcrowding. At least, if they are, there is something else already wrong with them. But I think one does see an increased irritability. It's evident in the thwarted aggressiveness on the roads everywhere—not just in Holland. You can't choose your own speed all the time. You want to open up but can't. However, our violence rate here in Holland is low, our alcoholism rate is low, we don't have many suicides, and there doesn't seem to be any general tendency here to accept war as a political solution to any problem."

For all that, life in Holland is intense, in feeling and in fact. A Dutch farmer is used to getting a yield of 4,560 kilos of wheat from a hectare of land, while an American farmer gets, on the average, an equivalent yield of 2,060 kilos. Changes that once took a century now take ten years. The countryside's being flat makes everything seem nearer. All the digging and damming and diking that go on sometimes seem to be in themselves a form of escape—a way of staying so active and busy that one doesn't notice more and more people closer and closer together being equally busy. The proximity of things can produce fierce pressure. Although the Dutch don't seem spontaneous, and like to point out that they never rob trains or blow things up, they have their explosions. In 1966, a pyromaniac terrorized the section of Amsterdam around the Zeedijk and the Nieuwmarkt, stuffing gasoline-soaked rags through mail slots in front doors and then throwing a lighted match in. Two out of three Dutch girls we had babysitting for us suffered constant anxiety about being followed by strange men, and one girl absolutely refused to travel in trains except during rush hours, for fear of sharing a compartment with a lone man, who would undoubtedly be a sex fiend. When a rather heavy-handed satirical Dutch television program did a skit showing a man saying the Lord's Prayer to a TV set rather than to the Almighty, there was an eruption of outraged calls and letters—mainly anonymous—to the station denouncing the blasphemy; one letter writer threatened to rape the girl announcer. (But immediately—perhaps demonstrating that such opportunities don't arise often enough—a team of Dutch sociologists began a study of that eruption.) One of the best-selling authors in Holland is Jan Cremer, who writes banal fantasies of blood and sex. In the fall of 1967, nearly three hundred thousand people came to the town of 's Hertogenbosch, in North Brabant, to an exhibition of the works of the Dutch painter Hieronymous Bosch (c. 1450-1516), the most brilliant illustrator before Goya of man's weird habits and imaginings.

For anyone used to looser, more expansive places, there are times when Holland is impossible. There were days in Katwijk when the sliding door to our apartment, perhaps rocking a little in the draft, signalled to me the tight-fisted, cramped character of the people, and if a *brommer* went shrieking down the street, or the woman next door came out on her balcony to beat a carpet for the third time since breakfast, I would find myself getting edgy and irritable, prompting my wife to say, "Go for a walk, and take some of the children." But at such times the constant, nagging wind would be blowing sand inland from the beach, and big trucks would be taking it back, and around the duck pond in the little park I would notice a single rusty strand of barbed wire strung at exactly the height of the eyes of my three-year-old child.

I claim to be a fairly placid person, but Holland sometimes made me feel I was a manic-depressive. The depression would lift (perhaps the weather and atmospheric pressure had something to do with it) and be replaced on the next mild day by an intense enthusiasm, assembled out of shafts of light falling into rooms or onto that level landscape from billowing stacks of cloud. Walking down a scrubby lane in the Veluwe, I would suddenly come across a dense, quietly stirring field of rye, white green, like Dürer's grasses, and I would realize that while there is much that is depressing about Holland, the place can also be exhilarating.

THERE are two basic ways to escape from a crowded city—you go farther out or you go farther in. People with houses and apartments they don't particularly like are perhaps the first to flee—either to the more varied attractions of the historic center of their city or to parks, recreation areas, and foreign countries. They may even just go out and drive. The information officer of the Amsterdam Department of Public Works told me that he always stayed at home on weekends, because the roads were too crowded. But then he had a seventeenth-century house on a canal in the old city, and a walled garden to which the sounds of traffic barely penetrated. Dr. Querido told me that he thought the real horrors of an overcrowded society were to be found, for the most part, in modern travel—in the sausage-factory atmosphere of airline journeys or on traffic-jammed Autobahns, where you were unable to choose your own speed. His answer, too, was to stay at home. But when you stayed at home, you wanted an agreeable, comfortable, private place, where—perhaps spending as much money as you would on travel—you could have paintings, music, books, friends, and silence.

This turning in, this travelling in the interior, is something the Dutch have learned to do even in unpropitious circumstances. One feels that, in the most public of worlds, they have discovered how to become wrapped up in themselves. I have passed houses at night and looked in (as one is encouraged to look in through those uncurtained windows) to see the head of the household seated in a self-created pool of privacy, sometimes not reading the paper or book be-

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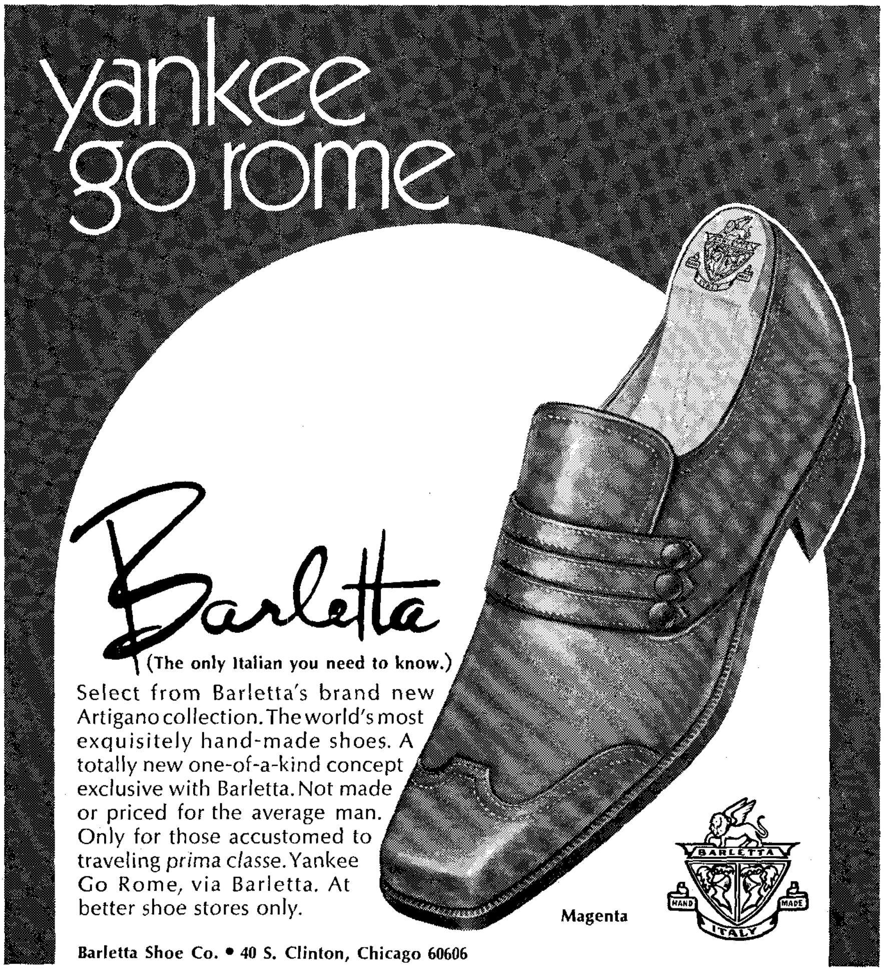

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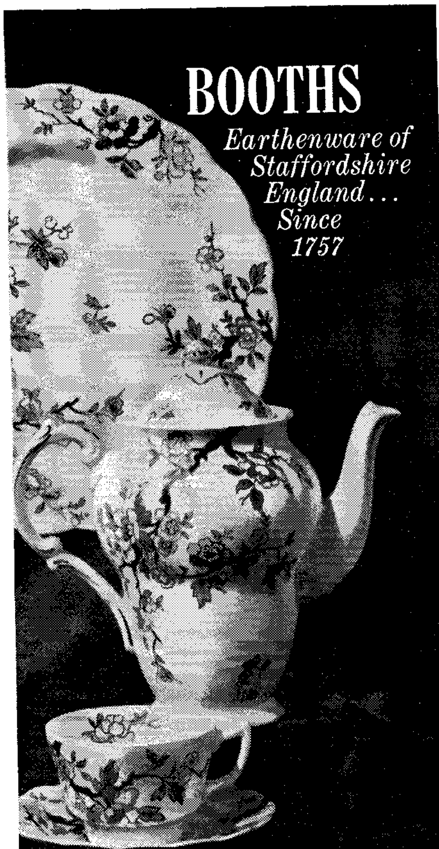

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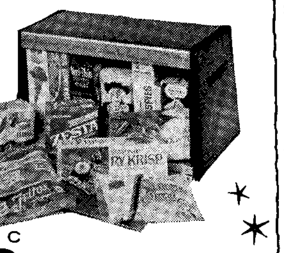

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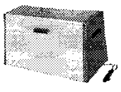

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fore him, not smoking the pipe in his hand or sipping the gin on the table, yet cut off as if by the thickest of curtains from his wife sewing or his children reading—simply sitting with his head in his hand, staring and thinking. If you could get round in front of him and look into his eyes, you might see that look, fixed on a point halfway between you and himself, which Rembrandt painted in his great self-portraits: the look of a man staring at himself in a mirror or in the mirror of his own mind, the look of someone trying to find an answer to the question of how to balance the two demands of life—the demand of possessions, the need to acquire and look after *things*, and the demand of ideas, of the spirit, of all the insubstantial daydreams one needs to give time to, even if it is only as a never-ending brooding on the question "What am I doing here?"

To me, being by myself means being in a room alone. The Dutch, like children in big families, can be by themselves in a room with six other people, or on a canal bank lined with people fishing almost shoulder to shoulder. Stand on any street corner in Amsterdam at five-thirty in the evening and watch the phalanxes of bicycles go by—a sight not quite what it used to be but still impressive enough. If you pick at random one serenely pedalling individual from the thick, staggered formation, you see that he isn't really looking at the city, the street, or the bicyclists around him. He seems aware only of a small portion of space, a bubble within which he and his bike exist, with a few spare inches outside his knuckles on the handlebars, his twirling feet, his steady shoulders. He is secure within this space, which encloses him and moves with him, the way energy moves through water, giving an appearance of fast forward motion to a wave. Then the traffic light has changed, he is gone, and others have whirled up to the junction, jousting with each other in a remote, impersonal way, ignoring an interloping car or a sputtering *brommer*. On any face—the face of a girl, the face of a dignified gentleman wearing a hat—you may glimpse the most private of smiles. Pedalling homeward, they have their own thoughts as their wheels revolve and as cars and trams and *brommers* assail them from four, or even six, directions, the man on the right, whatever his vehicle, having the right of way, which he—sometimes with more courage than sense—always takes, their reflexes operating splendidly though their minds are elsewhere. These Amsterdam rush-hour bicycle riders always fascinate me. They are a wonder, like salmon going upstream, demonstrating, as they do, that in the most crowded places a human being can go on being *himself*, can become even more himself.

When space seems in particularly short supply, as it does on the beach at Katwijk on any warm Sunday, and one feels the need of exterior rather than interior space, one should fight one's way out, driving northeastward on the packed Randstad roads to the Ijsselmeer polders, the reclaimed lands of the Zuider Zee. The Dutch call the polders "the new land." In 1932, when the first stage of the plan promulgated by an engineer and Cabinet minister named Cornelius Lely was successfully realized with the completion of the huge enclosing dike across the mouth of the Zuider Zee, it was taken for granted that almost all of the ground to be slowly reclaimed there would be used for agriculture. And in two of the four big polders, the Northeastern polder and the Eastern Flevoland polder, it has been. Farming is the thing, although in Eastern Flevoland there are hints of a change: there are fewer villages and an extra town. People no longer want to live in hamlets; cars and motorcycles make it possible for them to get to work from larger places that provide more services and a greater variety of shops, people, and attractions. With the Common Market, many crops are available from Italy or France more cheaply than they can be grown in Holland. Agriculture, therefore, has lost its priority status, and every year fewer Dutchmen are engaged in farming. Of late, moreover, the new polders have been recognized as possessing a national value, not just a local, agricultural one. They provide new road and railway routes and room for urban expansion; in the Southern Flevoland polder, which has just been drained, less than half of the new land will be used for farms. A quarter of it will provide space for a new town—a satellite of Amsterdam—and space for industry. Another quarter will provide space for the constricted to stretch their elbows; there will be beaches on border lakes between the old land and the new, and woods, with trails and bridle paths, on land that in any case might be too sandy for crops. Planning has become social, and man—man is becoming leisured, the *Homo ludens*, or Man at Play, of Johan

Huizinga's prophetically titled book.

The space of the polders strikes the Dutch in various ways. To some of them the polders seem an Australia, a limitless land in which to expand and prosper. To others they seem a Sahara, monotonous and sere. Some can't stand the wide spaces, the lack of variation in the landscape, the long roads running through endless fields, with every now and then a farm looking exactly like the farm several miles back, and with everything fulfilling a function, no artifice anywhere. There are people in Holland who need crowds, need elbows in their ribs and a sense of constant crush and turmoil. But there are also people who are willing to move to, say, Lelystad, in Eastern Flevoland, and put up with its pioneer and Spartan newness in return for the surrounding emptiness, which strikes them as wonderful. They must also put up with town planning and architecture that are suddenly uncertain of the way to cope with all this space. In Lelystad, development of the new town has begun (a kilometre or so away from the Ijsselmeer, as if no one were quite sure whether or not the town should be by the water) with tight squares of poorly designed town houses: the one toilet in each house on the ground floor, by the front door; the washroom on the second floor; and the clotheslines, to which wet laundry will have to be taken, on a third-floor balcony. In the new village of Nagele, the planning has been in the direction of a sort of imitative expansiveness. In reacting against the density of old Dutch cities, the modern Dutch architects of the CIAM group have here produced a village that is a vacuum.

Southern Flevoland had just risen above the water when I first went there, a number of months ago. It was a black, glistening pancake, in some places steaming with mist, in others still dotted with pools. Much of this and was once above sea level and was later inundated, but it had probably been seven or eight hundred years since t was last seen, and interesting things were found: wrecked ships, old anchors, and not so old planes. About six hundred Allied planes came down over this part of Holland during the Second World War, and quite a few have turned up in the drained polders of the Ijsselmeer. (In the wreckage of one Flying Fortress a camera was found, and its film, when developed, showed a German city from twenty thousand feet.) Here, in the last pools of Southern Flevoland, fish nets were strung out to catch the last fish, and where the soil was already dry enough the

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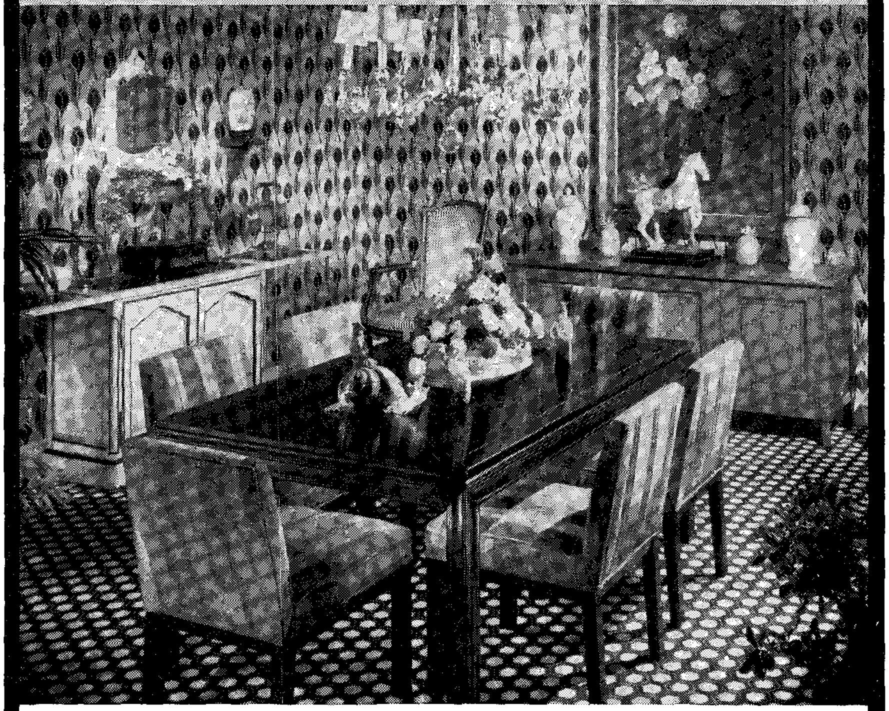

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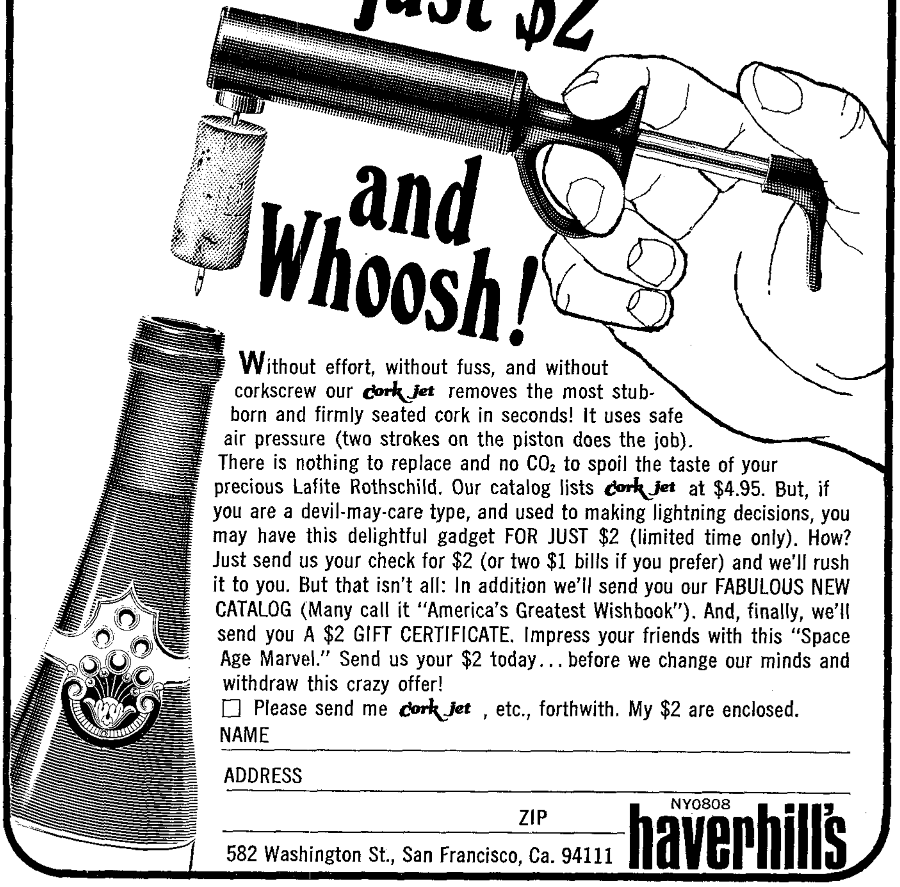

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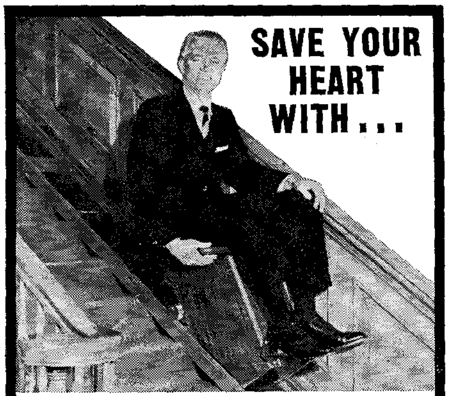

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first vegetation was sprouting—a yellow-green plant called fleawort, which looks like Brussels sprout gone to seed. In one spot, I walked down the face of the dike and felt the sandy, muddy, peaty ground; it was soft and springy, like black rubber. It gave me an Adam-like feeling—I was the first man to set foot here, at least since the fourteenth century—and I could imagine the thrill a Dutchman would have. The fleawort is followed by coltsfoot, a plant with large, coarse gray-green leaves, and then the new soil is sown with reed—half a kilo of reed seed per acre, scattered from small planes and helicopters. The reed crowds out the fleawort, the coltsfoot, and other weeds, and forms a rich humus with the mud. The reed also absorbs a great deal of water, enabling it to evaporate, and then when all the water in the soil is gone the reed loses its vitality and can easily be cut down and burned. The second year, the soil is deeply plowed. Rape and lucerne, or alfalfa, are the first crops. They are followed by flax and corn, winter wheat and summer barley. (Since the huge main dike was completed across the mouth of the former Zuider Zee, in 1932, the Ijsselmeer has become a fresh-water lake, and the surrounding soil has gradually been freed of salt.) In this brand-new countryside, natural life flourishes. Of course, a profusion of birds and flowers coexists with a profusion of people everywhere in Holland. In the Randstad, the dunes, cow pasturage, and water everywhere help a lot: gulls eat the garbage in the canals, birds chirp on every city street, and duck nests have been built in every little park pond. The priority of nature is indicated in the development plans for Lelystad, where the prime site for early construction is a fish hatchery. But birds are the favored heirs of the new land. Gulls come in from the coast while it is being drained, together with terns, avocets, plovers, and oyster catchers. Bees, midges, and flies colonize the reed swamps, while the pools and marsh are soon thick with rails, reed warblers, marsh hens, coots, swans, ducks, and grebes. Mice and voles arrive, and encourage the presence of buzzards, kestrels, and marsh harriers. When the reed is burned or is gathered for thatch, and cereal and grass cultivation spreads, lapwings, wagtails, and skylarks fly in. In the grassy fields, godwit, redshank, and ruff begin to appear. Pheasants nest in copses and woody plantations, and so do pigeons and long-eared owls.

I spent an afternoon with Menno Brandsma, a young biologist at the Ijsselmeer authority in Kampen, which is an ancient Zuider Zee port. Mr. Brandsma, who has been following the shifts and changes of nature in the new polders, told me, "We've found that by leaving reeds in certain areas we'll later get birch and alder woods, and eventually pigeons and pheasants nesting in them. Because the water is no longer salt, grass spreads down the sandy beaches—so ruffs are shorebirds here. Eels have been encouraged to come in to reduce the mosquito larvae, which have increased with the conversion of the salt Zuider Zee to the fresh-water Ijsselmeer. The eels, which swim here all the way from their breeding grounds in the Sargasso Sea, seem to flourish just as well in fresh water, though our smoked-eel connoisseurs say their taste isn't quite what it was. The eels are in demand not only with fishermen but with cormorants—birds that are in trouble these days. The fishermen do all they can to get rid of them—they feel that the cormorants are their competitors—and, besides, the birds like a lot of sea room, which they no longer have. They're also a bit lazy. We're trying to make a safe home for them in the north corner of Eastern Flevoland. Swans are a problem, too. They're settling on the border lakes, and their excreta raise the nitrogen content of the water and encourage pollution. However, we think the bulrush—*Scirpus lacustris*—helps clean it up. We're planting it along the border lakes—especially near camp sites, where pollution is strong. We've had plagues of shrews, voles, and mice, so we're building nesting boxes and doing everything else we can think of to encourage the kestrels to stay around. A kestrel needs about ten mice a day. We've been following the progress of the moles as they make their way in from the old land to the new. Earthworms came in with dung from the old land, and we think that a lot of poor-quality grasses arrived the same way. Some native Israeli plants have appeared in fields of lucerne, sown with seed from Israel. We've also discovered some rare birds—black-winged stilts, for instance, and dotterels. The dotterel, which is a white-gray-and-brown plover, generally lives on high bare ground—the Scandinavian tundra or the Russian steppes—but for some reason it seems to have decided that our polders, ten feet below sea level, are as good as any northern place four thousand feet above sea level. We're trying to look after the dotterels—we've been showing pictures of their nests to farmers and asking them not to use insecticide close by. The dotterels like flax and sugar-beet fields, but when the polders are all under cultivation they may leave us."

In serving nature well, one also serves man. A border lake has the immediate purpose of being a drain-off reservoir for the higher old land; without the lake, the new land would become too wet every now and then. But the lake also makes a place to sail, fish, and swim, and it is a relieving feature of an otherwise uncompromising landscape. There is no "landscaping" in the polders, because everything there is the effect of necessity, and there is certainly no "beautification" (a word that has a cosmetic, camouflaging ring to it), but the Dutch have found that when you build a dike you can use displaced sand to make a beach in front of it, and when you dredge a lake deep enough for barge navigation you can dump the spoil in one spot and make an island. Mr. Brandsma took me to a place where men had stood on the polder dike in a high wind and thrown willow seeds into the air. The seeds had fallen on such an island, whose soft mud had originally been too dangerous to set foot on, and now, with willows growing there, its soil was firmer. The island, moreover, was now a bird sanctuary.

The straight lines of the Dutch landscape simply show what is there. For the most part, it is a land without contours. Bends and curves imposed by man would be unfunctional. Beauty in Holland is thus the result of doing what has to be done as simply and directly as possible with the available materials. Few things are more beautiful than one of the narrow roads that run along the polder dikes. The road caps the dike. Trees line the road, giving it shade, breaking the wind, and, with their roots, helping to hold the dike together. Because the clay and sand of the dike settle unevenly, a road paved with concrete or asphalt would soon lump and crack, so the road is paved with bricks. The bricks are laid by hand, by men crawling backward on their knees, tapping the bricks into place in a bed of sand one by one.

—ANTHONY BAILEY

(This is the first of two articles on the Netherlands.)

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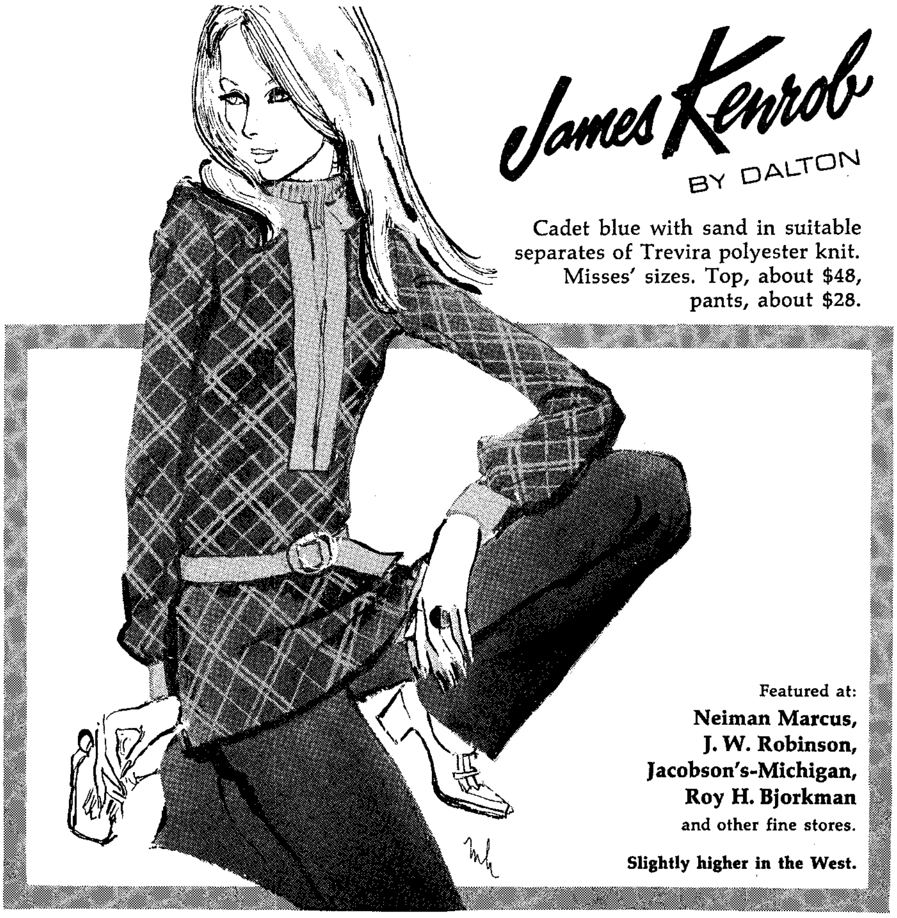

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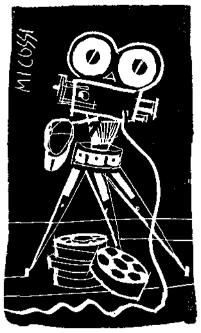
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Skeptical Soprano



HENRI LANGLOIS, the archivist who is world film history's sage, Cerberus, spy, Foreign Legionnaire, and acknowledged king—the scholar of silent movies who calls the talkies "the babble-toy;" the big and witty man whose arms fall forward as if he would prefer to be on all fours when he is speaking—has just opened a season at the Metropolitan Museum of great films from the Cinémathèque Française archives. It is a season of brilliance, quixotry, love, and disorder. ("Disorder is the Greek thing. . . . Disorder is the energy," Langlois said in a hurry at the opening, offhandedly defending a lifetime.) It is his witness in America of an aim realized after ages of scholars' squabbles; his conspiratorial gift to the movie land that has precious little concrete recall of world movies. Typically, the Dionysian antiquarian began the season with a brand-new Apollonian film—Renoir's "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir." The picture was made for French and Italian television. This should put no one off, least of all a possible distributor. At seventy-five, the master does things in this film that are as funny, convivial, and moving as anything in his career.

In the middle of the picture, at the end of the second of three sketches, Renoir makes one of his appearances—he behaves as a sort of *compère*—and says, "I invite you now to an evocation of what it is convenient to call the '*belle époque*.' " He looks rather serious. "I know very well," he says, "that the *belle époque* wasn't as beautiful as all that, that it had its injustices, its cruelties, but I like it, because it furnished us with touching elements for the mounting of spectacles." Your head hums a bit with boredom, but this is Renoir, after all. You make room. He goes on, "I asked Jeanne Moreau to be our guide on this excursion into the past. With infinite grace, she agreed to lend her beauty and her talent." It is rather stuffy, like the opening of a fête. Then Jeanne Moreau comes on in a wasp-waisted dress and sings a terrific piece of nineteenth-century sentiment composed by Octave Crémieux and called "When Love Dies." (Marlene Dietrich sang it in "Morocco.") The solemnity is immense. Love dies splendiferously. The camera moves slowly in and out with heavy respect, like an intimidated member of the chorus tiptoeing around the stage deathbed of a soprano who is elocuting some very long and effulgent last words. So this isn't nostalgia at all. It is high, stone-faced, crackup spoof. The magnetic thing is that Jeanne Moreau's expressions are completely out of sync with the stuff she is singing. In full flood, she looks obscurely distracted. As she belts out a particularly hefty line of lament, a wisp of anxiety will cross her face. Something is bothering her. The lousy song, presumably. Then she will muster herself and carry straight on, gazing at a point that exquisitely just misses the camera, her beautiful eyes sometimes slightly crossed. The famous mouth drags down in misery, and the upper lip gets very long, like someone suppressing a yawn.

The number is simple and mysteriously hilarious. Jeanne Moreau must be very bright. Perhaps funniness often occurs when everything is in good order except for one small thing that has slipped. In this two-minute set piece, it is the visibly skeptical cast of the singer's mind that throws everything out. In the sketch that this squib of a song follows, called "The Electric Waxing Machine," it is something else. Renoir introduces the sketch as an opera: "Well, at least, there are songs, choruses commenting on the action, et cetera, et cetera. It is also very topical, because it is about the struggle between mankind and the machine." A prim and pretty housewife (Marguerite Cassan, superb), a Dresden-faced chirper who is obsessed with cleaning, comes back to her apartment one day and slips dreamily into snowshoe-size carpet slippers before breasting around her living-room floor so as to polish the parquet. Her passion to own an electric floor-waxer easily dwarfs any passion she has ever had for her husband (Pierre Olaf), a benign, decorous man who looks much in need of exhilaration. He has just been upped to second clerk, but his wife pays him no heed at all, apart from saying that the promotion will pay for a polisher. When the man tries to be master in his own house, it is an act that he can sustain only by stalking away from her and delivering experimental pieces of firmness from hidden positions in other rooms. He is beaten, of course. The electric polisher comes to stay. The husband soon dies of a blow on the head, flat on his back after slipping on the glassy floor. Sorrowing but practical, the widow quickly gets married again and goes on adoring her floor. "A spot!" she hisses, on hands and knees, thrilled, while her new man is trying in his turn to be forceful about getting her not to use the noisy machine when he is at home. She turns girlish. "I'm going back to my mother," she whines. The comic bit of displacement here is that the actress really looks twenty years too old for the line. The little fable is always perfectly acted, with funny spurts of fury and some moments of Tati automaton behavior. It is also fairly predictable once it gets going, but with the unusual and transforming provision that it is cryptically interrupted now and then by singers, who elbow their way to the camera and wail rather bossy comments on the action. Joseph Kosma's witty music—he wrote the score for Renoir's "Grand Illusion"—is in the style of, say, the Nadia Boulanger school. It is advanced. The singers look concentrated and forbidding. A fierce egotism visibly operates among them: a man and a woman will bawl nastily in counterpoint at each other, for instance, while a taller man in the middle, irritably holding another non-tune, cranes over them and fixes the camera with a chill stare. Sometimes a lot of the singers will be clumped together, desperately pretending to be ordinary people in the middle of their recondite yelling. There is one difficult song when they mill, trying vainly to look as if they were chatting, each of them equipped, for no credible reason, with a long loaf of bread. Like a Greek chorus, they have reactions that are a mixture of the high-flown and the fusspot, and they exclaim a great deal about rapture and delicious excess in a rather nagging, petit-bourgeois tone of voice. The little story doesn't make any particularly new or subtle point about men and machines, but it is gracefully characterized in the performances and very funny about twentieth-century music and ancient Greeks.

The curtain-raiser, an ironic fairy story called "The Last Wakening," about the poor managing to put the rich off their food, is a good idea made weak by the acting. The third piece, "The King of Yvetot," is fine enough and characteristic enough to remind you often of Renoir's "Rules of the Game." ("I enjoy repeating myself," Renoir said happily a while ago. "One gets interested.") A character called Duvallier (Fernand Sardou), a heavy, poetic, shambling figure a little like the Octave whom Renoir himself played in "Rules of the Game," is married to a pretty girl much younger than he is. They live in the country, in a small town where the men play bowls and Duvallier always wins. This nourishes the old French superstition that winners at games must be in the midst of being cuckolded. He laughs amiably at that, and continues to dote on his wife. He also deals sweetly with their maid, who wants to quit service and become a high-class concubine, like Camille or Messalina—"a hetaera." (She wants to do a lot of things. Later on, she aspires desperately to own a butcher's shop. "It's perfectly possible to be a hetaera *and* a butcher," her master says encouragingly.)

"I'm nervous," says his wife, out of the blue. Why? She doesn't know. Her skin is tingling and she looks ready to run. His big head hangs. He's old and she's young, and that's the root of it—they should separate, he says lugubriously. No, she says, believing she means it; she is married to a big bear at loose and alone in the world, and she loves him, and life without him would be insupportable. In the middle of this—events in Renoir's best films flow in and out of one another like water, with unrelated small mishaps interrupting moments when the people talking are trying to confront their lives—their dachshund is hurt. The vet comes, in a very small white car, heralded by the ceremonial but clipped entrance music of four bars from Beethoven's Fifth. The crisis passes, the couple and the vet have lunch, the distraught maid produces an uncooked fish, and the vet and Duvallier strike up an alliance because they discover that they both believe in loafing. (Duvallier sings a scrap of a nineteenth-century jingle about the endearing king of Yvetot, "little known in history," who lay about in bed most of the time "and slept wonderfully, though without glory.") The vet falls for the wife, of course. There is a funny moment when he kisses first the dachshund's head and then the girl's mouth. She looks mildly dissident. Duvallier finds out about the affair very soon. You see his back view going down a lane: an ambling creature, quizzical, much wounded, with a jacket that hangs loose behind. What would the other men in the village do if their wives took lovers? He asks a sailor. "I wouldn't bother myself about it much," says the sailor, and then, with an un-

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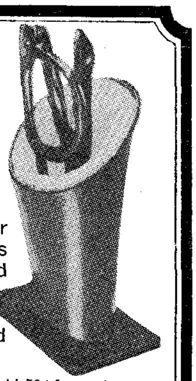

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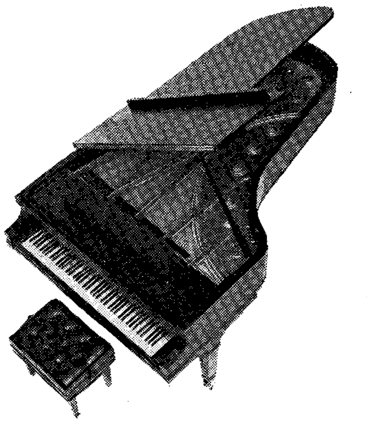
marked turn in the line that is typical of Renoir's dialogue style, "I haven't got a wife." Another adviser says, "I'd kill her, and him, too." "You love her that much?" says Duvallier. "It's not how much I love her," the adviser, who deals in rabbit skins, says loftily, "but I wouldn't want to be taken for a fool." Duvallier himself is irretrievably pacific, but he comports himself like no fool. The vet, in an immolatory mood masked as belligerence, offers pistols. No taker. "You don't wish to duel with me?" says the vet piteously. I don't think so, Duvallier holds. A possible course, and better, would be to live out the triangle as it is. "But there are conventions," says the vet, scandalized. "We'll be taken for revolutionaries." Duvallier, though, like Renoir, is in favor of small revolutions—revolutions of cooking, of the bedroom, of village squares; in favor of storms in teacups, he says fondly.

And then, at this rather sad moment in praise of accommodation, Renoir suddenly seizes the last few seconds of the picture and throws them into the air like a kite, turning a shot of people playing bowls and laughing at the cuckolded Duvallier into an image of the husband, wife, and lover laughing together, and then, pulling back in a continuous shot, into the sight of them still laughing together but now as actors taking their curtain call. The speed is beautiful. This is a little work by a great master, and it is little partly because he can do what he wants in the breath of a second. That may have something to do with the succinctness of age, but it also has something to do with his lifelong Mozartean genius for throwing great things away very fast. The last part of the film, which is spiked with marvellous funniness and spirit, embodies some rather serious ideas about the tolerance of contradictions—a notion that runs through Renoir's work—but he gives us the whole piece as a toy, for the fun of it. He would never have enjoyed being a general, which is the way a good many directors see their role. He is a born corporal, teaching a platoon how to hang on to a horse, because that's the entertaining part. There are a lot of moments in the picture that one wishes would go on longer, but he cuts them short out of a sure instinct that there are plenty more where they came from. The prodigality makes your eyes sting, and not because of his age.

ABOUT five years ago, I started noticing the number of Broadway plays and musicals that were ob-



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sessed with real estate ("Barefoot in the Park," "Skyscraper," etc.). The obsession has now taken root in films. "Move," with Elliott Gould, is a ghastly comedy about a man who—married to *Paula Prentiss*—can't make love to his wife because he is so worried about moving from a brownstone to an apartment house. The moving men won't come, and other big anxieties. . . . "Performance," with Mick Jagger and James Fox, is about swinging London. People slash each other's faces, and take baths together by the household in Moorish installations, and eat hallucinogenic mushrooms, and do the other usual English things. It is all in full color, and is beautifully photographed by Nicolas Roeg. If the film had any sense of the ridiculous, it would miss out on its unmeant achievement, which is to drive the shabby and the catchpenny through Grand Guignol right to the other side, into one of the most striking pieces of film dopiness and irresponsibility in years. This is the new equal of mogul Hollywood, insulated from everything. The extravaganza has been solemnly and fiercely defended against cuts, but that isn't like taking a stand against censorship; it is much more like Sam Goldwyn insisting on a Goldwynism. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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But Agnew is no hero in the Northeast, where Republican candidates and officeholders, with both ears on the ground, have had the temerity to buck the President on the war and to lecture him on civil rights.—*Jack Bell in the Binghamton (N. Y.) Evening Press.*

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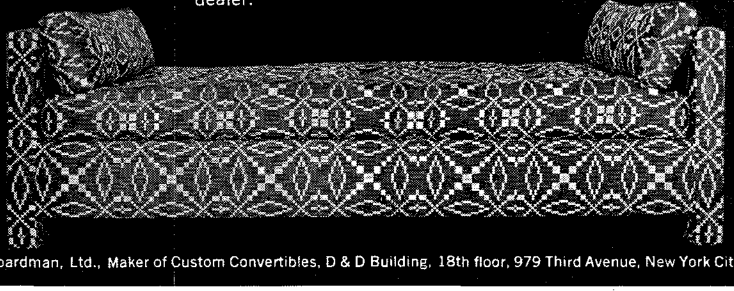

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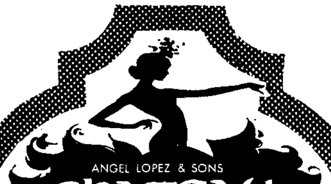

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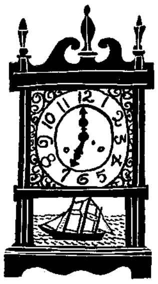
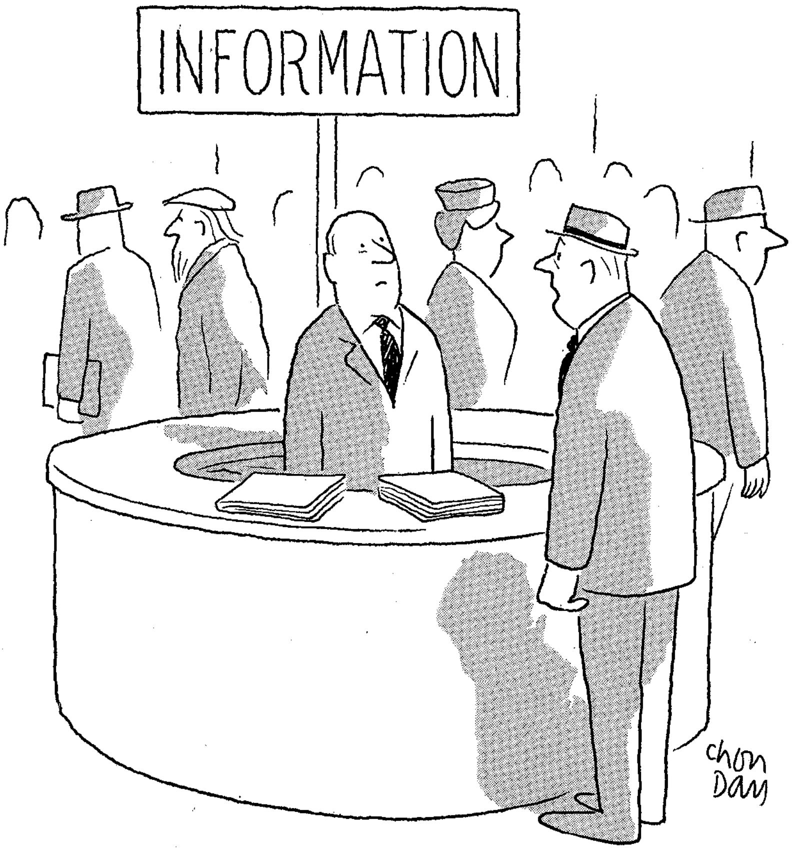


IN a wonderful book entitled "The Arts in Modern American Civilization," first published in 1948 and now reissued in paperback by Norton, John A. Kouwenhoven writes of two conflicting traditions that have been present within American culture since its beginning, calling one the cultivated tradition and the other the vernacular. The cultivated tradition, he says, "had dedicated itself to persuading the Americans that they were 'a raw and noisy and obtrusive people' who could be saved only by placing themselves under the influence of the past and reverently studying specimens of the arts of luxury from Europe." The vernacular, concerned more with tools, machines, buildings, and useful objects than with painting and sculpture, represents "the folk arts of the first people in history who, disinherited of a great cultural tradition, found themselves living under democratic institutions in an expanding machine economy."

In recent years, the vernacular forms, neglected in their own time, have become objects of veneration among collectors and students of the arts, while the ornate examples of the other tradition have moldered in attics. The current "19th-Century America" exhibition of paintings, sculpture, and the decorative arts at the Metropolitan Museum represents another swing of the pendulum. It is concerned almost exclusively with "the arts of luxury" and provides a corrective to the notion of nineteenth-century America as a kind of folklorist's paradise, a great good place of patchwork quilts, stoneware bowls, Hitchcock chairs, naïve paintings, ingenious implements, and entire villages inhabited by unsung Morrises. Nineteenth-century America, the Met reminds us, was also (was predominantly) a gloomy parlor filled with hideous ornament-encrusted furniture, pretentious bibelots, and large allegorical paintings. The exhibition rooms devoted to the decorative arts are filled with things like a marble-top table whose legs are gilded sphinxes terminating in hoofs on wheels, and a mahogany case clock covered with hundreds of horrid little spindle decorations, and a sofa, by Belter, that looks like a disgusting dessert. There are two hundred and ninety-eight objects on display, and their variety is tremendous, but the word that comes to mind to describe one's collective impression is "Victorian" rather than "American." Practically everything is an imitation of a past elegant style, or sometimes even a number of styles. Imitation rococo, Renaissance, Gothic, Elizabethan, French restoration, Empire, and "neo-Grec" are among the styles that predominate. The atmosphere of the show is heavy and mournful; one thinks of Prince Albert rather than of Davy Crockett.

Henry James wrote a good deal about the "conflicting traditions." In a light early story in letter form called "The Point of View," one of the characters, who has recently returned from a long trip abroad, writes to his sister in California and says that he has rid himself of the notion "that there's no salvation but through Europe," and that "our salvation is here, if we have eyes to see it, and the salvation of Europe into the bargain; that is if Europe's to be saved, which I rather doubt." The "roaring Yankee," as the young man calls himself, goes on to observe that "once one feels, over here, that the great questions of the future are social questions, that a mighty tide is sweeping the world to democracy, and that this country is the biggest stage on which the drama can be enacted, the fashionable European topics seem petty and parochial." He defines aristocracy as "bad manners organized," and as for "the cathedrals and Titians . . . there's a thought that helps one to do without them—the thought that, though we've an immense deal of pie-eating plainness, we've little misery, little squalor, little degradation." He continues, "There's no regular wife-beating class, and there are none of the stultified peasants of whom it takes so many to make a European noble. The people here are more conscious of things; they invent, they act, they answer for themselves; they're not (I speak of social matters) tied up by authority and precedent."

If the sense of nineteenth-century America as a technological democracy, as a place where people acted, invented, and answered for themselves, is missing from the Met's exhibition, it is vividly present—perhaps more so than anywhere else—in a Shaker museum at Hancock, Massachusetts, on U.S. Route 20, five miles west of Pittsfield, where the original buildings of a Shaker community have been restored and are furnished with the objects made and used by the original inhabitants. The Shakers, as you may recall, were a celibate, communistic, separatist, millennialist sect, which was intro-



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duced to America by an Englishwoman named Ann Lee, who came here in 1774 with a small band of followers and settled in a town near Albany called Watervliet. Ann grew up in poor surroundings in Manchester and spent most of her childhood working in the textile mills. At the age of twenty-two, she joined an offshoot of the Quakers—a group known as the Shaking Quakers because of the strange, fervid way in which they prayed and carried on. The sect was harassed and persecuted, and some of its members, including Ann, were thrown into prison. While in jail, according to a Shaker publication entitled "A Summary View of the Millennial Church," Ann had a vision in which it was revealed to her that concupiscence was the source of all the world's evil, and "she henceforth bore an open testimony against the lustful gratifications of the flesh as the source and foundation of human corruption." In America, Ann's following grew, and by the end of the century there were eleven self-contained societies of Shakers scattered through New England and New York; by the time of the Civil War there were eighteen societies and a total membership of six thousand. After that, their numbers declined, and today there are only a handful of Shakers left.

The Shakers were unlike most utopian societies in that they had the knack of succeeding in practically all that they undertook. The societies not only were self-supporting but were models of enterprise, efficiency, ingenuity, sound business practice, and fair dealing. The Shakers have many inventions to their credit, among them the circular saw, the rotary harrow, the threshing machine, the flat broom, a machine for making tongue-and-groove boards, an improved washing machine, cut nails, the peanut sheller, the screw propeller, and the clothespin. "The Shakers had no fear of the machine," says Kouwenhoven. "The present-day interest in Shaker crafts and architecture, no matter how carelessly the antique collectors and folk-art enthusiasts may lump them with the quaint survivals of an agrarian era, is essentially a recognition of the vitality and strength of vernacular forms evolved without any reference to the cultivated tradition."

The visitor to the Shaker museum, known as Shaker Village, is forcibly struck—as all contemporaries of the Shakers were—by the intensive neatness and cleanness and orderliness of the buildings and the rooms within. There is nothing quite like it anywhere

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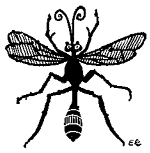
else. Today's visitor also finds beauty in the furniture and useful objects and implements sparsely deployed through the rooms. The nineteenth-century outsider found them all too plain, and after seeing the things at the Met one can understand why, and realize at what a distance from the "world" the Shakers had placed themselves. Nathaniel Hawthorne, in a surly account of his visit to the Shaker commune at Hancock in 1851, objected to "everything so neat that it was a pain and constraint to look at it; especially as it did not imply any real delicacy or moral purity in the occupants of the house." Charles Nordhoff, a journalist who travelled to various communistic societies across America, such as the Rappites, the Perfectionists, and the Shakers, and in 1875 published an account of his visits entitled "The Communistic Societies of the United States," was critical of Shaker architecture, "whose peculiarity is that it seeks only the useful, and cares nothing for grace or beauty, and carefully avoids ornament." On a visit to the Shaker community at Mount Lebanon, Pennsylvania, Nordhoff records, "Considering the homeliness of the buildings, which mostly have the appearance of mere factories or human hives, I asked Elder Frederick whether, if they were to build anew, they would not aim at some architectural effect, some beauty of design. He replied with great positiveness, 'No, the beautiful, as you call it, is absurd and abnormal. It has no business with us. The divine man has no right to waste money on what you would call beauty in his house or his daily life, while there are people living in misery.' "



The Shaker's "peculiarity" has won today's approval, and "the beautiful" as it is represented by the ornate objects at the Met seems as abnormal to us as it did to the Shakers. But to say, as some commentators have said, that the Shakers were functionalists before their time is to go about it backward. The significant clause in Elder Frederick's answer is "*while there are people living in misery.*" It is the Shakers' social philosophy that makes their furniture seem so "modern," that invests a museum of their relics with such tremendous appeal for the twentieth-century visitor. At Hancock, one feels that one could live in any of the rooms on display. (At the Met, one feels that one's hair would turn white after a day spent in one of the model rooms.) The Shaker rooms look so human and sane. The comfortable, modest scale on which the Shakers lived is just the scale that it is widely agreed no one should exceed today. The Shaker avoidance of luxury and ostentation, with its corollary emphasis on utility and efficiency, strikes responsive chords in many of us.

Although the Shakers were a strict theocracy, and the communes were run in an almost military fashion, they had an egalitarian atmosphere, which came of the fact that everyone worked with his hands at the same sort of work, regardless of his place in the hierarchy. The leaders, known as elders and eldresses, ate and slept apart from the rank and file, but they ate the same simple food and slept in the same exquisitely plain bedrooms. The Shaker rooms are full of gadgets and contrivances that spare one work and, like the furniture, are a joy to contemplate. As one regards the various eating and sleeping and work and school rooms at Hancock, one gets a sense of an enviably calm, unhurried, busy, satisfying existence. And one doesn't quite know what to make of the Shakers' celibacy.

It is an article of faith with us that *lack* of sex is the cause of much, if not all, of the world's troubles. But the sterility and bloodlessness that one would expect to see reflected in the artifacts of a sexless society are simply not present in Shaker furniture and architecture. The Shaker forms have strength and life, and the Shakers themselves were, by all accounts, normal, good, and often quite remarkable people. The origins of Ann Lee's thing about sex are obscure. She married and bore four children, all of whom died in infancy, but Nordhoff writes that long before her marriage "she showed . . . a decided repugnance to the married state," and married only because she was under great pressure to do so. (Her husband accompanied her to America but conveniently ran off with another woman shortly after landing.) Ann Lee's passion for cleanliness—"There is no dirt in Heaven" is one of the sayings attributed to her—is easier to account for than her dislike of sex. It undoubtedly came from a childhood spent in the dirty disorder of a Manchester slum, where she grew up as one of eight children. A theme that persists in memoirs of poverty (and in some of the writings of today's ghetto schoolchildren) is a feeling of despair about the dirt and disorder of the writer's surroundings, and his yearning for cleanliness and orderliness. Cleanliness and orderliness mean a great deal to people who can't achieve them. The slob, like the dandy, is a middle-class phenomenon.

The Shakers espoused and practiced sexual equality in respect to the holding of office—the societies were as often headed by women as by men—but the communes were far from a twentieth-century feminist's dream. "Suppose a woman wanted, in your family, to be a blacksmith, would you consent?" Nordhoff asked Elder Frederick. The answer was "No, because this would bring men and women into relations which we do not think wise." Nordhoff observes after this exchange that "in fact, while they call men and women equally to the rulership, they very sensibly hold that in general life the woman's work is in the house, the man's out of doors; and there is no offer to confuse the two."

Most of the Shaker societies had children—either those brought into the community by new members or orphans who were taken in. Ann Lee's strictures on the treatment of children are not altogether different from Gesell's: "You ought not to cross your children unnecessarily, for it makes them ill-natured," and "You ought never to speak to your children in a passion, for if you do, you will put devils into them." Communal care of children may have advantages over private ownership: A Shaker named Hervey Elkins reported in 1853, "Stubborn children are sometimes corrected with a rod; but any child or beast that requires an extreme severity of coercion to induce them to conform, the society are not allowed to keep. The contumacious child must be returned to his parents or guardian, and the perverse beast must be sold."

The Shaker Village at Hancock became a museum in 1960, when the last remaining Shaker on the premises moved away. The place was rescued from demolition by a group of people interested in the Shakers, who run it today as an independent non-profit organization. The recently restored round stone barn is in itself well worth the trip. As one enters it, one has the same feeling of being in the presence of a great architect that one has on entering the Guggenheim. Other pleasures of the Shaker Village include a lovely old-fashioned herb garden; a meeting hall that is absolutely bare and strangely beautiful; a kitchen that glows with warmth and comfort and is more efficient than most kitchens of today; the burnished mellow surfaces of brilliantly proportioned cabinets and tables and chairs and boxes; and the surrounding hills of the Berkshires, fittingly low and gentle.

—JANET MALCOLM

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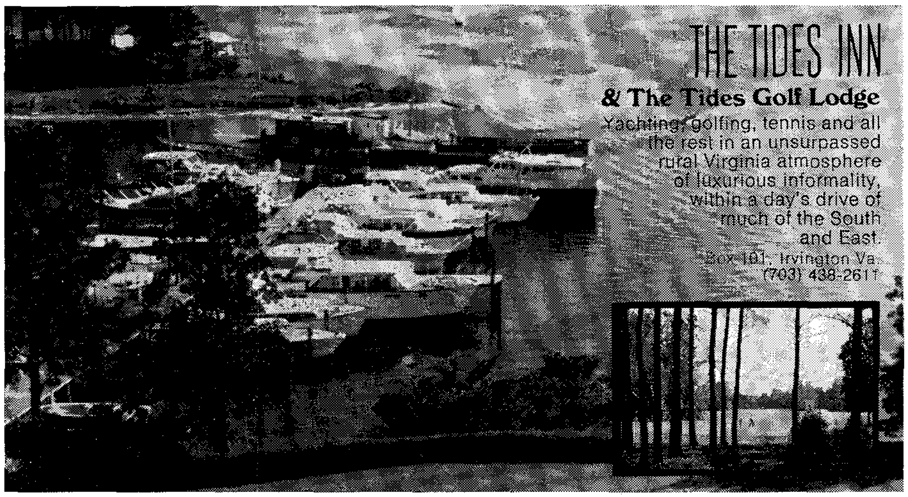

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THE RACE TRACK

Obeah Double

A YEAR ago at Delaware Park, the Christiana Stable's Obeah won the Delaware Handicap, one of the top races of the season for fillies and mares. Last weekend, she came through with another smashing effort to win it again—this time from What a Dream. Helen Jennings was third. Pattee Canyon, the favorite, was fifth. Though the current heat wave had not left Delaware Park out of its steam bath, a sizable crowd assembled in the paddock, which is as pleasant a tree-shaded place to look at horses in as the paddock at the old Belmont Park, or at Saratoga or Keeneland. Of chief interest was the appearance of Pattee Canyon, who looked very fit, and Obeah, something of a local favorite, who was turned out cool and well trained. From a fast start, Pimento Dram, Obeah's stablemate, and Double Ripple, who was second in the race last year, were in front for the first quarter, which was run in 0:22⅖, and as the dozen contestants streamed past the stand the first time, Pattee Canyon was last. Obeah, well placed early in the mile-and-a-quarter run, made her bid on the turn for home and disposed of What a Dream, the leader, quite handily in the stretch. Pattee Canyon put up a gallant performance in the circumstances—carrying 131 pounds (few mares I can remember have won at ten furlongs under that weight) and giving from fifteen to twenty-three pounds to the opposition. She was away slower than usual, and was still last at the far turn, where she started to run. It was a good try. Obeah, a big, well-made five-year-old mare by Cyane out of Book of Verse, belongs to Mrs. Harry Lunger, who owns the Christiana Stable, and she earned $85,215 in prize money and a gold Delaware Handicap Bowl for her owner. By the way, Mrs. Lunger now has four such bowls; she won the race in 1958 and 1959 with Endine. Obeah's next outing will be in the Diana Handicap, at the Spa. Despite the weather, it was a pleasure to go racing at Delaware Park; a meeting there in October would be delightful.

FROM all accounts, the Cragwood Stable's Mr. Leader was much the best in the Tidal Handicap, at a mile and a furlong on the grass at Aqueduct last Saturday, coming off the early pace to win by nearly three lengths from Naskra, with Shelter Bay third. It was Mr. Leader's fourth victory in a row. The Cragwood Stable also started Red Reality, Ribofilio, and Larceny Kid in the Tidal, expecting to run one, two, three, four, I suppose, but none of them was close. The Tidal wound up racing on Long Island for a month, and when you read these notes they'll have been off and running at Saratoga for several days. There, though the grandstand is more crowded than it used to be, the old course on Union Avenue retains its charm for those who remember when the Cavanaugh Special brought its trainload of bookmakers and their crews from Empire City; when you dressed for dinner at the Brook Club; and when you could get in on the action, if that was what you were looking for, at Arrowhead or half a dozen other places that are no more, including Charlie Lucky's Chicago Club, across the street from the railway station. This year, of course, you can spend your evenings at the Performing Arts Center. The highlights at the track next week will be the Saratoga Special, my favorite race for two-year-olds, and the Alabama Stakes, for three-year-old fillies. There will also be the yearling sales at the new pavilion. Meet you at the Red Spring.

MONMOUTH PARK had another of its six-figure events last weekend—the Sapling Stakes, for two-year-olds, at six furlongs. Staunch Avenger, a little visitor from Chicago, where he'd won his only two starts by lengths and lengths, rolled home by four. Pass Catcher was second and Raise Your Glass third. Among the also-rans were Three Martinis, winner of the Great American Stakes at the Big A, and Fast Fellow, who impressed observers when he won the Hollywood Juvenile Championship a couple of weeks ago. . . . At Liberty Bell Park, Silent Screen ran last in the Minuteman Handicap, for three-year-olds, at a mile and a sixteenth. Well Mannered, winner of his four previous starts, led the five other three-year-olds home by eight lengths. Rollicking was second and Tumblin Hill third. Silent Screen was well up and going smoothly for six furlongs, then faded. I'd say it wasn't the weight that stopped him but the distance.

—AUDAX MINOR

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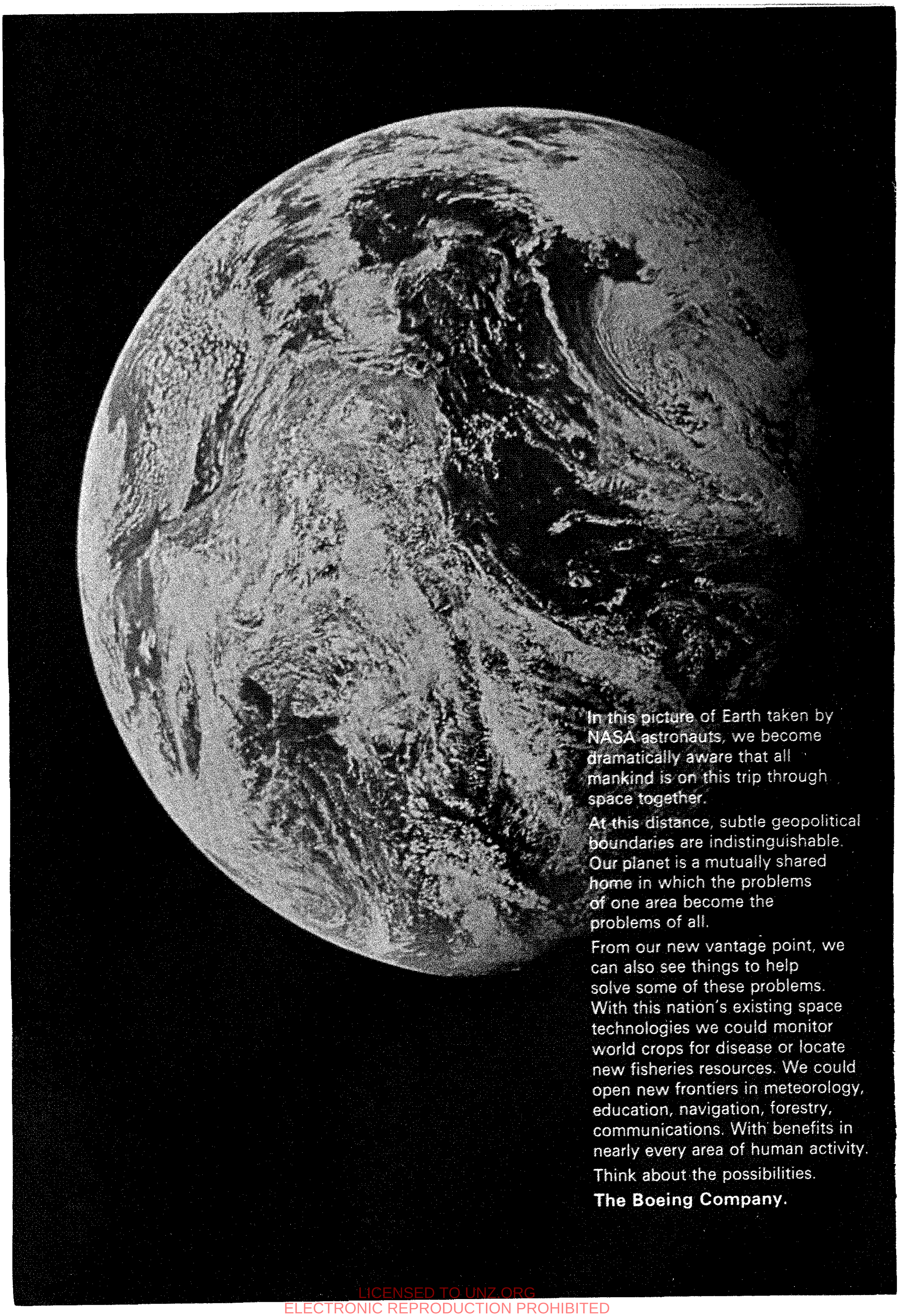

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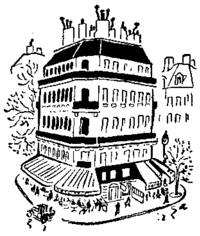
LETTER FROM PARIS

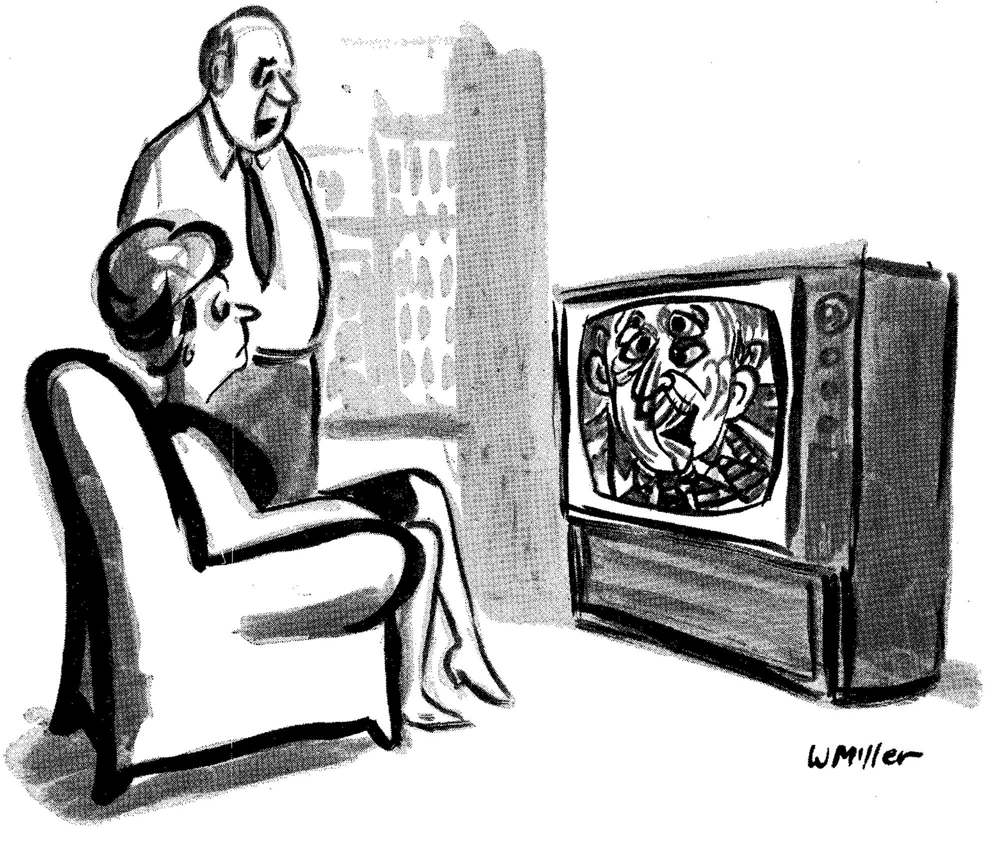
JULY 30



THERE is usually an appreciable news vacuum at this time of year—the opening of the holiday month of August, which has become so hidebound in practice that it produces a kind of thirty-one-day paralysis of almost everything in France. This time, as an exception, it brought Parisians news of very considerable importance because it was such bad news. On Wednesday, the Paris Opéra finished its annual season with its scheduled "Tosca," but it had been preceded the week before by the Opéra's surprise press announcement that, owing to unspecified *travaux*, or repairs, the opera house would be closed after Wednesday night for the next year and two months—until October, 1971—which was big and bad news indeed. This press release had been followed by another, somewhat more illuminating, from the artists, technicians, and staff of the Opéra, who, with the support of their unions, "requested an interview with the President of the Republic and the Prime Minister, since they wished to make it known to the highest government level that the closing of the state opera house for so long a period would be a serious event, injurious to French lyrical and musical art." Paris gossip added that the Opéra personnel were saying that the talk of repairs was a bluff to hide the insufficient budget of the Ministry of Cultural Affairs since the departure of André Malraux from his post as chief, and that in the necessary cheeseparing the Opéra was trying to force the ballet dancers and chorus singers, already ill paid, to accept diminished working conditions, with no guarantee of their jobs. The reaction of the French public, and especially of its operagoers, has been to say with indignation that this lengthy obliteration of the Paris Opéra in flourishing France is an absolute scandal, and to point out that last year it was also closed for so long that the Opéra ballet had to dance, pro tem, in the enormous Palais des Sports, which only dancers from the Moscow Bolshoi could fill with French balletomanes, and that the opera company sang its operas for a while at the strictly run Théâtre National Populaire, where the lack of discipline among the members of the Opéra troupe made them unpopular both with the T.N.P. audiences and with visiting opera stars—being late for rehearsals and late in ringing up the curtain, having chorus strikes, undergoing labor trouble with their scene shifters, and so on. These were all inheritances from and proofs of the fact that over the last years the Paris Opéra has been running downhill at sixes and sevens. What it needs, according to competent, unprejudiced international critics, is to be completely reorganized, with new blood, new important, gifted, permanent conductors, new administrators, new money from the Minister of Finance, and, above all, with new, strict opera-house discipline. What it will be like after it has been put out to grass until October, 1971, one fears to imagine.

FRANCE and its provincial towns and cloisters are increasingly under the spell of the summer festival this year—*le festival estival*, as it is rhythmically called. Some of the August magazines contain maps of France with nothing on them but the festival towns and their programs. It seems that the first provincial festival of our time was organized in 1947 by Jean Vilar in Avignon, in its Palais des Papes. This week, Pirandello's "Ce Soir On Improvise" played there. In the little antique southern hill town of Vaison-la-Romaine, formerly (as this traveller recalls) a haven for silkworms, with cages of them sitting in the main-street café chewing their mulberry leaves, the Aristophanes drama "The Birds" is to be given this week. At Collioure, a little Mediterranean fishing village near the Spanish border, popular with Surrealist painters in the mid-twenties, Giraudoux's "La Guerre de Troie N'Aura Pas Lieu" is to be given in the first week in August. In the theatre of the archbishop's palace in Aix-en-Provence, ambitious music will be given, such as concerts by the Bartók Quartet and by the Orchestre de Paris with the Prague Choir. Off the French maps, in North Africa, festivals will be presented at Hammamet and at Carthage, amid its ancient ruins.

Here in Paris, there have been and will be festival musical offerings in places where music is rarely heard and the place itself rarely frequented, such as the Chapelle Royale of the suburban Château de Vincennes; and the Sainte-Chapelle, behind the Palais de Justice, where the Musica Polyphonica of Brussels will give Scarlatti's "Passion According to St. John;" and even the church of Notre-Dame des Blancs-Manteaux, over in the Marais, where there were heavy organ concerts. The most utilized of the small city churches



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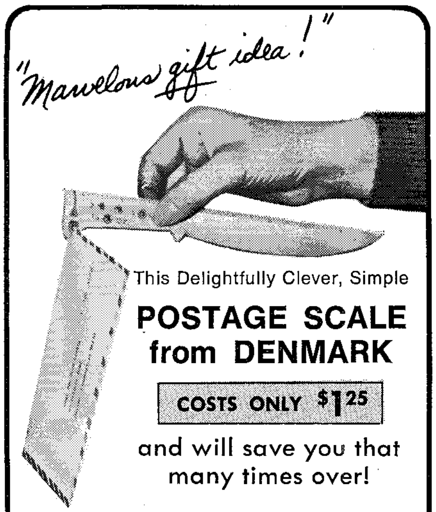
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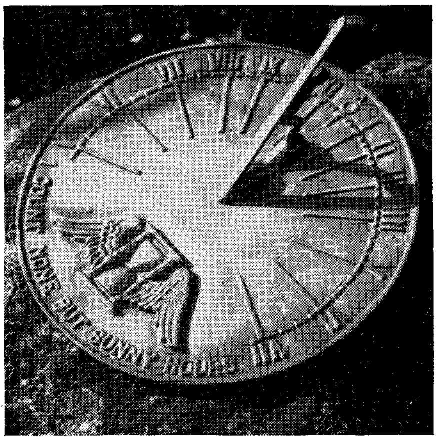

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has been the famous little Gothic gem Saint-Séverin, near Notre-Dame de Paris, where the internationally famed Russian cellist Mstislav Rostropovitch gave the Paris festival's signally great performance when he played Bach's "Suites pour Violoncelle Seul." On the whole, the provincial programs have been more contemporary than those of Paris, which have tended toward ancient or medieval revivals. Certainly the exhilarating influence of American jazz and rock has been more frequent in the south. One or two of the festival towns situated near the inflammable big pine forests above the Mediterranean, where the annual plague of forest fires was already raging, cancelled the rock portions of some of their programs as a literal fire prevention—or so the village mayors said, fearful that their young listeners would get out of hand in careless joy.

Of the theatre performances, the most eccentric one in all France seems to be the one most criticized. Obstinately presented here in Paris every day except Sunday from mid-July through the first week in August, it is Racine's "Andromaque," played in the underground Salle Saint-Louis in the Conciergerie—the old revolutionary prison beside the Seine, on the Quai de l'Horloge, with the gigantic colored clock in its tower. The ceiling is arched, and behind the makeshift stage the spectator sees, like a backdrop, the underside of a stone staircase leading to the street above. On the stage, Andromaque, Hermione, Oreste, and Pyrrhus are carried on encased in plaster statue forms, with apertures at the sides for the arms to protrude with tragic, helpless gestures, and with smaller apertures in the statue faces to speak through. They are carried about by their servitors, dressed in black trousers and jackets, so what the spectator sees and hears is not very well-articulated alexandrine verse in this drama of spiritual conscience in the struggle between the archaic Greek and Trojan civilization and the new Christian sentiments of love, as expressed by Pyrrhus. The servitors for the most part stand immobile and in perfect discipline, while at stage left a tomtom player accompanies, or sometimes even interrupts, the dialogue by tapping and scanning the twelve-syllable lines of the alexandrine verses. The performance lasts a solid two and a half hours, through which this correspondent sat with unbroken interest, with the ears straining but with the imagination stirred, as seemed to be true of the fifty or sixty other listeners, all presumably French and all seemingly unacquainted with one another, knowing only Racine. It is possible that a production with such calculated museological touches as encasing the leading actors in plaster might, in the case of a Shakespeare play given somewhere in England, offend the British listeners to the same extent that it would captivate foreigners, whose ignorance would furnish them with special stimulation at the sight of the bizarre. The Paris critics disliked or ignored this odd "Andromaque." The most damning of them briefly declared that no idea could justify such a ridiculous presentation, nor could any sentiment explain it "except the desire of somebody stupid to do something original," come what might. What was original was the limitless concentration it permitted to the handful of listeners and watchers there in the Conciergerie's ancient hall.

AN exhibition of "L'Expressionnisme Européen" was recently on view here at the Musée National d'Art Moderne, and it aroused greater attendance and interest than one would have thought likely, for Expressionist art occupied only a narrow fraction of time in this century, dominated by the German painters and their heavy psychology, though relieved by the French painters' remaining Fauvism. Expressionism usually defies strict definition except as a form of a certain strong feeling for life itself and the entry of certain painting men into a certain state of the soul, as it was then candidly called. The most important of these artists were unhappy to the point of desperate melancholy—artists whose tragedy was the dark mainspring of their art and who have aroused a cult of public love that still surrounds them: van Gogh, Gauguin, Ensor, Emil Nolde, Pascin, Munch, Soutine. In their super-emotionality they were—no matter what their dates or painting styles—ranking Expressionists. In this recent exhibition, there were some extraordinary paintings by them, which some of us had never seen before and are now not able to forget. The honor of the catalogue's colored frontispiece went to Oskar Kokoschka, a junior of Expressionism, in a double portrait of himself and the famous Alma Mahler, widow of the composer and Circe to how many other men and husbands, including Gropius. In the technical brilliance of its painting, this canvas, which comes from a private collection, is a modern rarity. Kokoschka shows the two standing with their hands almost but not quite touching, like tentative lovers—she in a reddish gown, he in a yellow-and-brown jacket. The other master canvas was a 1907 Picasso, a "Demoiselle" of the so-called proto-Cubist series—a dish-faced female creature of even more intense style than the half dozen that Gertrude Stein had hanging beside her salon mirror. The No. 1 portrait was van Gogh's of the narrow-jawed, kindly-faced Belgian painter Eugène Boch, which belongs to the Jeu de Paume Museum of Paris. There was an unfamiliar Gauguin portrait of van Gogh himself—his cheeks showing a red stubble of whisker, his body crouched in a chair, with vague sunflowers growing in the air around him—which belongs to the Vincent van Gogh Foundation in Amsterdam. There were several gay Pascins, in some cases signed "Pincus," which was his real name. Pascin was the most important Expressionist suicide; he killed himself at the height of his fame, in 1930, on the eve of the day his great exhibition opened at the Georges Petit Gallery. As for the suicide of van Gogh at Auvers-sur-Oise, it is so well known that the recent disappearance of the small café and its billiard table, on which he was stretched, seems an underlining of the loss. The wretchedness of Chaim Soutine until his death here, in 1943, from lack of medical care, is almost equally well known. His horrible self-portrait, with hanging lower lip, was hung in this exhibition, along with the sprightly little red-suited "Chasseur de Chez Maxim's." Of the German Blaue Reiter group there were pictures by the Russian Alexei von Jawlensky, as well as by Kandinsky, Klee, and the American Lyonel Feininger. Of the Belgian James Ensor there was shown a self-portrait surrounded by masks of humanity. The Munch pictures showed that Germanic woe which so soon palls on everyone except the German painters themselves. It was an interesting exhibition, and even exciting, because of the portrait by van Gogh. —GENÊT

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> Moreover, much as the balance of American delaings with the Communist world needs to be righted infavor of the dissidetns, ther is a central strategic fact is that Russia and the United States—but not anybody else—can blow up the world.
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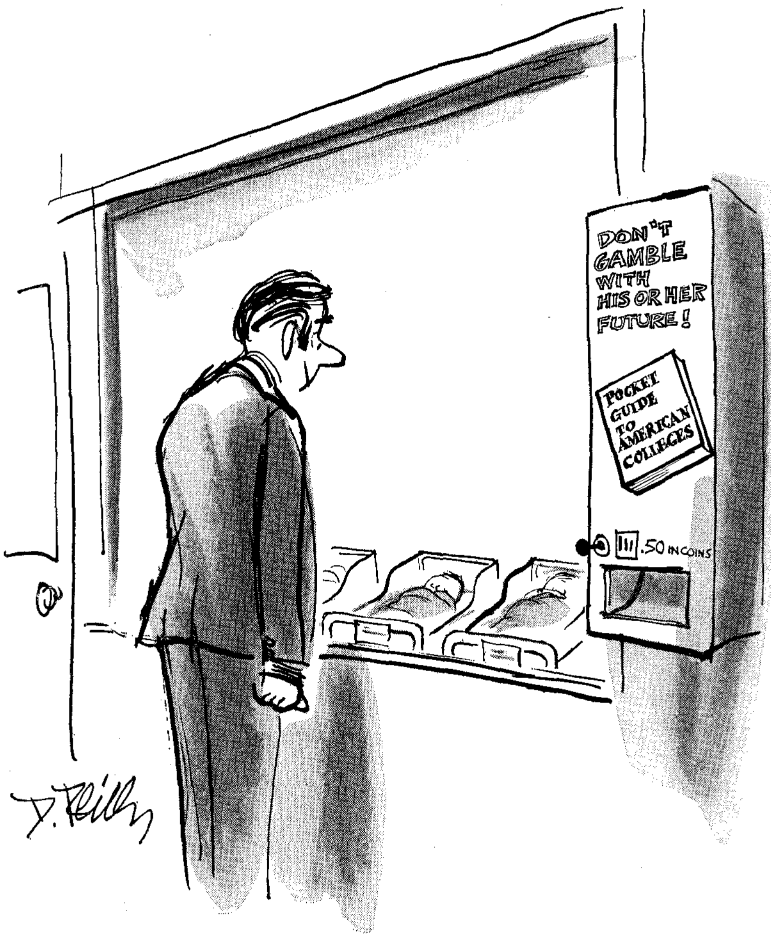
BOOKS

Fool's Gold

NEVER ask an artist to do the ordinary. Some time ago, an American publisher asked V. S. Naipaul, the Anglo-Indian novelist from Trinidad, to write the Port of Spain volume in a series of historical handbooks on cities of the world. Naipaul produced a masterly anomaly that, under the title "The Loss of El Dorado," has been brought out, garlanded with British praise, by another American publisher (Knopf). The book, though brilliantly researched and presented in a factual prose that verges on the dry, resembles less a work of history than a piece of poetry, a rather fevered meditation, a hypnotized concentration upon two focal points in Trinidad's history: the founding of St. Joseph and its port, "which they call of Spain," in 1592 by the "dispossessed conquistador" Antonio de Berrio; and, two hundred years later, the six-year rule of the city and the island by its first British governor, Thomas Picton, a blithe brute who was to die a hero at Waterloo. Both men suggest legendary figures: like Don Quixote, Berrio was old, tough, gallant, and bewitched, while Picton's career seems a shadow of Wellington's and his final reputation has been "absorbed in Wellington's more complex, nation-building myth." Indeed, it was Wellington who pronounced Picton's epitaph: "A rough foul-mouthed devil as ever lived." Naipaul's portraiture, closely based upon historical records hitherto scarcely tapped, mixes irony and sympathy somewhat enigmatically, yet he does seem to grant Berrio and Picton the stature of founders and a certain tenacity of purpose. In counterpoint stand his portraits of Sir Walter Raleigh and Francisco Miranda, two engaging and intelligent adventurers whom he condemns as—in the end—ineffectual and, oddly, quiescent; both ended in prison, and "prison was perhaps the setting that Miranda, like Raleigh, subconciously required." Behind these principal actors a host of lesser ones come swarming forward out of the colonial archives: henchmen and buccaneers, Spanish soldiers and French planters and English administrators, lawyers and torturers, agitators, mulattoes, and slaves. The richly detailed episodes of West Indian history hover, however, in a virtual vacuum; the matrix of world circumstances—not only the power struggles on the Continent but even the events on nearby islands—is so lightly limned that the machinations on Trinidad appear as eerie as the motions of a sleepwalker. This quality would be a fault were it not at the heart of Mr. Naipaul's attempt. He wishes, using his native Trinidad as a microcosm, to uncover the something strange in the entire New World, the something futile and cruel and—to use a word he repeatedly uses, as if recoined with a more sinister meaning—"simple."

There are many surprising facts, fascinating stories, and shrewd epigrammatic thrusts in these pages. Naipaul is very good on the Spaniards—their egoistic "simplicity," the unreality to them of everything but God and gold, their disastrous inability to plant crops, the abstract accounts they left of their marvellous journeys ("The conquistador who found nothing had nothing to report. Believing in wonders, he had no gift of wonder"), their superstitious and murderous abhorrence of the heathen Indian, the mild legalism of their slave code. They experienced the New World as a "medieval adventure." Antonio de Berrio became the last and least of the conquistadores. His wife, whom he married late, was the niece of one of the great ones, Gonzalo Jiménez de Quesada. Quesada had marched into the Colombian plateau, conquered the Chibcha Indians, and founded at Bogotá the kingdom of New Granada—an achievement sufficient to make him rich but not content. He wished to discover another Mexico or Peru and to become, after Cortes and Pizarro, the third marquis of the New World. The rumor of El Dorado—a tale the jungle Indians told, a confusion of the ritual gilding of a Chibchan chieftain with the opulent Inca empire the Spaniards had already seized—drew Quesada into the swamps of the Orinoco River; of the two thousand men in this expedition, twenty-five returned. When, some years later, Quesada died, his nephew-in-law inherited his fortune and his quest. The one consumed the other. Berrio, an old soldier of sixty, came from Spain to the Indies and for fifteen years devoted himself to the search for the gilded man and the city of gold. A collection of straw huts in Trinidad served as the capital of a jungle territory—Trinidad, Guiana, and eastern Venezuela—that for many decades was known in the Spanish colonial records as "these provinces of El Dorado." The tangle of ruinous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expeditions and English raids and Indian massacres defies summary; by one of those ironies whereby literature wags history, it was Sir Walter Raleigh—a timid cutthroat, in Naipaul's narrative—who captured the El Dorado legend from its leading devotee, Berrio, by writing a book, "The Discovery of the Large, Rich, and Beautiful Empire of Guiana." Though "really the story of a defeat and of a nervous six-day journey of exploration," the book "catches part of the New World at that moment between the unseeing brutality of the discovery and conquest and the later brutality of colonization. It was the swiftly passing moment when romance could be apprehended." Berrio's own story has an end worthy not of romance but of an anti-romantic novel. After seizure and release by Raleigh, Berrio, now seventy-five and probably lunatic, was stranded, with a dozen men, on an island in the Orinoco. Meanwhile, Domingo de Vera, his "campmaster for El Dorado," had wangled from the chronically bankrupt Spanish king a support expedition of twenty-eight ships and perhaps two thousand men and women. The New World was not ready to support such a population; unsheltered, unfed, cannibalized by Caribs, the expedition disintegrated and became, in the Spanish Indies, a "folk memory of horror." And Berrio, when Vera got to him on his island, was not grateful. He said (and these are the only spoken words of his that have been recorded), "We are trying to do too much. If we try to do too much we will end by doing nothing at all." So Don Quixote, invited to rise from his deathbed and resume the search for Dulcinea, replied, "No more of that, I beseech you. All the use I shall make of these follies at present is to heighten my repentance." The New World as medieval adventure had ended.

After a brief section on Trinidad's two hundred years as a "ghost province" within the Spanish Empire, and on its sudden, bloodless surrender to the British in 1797, "The Loss of El Dorado" concentrates upon Trinidad as an outpost in the young British Empire and upon the rule, disgrace, and final glory of Thomas Picton. If the collapse of Vera's relief force epitomizes the Spanish quest, the basic symbol of the British establishment is Vallot's jail. Jean-Baptiste Vallot, the conscientious, amiable, tirelessly cruel jailer of Port of Spain, is one of Naipaul's prime catches in the sea of forgotten documents. Vallot, who was paid by fees for each flogging, ear-clipping, and

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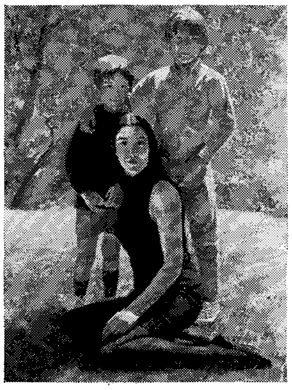

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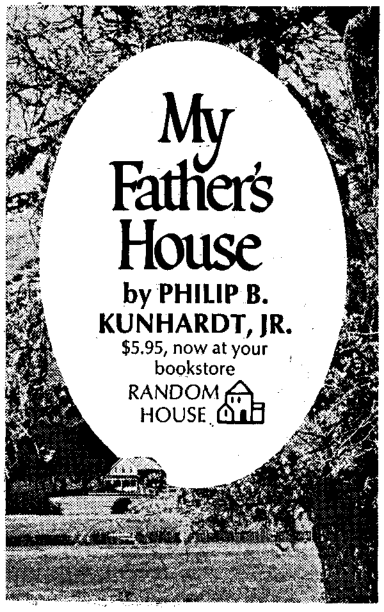

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torture by suspension, and Begorrat, the chief magistrate, who prescribed the tortures and punishments, were both French; in Spanish times, Trinidad had suffered an influx of French planters and their slaves from the more turbulent islands of Santo Domingo and Martinique. The planters had brought with them their skill at "the management of Negroes."

> ...the Negro called Pierre François had been ordered to fall on his knees to hear his sentence. He was then taken to the church. He was not baptized; he was already a Christian. Prayers were read to him. He was then "heavily ironed" and the soldiers led him to where Bouqui's headless body was tied to the stake. [Bouqui was a previously executed Negro.] Many Negroes watched. Some of Vallot's jail Negroes were waiting with faggots. Pierre François was chained to the stake with the headless body. He was made to put on a shirt. The shirt was filled with sulphur. The jail Negroes built up the faggots. The executioner lit the fire.... The smell of sulphur and the two burning bodies drove many people out of their houses and there were some whites who feared a massacre. Begorrat and the French planters had devised the punishment and the ritual. They said afterwards it was what they used to do in Martinique.

But Picton brought to his post no aversion to brutality. Instant hangings and fatal lashings were the first order of his new establishment. He signed all of Begorrat's torture orders. The growing agitation of the "radical" English-born artisans and merchants in Port of Spain, and the intervention of Colonel William Fullarton, one of two commissioners appointed to mitigate Picton's one-man rule, succeeded in having him brought to trial in London for a relatively innocent act—signing the order to torture Luisa Calderón, a young free mulatto accused by her lover of theft. Picton's two trials consumed five years. Luisa and the Negro policeman who testified with her had time to learn English between the first and the second. At the first, Picton was technically convicted, on the basis that torture was illegal under the Spanish law that still obtained in Trinidad; at the second, he was acquitted. Meanwhile, Fullarton—who, a spendthrift as well as a humanitarian, had squandered the treasury surplus accumulated under Picton's hardheaded management—fell into disfavor and died. Back in Port of Spain, Vallot's jail, with its torture chambers, its tiny, stinking cells, its *cachots brûlants* (windowless hot-boxes), was pulled down by Picton's friends. No plan of it remains. Vallot disappeared; Begorrat remained a prominent planter into the eighteen-thirties; Picton's destiny took him into the Peninsular campaign with Wellington, storming and sacking Badajoz, and on to Waterloo and a valorous death and a memorial statue at Carmarthen and the immortal good name enshrined, if you look him up, in the Encyclopædia Britannica.

"The Loss of El Dorado" concludes with a summary of Trinidad's next hundred and fifty years, as a "ghost province" now of the British Empire, and touches on Mr. Naipaul's childhood in Port of Spain, when it seemed "a place at the rim of the world." Then, in the nineteen-forties, "Picton was the name of a street; no one knew more. History was a fairy tale about Columbus.... History was also a fairy tale not so much about slavery as about its abolition." These two impressions, of history as layers of fantasy and of Trinidad as a place on the rim of the world, animate Naipaul's zealous and intricate work of research and lurk behind his curious thesis that the New World is hopelessly "simple" and unreal. Himself a resident of England for twenty years, Naipaul voices this thesis, or suspicion, through the exiled revolutionary Miranda. "After the years in Europe, the books, pictures, and study, after the talk of liberty and constitutions, the colonial world remained, still knowing only about blood and money, cacao and tobacco, the management of Negroes and shops.... Miranda was applying the concepts of Europe as words alone, accurate but misleading, to a simpler world: the Negro-worked plantations of Venezuela, the low wooden houses of Port of Spain, the muddy shore, the rough Spanish shops, the one printery." The reader puzzles over this "deeper colonial deprivation, the sense of the missing real world." Is it that Europe has no muddy shores? Is greater length of history the token of superiority? Another exile, the Venezuelan lawyer Level de Goda, in Spain, is excited "to be close for the first time to the real world and real events, to be in a country that could support classical illusion." Illusion or allusion? Naipaul's indictment is slow to form. "It wasn't only that the wines, the manners and the graces, the books and the art and the ideas of a living culture came from outside. The simple society bred simple people"—"too simple for lasting causes," so simple that their revolutions are "second-hand," "with energy but without principles," "the imperfectly constituted society decaying into minute egoisms." And what is

the cause of this decay, which turned the Spaniards feckless, which made Frenchmen into monsters of cruelty, which sapped British liveliness and idealism? Slavery. "In the slave society . . . this liveliness began to be perverted and then to fade, and the English saw their preëminence, more simply, as a type of racial magic." Inhumane laws are enacted by people "who have ceased to assess themselves by the standards of the metropolis and now measure their eminence only by their distance, economic and racial, from their Negroes."

> This was what stalled and perverted every stated metropolitan principle, French, Spanish, English, of revolution, intellectual advance, law, social drive, justice and freedom: race, the taint of slavery: it helped to make the colonial society simple.

If for "colonial" we substitute "Southern," the situation, and the truth of the charge, become recognizable. There is no denying the evidence Naipaul has resurrected concerning the cruelty and folly enacted in the provinces of El Dorado, where slaves poisoned each other to destroy the master's wealth and ate dirt to destroy themselves. Naipaul's sense of an evil unreality presiding over the New World makes it possible for him to sympathize on all sides, to bring into rounded life his great variety of doomed actors. "Fantasy," with "simple," is a recurrent word: there was the fantasy of a city of gold, and the fantasy of the underground slave life of voodoo and midnight courts, and the fantasy of bookish revolutionaries like Miranda, and the fantasy of the British that they could manipulate South American revolution to serve their economic ends. But in viewing an entire hemisphere as a corrupted dream, Naipaul dissolves what realities there were. "The Loss of El Dorado" rests upon an unexamined assumption, of metropolitan superiority. In this it is like Naipaul's last, fine, but cold novel, "The Mimic Men," which presented the men of the West Indies as poor imitations of Europeans. Yet were the conquistadores more fanatic and quixotic than the captains of the Thirty Years' War? Were the English planters more rapacious and callous than the mill-owners of Lancashire? Were the South American revolutionaries more deluded or ineffectual than the French prototypes, who slew each other and prepared the way for Napoleon? Was the cruelty of slavery not an extension of the cruelty already present on the African continent? Does not the col-

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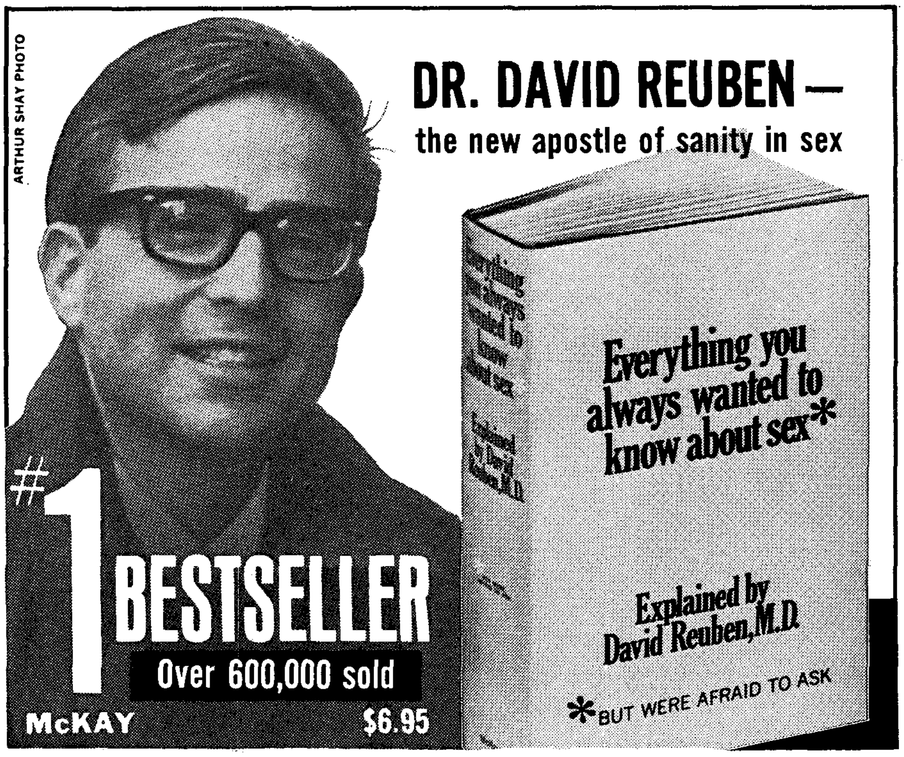
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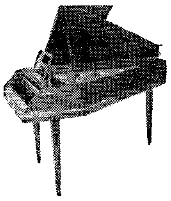

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lapse of "metropolitan" values amid "simpler" conditions demonstrate their own frailty and unreality? For the fallacy of the primitive paradise, it seems to me, Mr. Naipaul wants to exchange that of the metropolitan paradise. This desire gives "The Loss of El Dorado" its bleak and caustic tone, yet also its persuasive sadness and the power of poetry. —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FLIGHT INTO EGYPT, by Philippe Jullian, translated from the French by John Haylock (Viking). A puckish, academic account of the erotic pranks of aging aristocrats in a remote Egyptian palace known as Ici. Under silken canopies and by plashing fountains, the exiles smoke opium, solve jigsaw puzzles, and indulge in the weirdest vagaries. They are forbidden only to acknowledge the idea of dying or the attraction of any other way of life. The story of this society and its hideous collapse is told to a young Frenchman visiting Cairo by a blind beggar who, as a handsome youth, had served a term of sexual servitude in Ici. Considering his subject, his descriptions are most restrained. The novel owes much to the eighteenth century, and has a licentious kind of elegance.

GENERAL

THE REDISCOVERY OF BLACK NATIONALISM, by Theodore Draper (Viking). This timely and searching study of the various movements for black autonomy in America reminds us that there is nothing new about them. Mr. Draper examines these earlier struggles and the reasons for their ultimate failure (nowhere to go was the main one), and then gets down to the current black-nationalist spirit—the Black Studies programs in the colleges, the Black Panthers and Black Muslims, the Republic of New Africa movements, and the real meaning behind them. He has no trouble showing that all the schemes so far advanced are "nationalist fantasies," but he insists that they must be taken seriously nonetheless; fantasies or not, the drive behind them is explosive. White people, Mr. Draper says in effect, had better stop dreaming, too—dreaming that the problem will somehow go away or that it can be resolved without cost. He concludes, "It may be possible for blacks and whites to move farther away from each other—but they can never move far enough to disengage themselves from each other's fate."

THE LETTERS OF SIGMUND FREUD AND ARNOLD ZWEIG, edited by Ernst L. Freud, and translated by Elaine and William Robson-Scott (Harcourt, Brace & World). The German-Jewish novelist Arnold Zweig (not to be confused with Stefan Zweig), who had been analyzed by Freud's methods and worshipped their creator, corresponded with and became a friend of his hero in the last twelve years of the latter's life. The editor, Freud's son, has omitted some Zweig passages as too extravagant in their praise, but what remains ("your radiantly clear intelligence" and such) confirms the melancholy suspicion that the great man was happier with toadies than with anyone aspiring to be his equal. Otherwise, the correspondence is a delight: Freud characteristically pungent and sardonic; Zweig becoming increasingly cynical himself after he was forced to flee Germany and settle in Palestine, which he loathed; the two correspondents rising to a mad antiphony as Zweig writes Freud his plans for a loony novel about Nietzsche, and Freud responds with the equally loony details of his theory of Moses, which he was then working up into his one unfortunate book.

THE GOVERNOR LISTETH: A BOOK OF INSPIRED POLITICAL REVELATIONS, by William F. Buckley, Jr. (Putnam). A collection of columns, reviews, articles, and speeches by the editor of the *National Review*, who is usually described as a spokesman for American conservatism. Mr. Buckley touches on almost everything, including yachting, but most of his pieces deal with politics and political personalities. Except for nationalism, many of his positions are not clearly or historically affiliated with conservatism; in fact, quite a few—as he himself points out in his essay "The New Conservatism"—are standard liberal doctrine. No matter where Mr. Buckley belongs ideologically, though, he is a very funny polemical writer.

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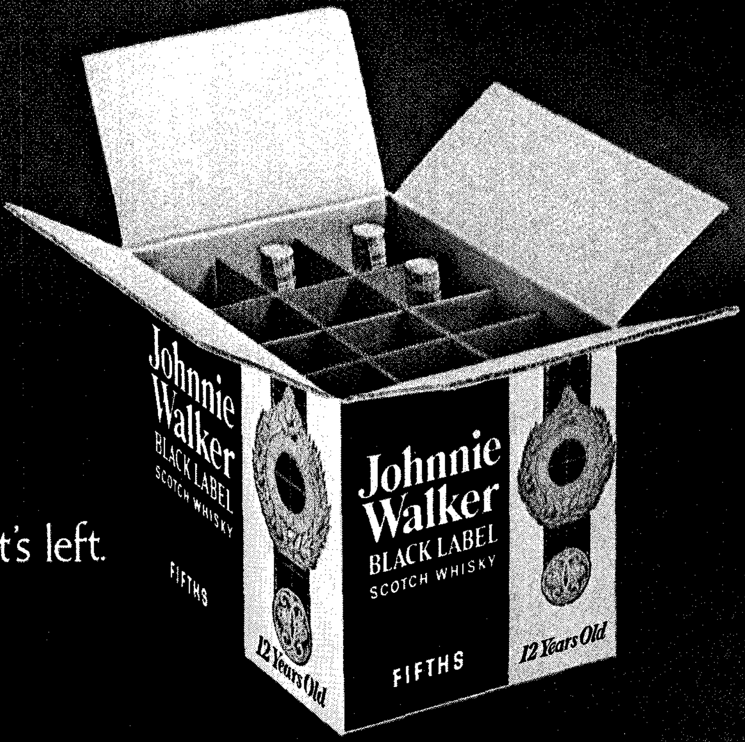
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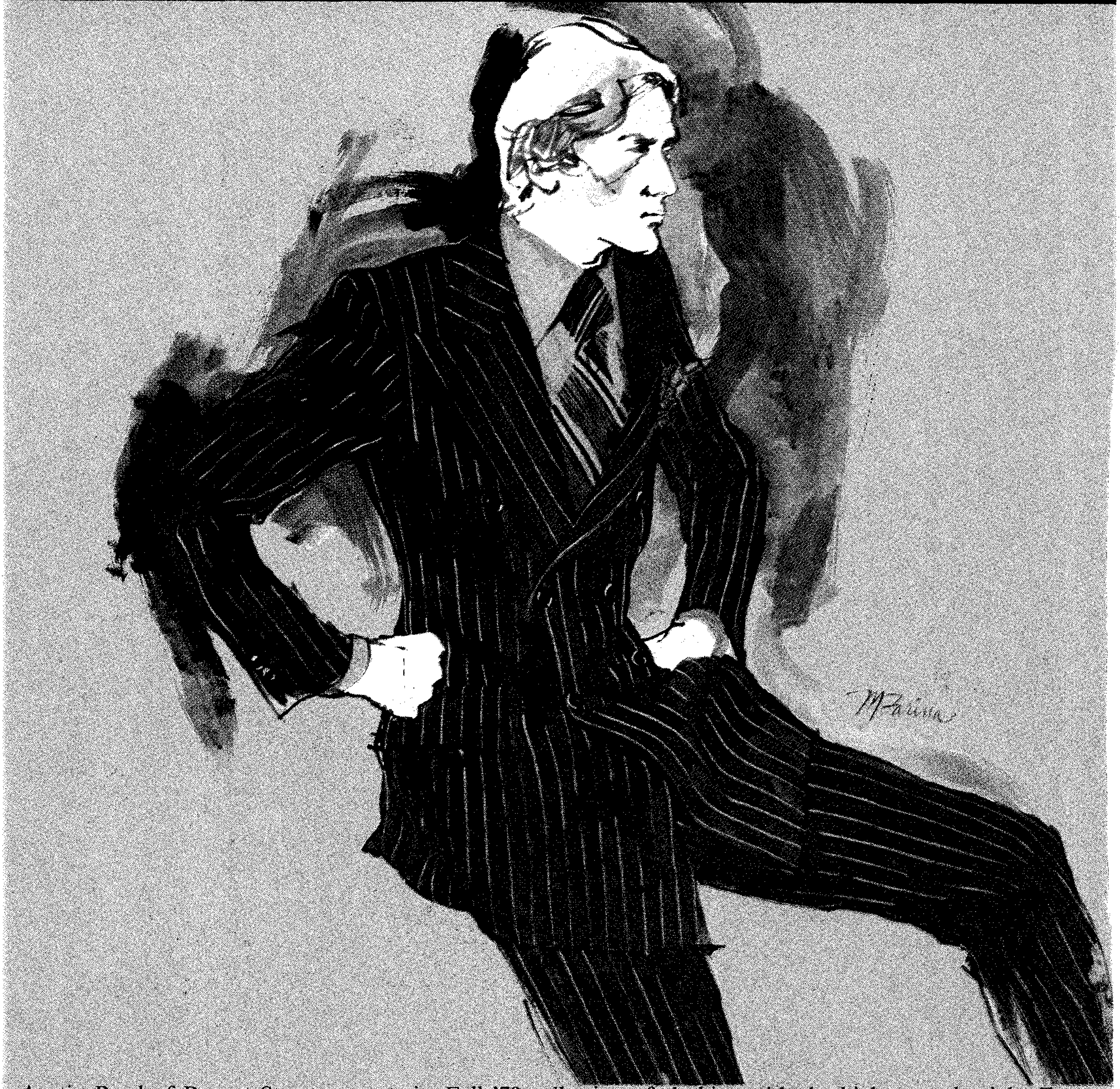

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